The Old Kingdom of Elmet; and The Ainsty of York.

By Edmund Bogg.

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THE

Old Kingdom of Elmet: York and the Ainsty District:

A Descriptive Sketch of the
History, Antiquities, Legendary Lore,
Picturesque Features, and
Rare Architecture.

BY

EDMUND BOGG,

AUTHOR OF

"A Thousand Miles in Wharfedale,"
"Edenvale to the Plain of York,"
"The Border Country and Lakeland,"
ETC.

OVER TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Preface.

For thirty years and more, and long before I acquired any knowledge on the subject, the very name of Elmet seemed to have something magnetic in its sound. And in due time it became incumbent upon me to put into book form the ideas and information which I had gained. The story of the Kingdom has been gradually acquired, and the structure built up little by little, after long study and repeated visits to the district extending over several years, and the gathering and piecing together of the fragmentary shreds of history. This knowledge cannot be obtained from books, for the best authorities on "North-Humberland History" give only vague references to this old principality. From Bede's time (our first authority) nearly every writer on the subject has trodden in his predecessor's footsteps, without attempting to pierce the veil of mystery and silence overshadowing Elmet. I admit the scantiness of the material to be relied upon with absolute certainty; yet the theme is one of absorbing interest, and particularly so to those dwelling in Elmet. In its nomenclature, revealed in the names of its towns, rivers, hills, and prominent crags, still lingers the memory of a people—the Celts—whose kingdom was Elmet. Centuries before any historic record, the wolds of Elmet and the district around the lower reaches of the rivers Aire, Wharfe, and Nidd were the stronghold of a dominant or ruling class. The author is painfully conscious of his shortcomings in regard to the work, and is also aware that the subject, as portrayed in the following pages, is not in any way complete. Probably it will be the means of destroying a fallacy which I have repeatedly heard expressed, namely, that all the historic records concerning the Kingdom of Elmet could be told on a sheet of note-paper. I trust some abler pen will continue the work of restoring Elmet to

its position and dignity in history—an independent state which retained its integrity long after others had fallen under the iron heel of the invader. I hope the critic will pardon what he may consider the over-fluent description and occasional 'abandon' to be found scattered through the pages of the book—purely a labour of love—the outcome of that sense of joyfulness and freedom from restraint which is peculiar to the heart of a born rambler.

I am greatly indebted to the following gentlemen:—To G. T. Lowe for his kindness in providing maps and plans, specially drawn by him for this work; to Dr. Arnold Lees for his chapter on the Wild Flowers of Elmet, etc.; to William Wheater for his valuable notes and suggestions on the subject; to John Hamilton, Charles Richardson, and Rudolph Radestock, for many acts of kindness in the furtherance of the task; to George Fowler Jones, F.R.I.B.A., for the use of several photographs; and to Sir Clement Markham's Histories of the Fairfaxes, for information concerning that family.

EDMUND BOGG.

LEEDS,

November, 1902.

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THE OLD KINGDOM OF ELMET.

INTRODUCTION.

A Glance Backward.

TIME, measured by periods of many thousand years, has passed since the districts which form our subject were inhabited by a strange creation of gigantic animals, both graminivora, carnivora, and huge amphibia of weird, misshapen form, and fearful crawling reptiles, loathsome and poisonous. Looking backward through the long dim vista of ages, this picture appears to our mind like a phantasy, strange and shadowy. The tusked mastodon, now long extinct, many tons in weight, browsed in herds with the mammoth, a huge ungainly quadruped. The woolly elephant and buffalo roamed the forest vales of the Aire and Wharfe, for pasture, with the reindeer, giant elk, herds of oxen and wild horse, etc.* Lions and tigers, of a now extinct species, inhabited the forest region, or made their lair in the rank tropical vegetation. Packs of snarling hyænas and howling wolves hunted for food the larger animals. Boars and enormous bears, the latter larger than the existing grisly or polar, haunted the dens and limestone caverns of Craven.

At that period of time Britain was united to the continent from the Atlantic away into the North Sea by land, and over this bridge of earth the wild beasts from the South and East, and also man, probably migrated

* See Museums—Leeds and York.

West. Down this stretch, where now unceasingly rolls the North Sea, a great continental river pursued its course to the Atlantic, fed by the eastern watershed of Britain on the one hand, and on the other by the waterways of Europe.

Tennyson, who, doubtless, had examined the vast remains of primeval growth to be seen on the Lincolnshire coast (from whence the villagers to this day obtain valuable fuel), possibly had the idea of a submerged forest in mind when he wrote "In Memoriam":

> "There rolls the deep, where grew the tree;
> O, earth! what changes hast thou seen?"

FOSSIL REMAINS OF ELEPHAS ANTIQUES, HIPPOPOTAMUS AND RHINOCEROS, FOUND IN THE AIRE VALLEY.—*(See Zoological Section, Leeds Museum.)*

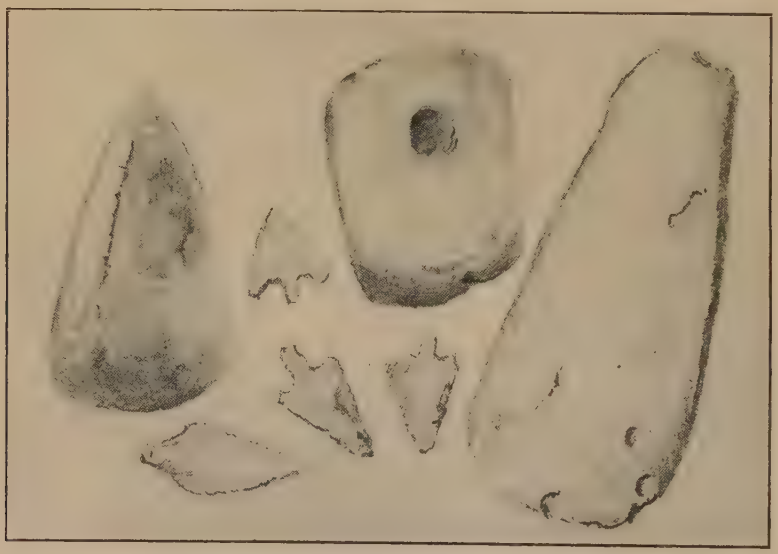
Remains of submarine forests are to be found all along the east coast of Lincolnshire and Norfolk, and subsidences in the Channel between the mainland and Jersey have taken place within historic times. There is a record that, in 1014, the sea-flood came sweeping over the land and drowned many towns and a great number of people. In Yorkshire, broad inland rivers, lakes, lagoons, swamps, and even seas existed; for instance, down the vales of the Derwent, Mowbray, York, etc. The land-locked waters of the

Upper Wharfe and Aire, at that time united, were of far greater width and depth than to-day, and the current more rapid; these facts are plainly written for those who care to examine the rocks, and higher levels of old-world deposits. The surroundings of river, lake, and swamp were alive with huge amphibious creatures, half serpent, half fish. The cold-blooded plesiosaurus, with fascinating eye, arched its long flexible neck from among the reeds on the swampy shores of the wide-spreading Ouse. Huge batrachia, frog-like in form, hopped about the banks of the Wharfe and Aire, and have left their footprints in the soil behind. Monster fish lizards swam along the surface of the inland waters; and hideous saurians, in scaly covering of mail, haunted the shores of river and swamp. The hippopotamus and woolly rhinoceros wallowed in the mud of the Lower Wharfe,

FOSSIL REMAINS OF MAMMOTH (ELEPHAS PRIMIGENIUS) AND HIPPOPOTAMUS, FOUND IN THE AIRE VALLEY, WORTLEY.—*(See Zoological Section, Leeds Museum.)*

Aire, and Ouse. Such were the wild beasts and reptiles, whilst the shades of night seemed to evoke from the lower world monstrous birds of the owl and bat-like species, the vampire and flying dragon. Buckland says: "With flocks of such like creatures flying in the air, and monstrous plesiosaurus in the sea, and gigantic crocodiles and tortoises crawling on the shore of primeval lake and river, air, sea, and land must have been strangely tenanted in the early period of our infant world."

It is at the latter part of this period, known as the "Post-tertiary," that the biped figure of man appears dimly on the horizon, his arms of defence a knotted club, wrested from the trees of the tropical forest, and, peradventure, with a stone fastened by withes at the end—probably the only rude weapon of man in the early stone age, or "Paleolithic." Century after century roll past in startling numbers—how many the greatest scientist cannot tell us; climatic changes are gradually taking place, many of the larger animals become extinct, and the Almighty Ruler altering the face of Nature, in the succession of ages, more suitable for the dwelling of man in this district. Primeval forests, seeds of our vast coal measures, are slowly, but surely, sinking; the great Eastern Plain, little by little, subsiding below water level, and gradually forming the German Ocean.



STONE IMPLEMENTS OF WARFARE, FOUND IN ELMET.

Ages still glide slowly by, tropical animals have moved southwards towards the equator—before the atmospheric succession and the final severance of continents—only the fittest survive; but the fossiliferous remains of all the colossal beasts previously mentioned are to be seen in our museums to-day; many specimens have been unearthed in the vicinity of Leeds.*

* See case, Leeds Museum; also specimens in the Rooms of Philosophical Society, York.

Slowly, but surely, man is emerging from the darkness of the primeval world, his weapons of flint and stone becoming more useful and artistically formed; the deep sombre woods (his former dwelling-place) are changed for caves, screened with boughs, or a circular hollow, and roof of wattle, or one leaning against an overhanging rock,—such are known as rock shelters. Man's barbaric costume, formed from the skins of wild beasts, held together with pins of bone; from whence we see the slow, but gradual transition upward to the manufacture of rude pottery and beautifully polished stone axes, spears, and arrows (barbed and otherwise), wonderfully fashioned, which are still plentifully distributed over the eastern side of Yorkshire.

Centuries glide away, other people appear upon the scene, and also pass away, leaving slight vestiges of their existence, except burial mounds, bones, and weapons. The wheel of time still revolving until the discovery of bronze marks an epoch in the world's history, and opens out a new era in manufacture, both of weapons and domestic utensils. The gradual progress of man's advance to civilisation is now defined more strongly, and the dawn of the iron age marks the greatest stride upward for man, socially and intellectually. And about this period, and a few centuries previous to the Christian era, we find the original inhabitants of Yorkshire thrust out of their possessions or enslaved by the Brigantes, a strong, hardy race of people, hailing from southern Europe; and from the stubborn resistance which those people offered to the invading legionaries of Imperial Rome, the historic period of Yorkshire properly commences.

CHAPTER I.

The Brigantes.

NEARLY all writers of Yorkshire history agree that the Brigantes, the most important of British tribes at the Roman invasion, and located chiefly within the boundaries of our present Yorkshire, originally immigrated from southern Europe. There are several places on the continent with only slight variations, bearing the above significant name, an appellation formerly given to the hillsmen or highlanders. This does not prove that the districts, either in Britain or on the continent, inhabited by the Brigantes, were strictly mountainous. Brynaich, reaching from the Tyne to the Cheviots, a land of brown heath and mountain, was the northern limit of their possessions. Pliny mentions "the Brigiani, a people dwelling on the western side of the Cottian Alps."*

Between the Brigantes and the tribes located 'twixt the Humber and the Thames was a certain affinity and racial connection; also a great similarity of name and custom. For instance, the Brigante and the Parisi, the latter a semi-independent branch (an offset of the tribe who afterwards gave their name to Paris), occupied the land lying between the Derwent, Humber, and the sea, chiefly the Holderness and South Wold district. The Coritani were a people dwelling in the district lying immediately to the south of the Humber, between the valley of the Trent and the sea. The Iceni, a tribe immortalized for all time in the annals of history, occupied the district between the Fen country, the Wash, and sea coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, to the south of whom, and reaching down to the valley of the Thames, lay the country of the Trinobantes.

These little kingdoms were shut in, on one hand, by immense dark

* The word "brigand" is not improbably derived from the name of the Brigantes; or, perhaps, from Briga, a border town near Nice. The word "brigant" first appears in the sense of a light-armed soldier, and then it takes the meaning of a robber. Next we find "brigante, a pirate"; and the pirate's ship is called a brigantine, of which the word brig is a contraction.

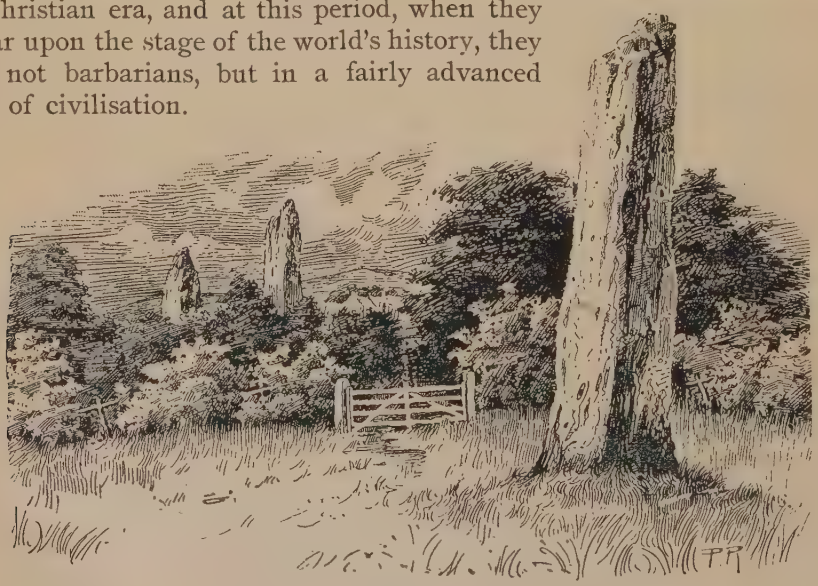
forests, the one to the south, thirty miles or more in width, stretched along the valley of the Thames, nearly from sea to sea. Another forest ran north across the Fen country, and along the valley of the Trent, remains of which we find in the forest of Arden and Sherwood; whilst further north was the great forest of Elmet, reaching from the Don, over the Aire and Wharfe valleys, to Knaresborough, and, beyond, to the more inaccessible moorland of north-east Yorkshire; and still further, rendering the difficulties of approach more dangerous to a hostile army, were the vast stretches of solitude and fen-land, swamp, morass, and rivers overflowing like a sea at flood-time, inundating the land for miles around. Such were the conditions of the country, and the disposition of the several British tribes, occupying the eastern part of Britain, about the period of the Roman invasion.

We have previously spoken of the Brigantes as a tribe: strictly speaking they were a nation, the most powerful, numerous, and warlike of the whole Celtic people at that time inhabiting this island. Their territory stretched from the Humber's flood to the watershed of the Tyne, embracing what afterwards became the kingdom of North-Humber-land, which included the counties Palatine of Lancaster and Durham, and the hill fastnesses of Cumberland and Westmore-land, the Pennines, from the wilds of Stainmoor to the Peak district. The river Don, in all probability, formed the boun-dary of the kingdom to the south, to the north of which are still to be traced numerous earthworks, attributed to the Brigantes; but in their great fight with the legions of Rome, the lines of the Aire and Calder were also of paramount importance.

The capital of this great people is considered by all historians to have been on the Ure—"Isuer Brigantum," built on the angle of land lying between the little river Tut and Ure, and adjoining what afterwards became the Isurium of the Roman, now Aldborough; but the Celtic earthworks above Grassington, and those in Grasswood, adjoining, prove the latter district to have been also a great centre of the Brigantes, probably equal, and of even more strategical importance than Isuer.

Sixteen miles lower down the Wharfe Llecan (British), Olicana (Roman), now Ilkley, another strong station; still further down the river we find Bardsey (Celtic), and the fortified ridge and coomb, now Compton; lower still we have Calcaria. Nine miles east from the latter station, across the Ein-Stiga (Ainsty) stood Eborach (York), situated in the angle, as it remains to-day, at the confluence of the Foss and the Ouse. Sixteen miles south-west from York are the huge earthworks of Barrach (Barwick), from whence runs the long irregular line of entrenchments above the valley of the little river Cock (the Cocru of the Celt), stretching two miles east, beyond Aberford (another strong position), at the confluence of the tiny river Crow and the Cock. Kippax and Caer-Loid-Coit (Leeds) have also been strong positions, guarding the passage of the Aire; and away south-west on the Calder was the important station of Cambodunum; to the south, protecting the passage of the Dun (Don) was Caer-Dune (Doncaster), Caer-Conon (Conisborough).

To the north of those mentioned, and particularly on the wide moor-land stretching from the east coast to the Pennine Range, are numerous remains of Celtic settlement and earthworks, this district being the last strong place of refuge for the harried Celt, in his great struggle with the Roman, as it was also in after centuries with the Engle folk. Such were the disposition and chief centres of the Brigantes at the commencement of the Christian era, and at this period, when they appear upon the stage of the world's history, they were not barbarians, but in a fairly advanced stage of civilisation.



THE DEVIL'S ARROWS, BOROUGHBRIDGE.

CHAPTER II.

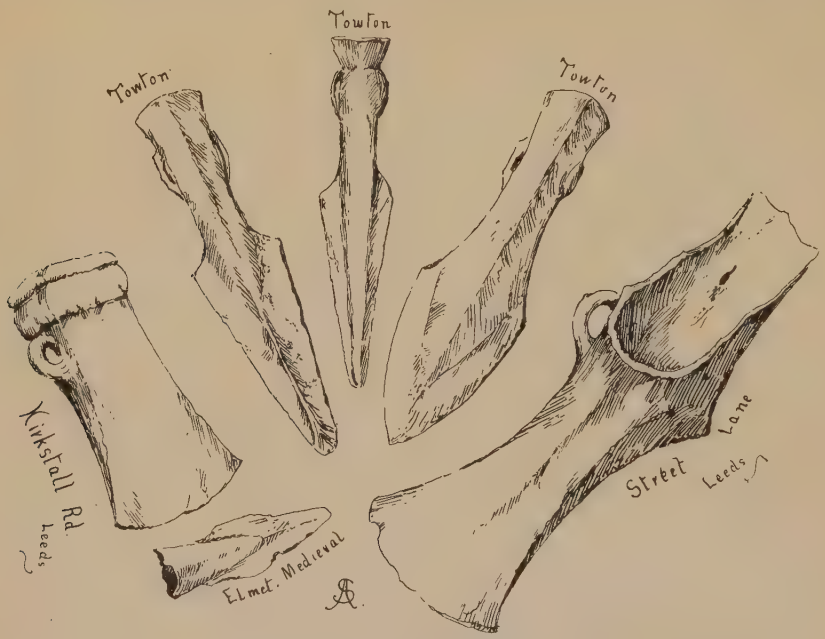
The Invasion of the Romans.

LED by Julius Cæsar, the conquering legions of Rome turned their attention towards the subjection of Britain, 55 years before the advent of Christ. This invasion or invasions (there was another attempt the year following) did not penetrate beyond the Thames valley, and was of no great importance. Nearly a century later, Aulus Plautius in command of four legions (40,000), and followed soon by the Emperor Claudius, again invaded Britain, and the task of subduing and bringing the various tribes under Roman domination was seriously begun.

It does not come within our province to relate how the Romans fought their way, step by step, over swamp and desolate moorland, and through the great forest belt of the Thames valley, defeating the Atrabates and the Trinobantes; nor does it belong to these pages to explain the great revolt and swoop of the renowned Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni; how her tribe smote with sudden vengeance the Romans for their cruel slaughter of Druids of Anglesey, and of the swift and terrible retribution which followed—eighty thousand Britons were slain, and Boadicea, who could not survive the disaster, fell by her own hands: by this deed, the Iceni dwell in the pages of history for all time, although passing thence into oblivion as a people.

Apart from the Brigantes, the Silures and the Ordovices were the most valiant and difficult of conquest. Their Caers were situated amongst the most inaccessible hill fastnesses of Wales, and for some years, Caractacus, Prince of the Silures, waged an unequal contest with Rome. From motives of policy, the Celtic prince ultimately withdrew his army from his own country (South Wales), and selected a most impregnable position among the hilly fastnesses of the Ordovices (North-east Wales), a formidable retreat, and there offered battle to Ostorius Scapula. This grand old chieftain did all in his power to resist his adversaries, yet nothing could

withstand the onslaught of the advancing legion, who with closed ranks and holding their shields high, forming a roof above their heads, swept aside all opposition, and victoriously penetrated the British camp. Amongst the captives was the wife of Caractacus and other members of his family, yet the Silures and their allies were not easily vanquished, the bitter conflict was prolonged for many a year in the hilly fastnesses of the west; thirty pitched



BRONZE WEAPONS, FOUND IN ELMET.

battles, we are told by the Roman historian, were fought before the Celts, inhabiting Wales and the country bordering on the Severn valley, would yield their independence—in fact, at no period during the Roman occupation of this island, was their power supreme in Wales. Here in this lone, wild mountain land, impregnable by nature, the nationality of the Celt has survived unto our time.

Amongst those who gave assistance to the Silures were a strong force of Brigantes and the Coritina, led by Venutius, probably a prince of the latter tribe, and husband to Cartismandua (of infamous memory), Queen of the Brigantes. This army of auxiliaries surprised and gained at least one complete victory over the Romans. Soon after the latter event, a bitter quarrel

arose between Cartismandua and Venutius. The story runs that the false Queen, of Cleopatra type, had taken to herself another lover during Venutius' campaign in Wales. Be this as it may, the outcome of the trouble was a split and civil war amongst the Brigantes. With the assistance of other tribes, and the disaffected Brigantes, Venutius made war on Cartismandua. The battle going against her, she craved assistance of the Romans for help to prop up her tottering power; and probably for the first time cohorts of imperial soldiers passed the natural lines of defence—the valleys of the Don, Aire, and Wharfe—and thus gained admission into Isuer, the capital. Had the Britons been united at this juncture of affairs, determined to resist the invader with their united strength, the legionaries would probably have never penetrated through the strong natural boundaries of the kingdom (the waterways running east and west from the Pennines, making this the northern boundary of their empire; instead of, as afterwards, the Tyne and Irthing valleys), or, at least, would have found the conquest of this strong people one of far greater difficulty, requiring all the strength which Rome would have been able to despatch for that purpose.

It was at this time, when that grand old type of soldier, Caractacus—so long the glory of his nation and the terror of the enemy—fought his last fight and fled north, across the Severn and through the Cannock Forest and over the Pennines to the capital of Cartismandua, doubtless, longing to have another opportunity of striking, for freedom, the invaders of his country. Sad to relate, his hopes were cruelly dispelled; for the terms of stipulation, made between the Queen and the Romans for the assistance of the latter, was the infamous betrayal of her kinsman—for the prince was a relation of hers—into the hands of the enemy, to enhance the triumph and glory of the victorious army on their return and parade through the streets of Rome.

This took place about the year A.D. 51; but the gallant deeds of this brave soldier prince, and his undaunted reply before the tribunal of Cæsar, shine out with a brilliant lustre across the gulf of eighteen centuries. For has he not been the model for the historian, the poet, the artist, and the composer, whilst the name of the false-hearted Queen has been branded with infamy?* Her further history can be told in a few words.

* How like her prototype, Cleopatra of the Nile, was this queen. The three attributes of feminine distinctiveness were lacking in each: that which marks the woman, the wife, the mother, were cast aside. Spurred on by a sordid, selfish ambition, each could walk complacently over the troubles and ravages of their bleeding country into the arms of the strong one—the conqueror—whoever he might be.

Unable to hold her own against Venutius, even with the assistance she invoked, she fled south with the cohorts of Didius about the year 54, and so passed into obscurity for ever.

Venutius, who seems to have been a great leader and a worthy representative of Caractacus, now became King of the Brigantes, and successfully maintained his own against the efforts of the enemy, keeping the kingdom intact for a period of sixteen years, until A.D. 70, when the conquest of the North British was begun in such earnest, as could only end in subjection or death. Yet for the space of ten years the bitter fight was waged, until the strength of the nation gradually waned before the superior power of Rome.

TESSELATED PAVEMENT FROM ALDBOROUGH, DEPICTING THE CAPITOLINE WOLF, ROMULUS AND REMUS.

So much for written history. We must now examine and endeavour to point out the evidences of this great struggle.

About the year A.D. 70, Vespasian, having become emperor, sent over into Britain well-equipped armies commanded by Petilius Cerealis, who pressed home the attack on the Brigantes with a firm resolve to bring them into complete subjection. And it is from this date that we catch the echo of the almost ceaseless tramp of the legionaries, with all their military accoutrements and panoply of war rolling north.

Between the hill fastnesses of peak and forest to the west, and the impassable fen-land around the mouths of the rivers on the east, ran a strip or neck of land, the only passable road to the north at that period, across which, and to the north of the Don, the Brigantes made a strong line of entrenchments, so formidable as to stay for some time the advance of the

invaders; along the valley of the Don and its tributaries, forming a remarkable natural barrier, and the first line of defence, we can imagine the Brigantes waiting in readiness to check the advancing foe.

Many battles were fought; but how the Celtic "Caer-Dune" (Doncaster), inclosed with ditch and rampart, was stormed we cannot say, for no complete story of the bitter fight for possession has been handed down to our time. The struggle at the fords, the gates to the north, would be most protracted and severe.

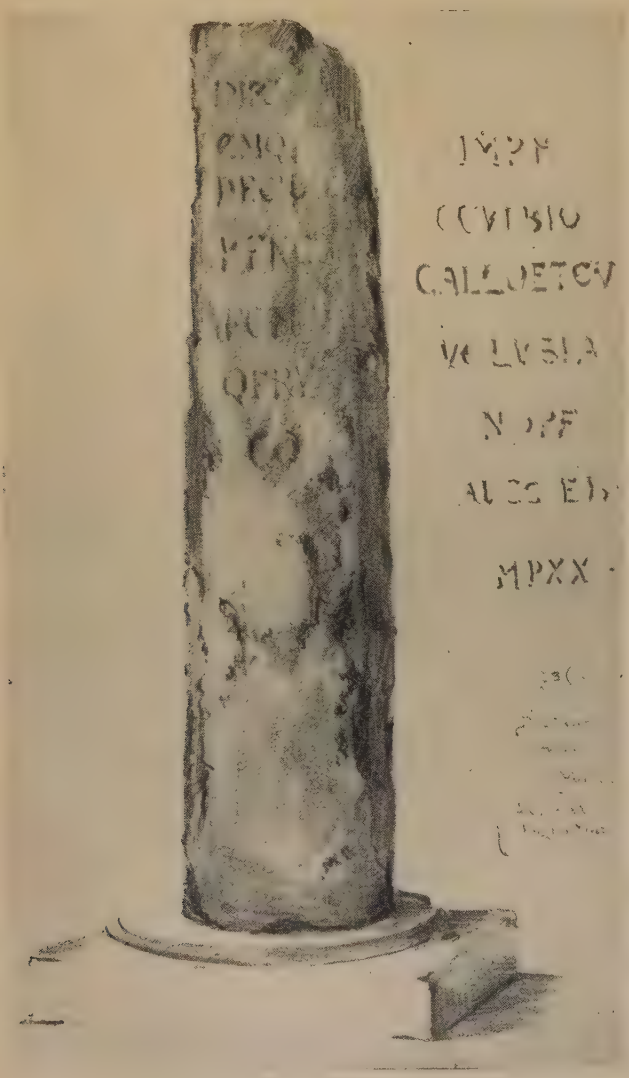
Slowly, but surely, the Romans pressed back the defenders to their second line of defence, the vales of the Aire and Calder and the high lands, extending like a frontier wall north-east of the Aire for several miles. From Doncaster, the Eagle banner of the legions was planted at Legeolium (Castleford), from hence the Roman road (still to be distinctly traced) runs high and straight above the low-lying lands of the Aire valley, and pierces the bold frontier wall—a defensive boundary and the western gateway into the wolds of Elmet. Here again the British may have taken their position for the defence of the Elmet country; and there are not wanting evidences of the great struggle for existence and supremacy.

From the high vantage ground, the harried Celt would naturally watch the advance of his foes. Here pressing home a charge; now retreating, or lying in ambush; every yard of ground from the river line being bitterly contested.

Through the dim haze of centuries we can almost hear the dire tumult of the struggle. For the Britons fully realized that once the enemy gained possession of this line of defence, it would presage disaster and ruin to their kingdom.

Still northward rolled the din of war and strife, until the third line of defence—the valley of the little river Cock—was reached. Along the northern bank of this river there runs, for several miles, a huge rampart and ditch, strengthened here and there by a double line at this day. From the top of the vallum to the bottom of the ditch is, in many places, from twelve to twenty feet in depth. At the base, in the deep hollow scooped out by the natural process of time, slowly runs the little river; at that period, dammed back by natural obstructions, in addition to the blocking of the waterway with flood-gates, by the defenders, the beck would be swollen in width and depth to a large river, a hundred yards or more across, a formidable retreat with the high rampart added, strong

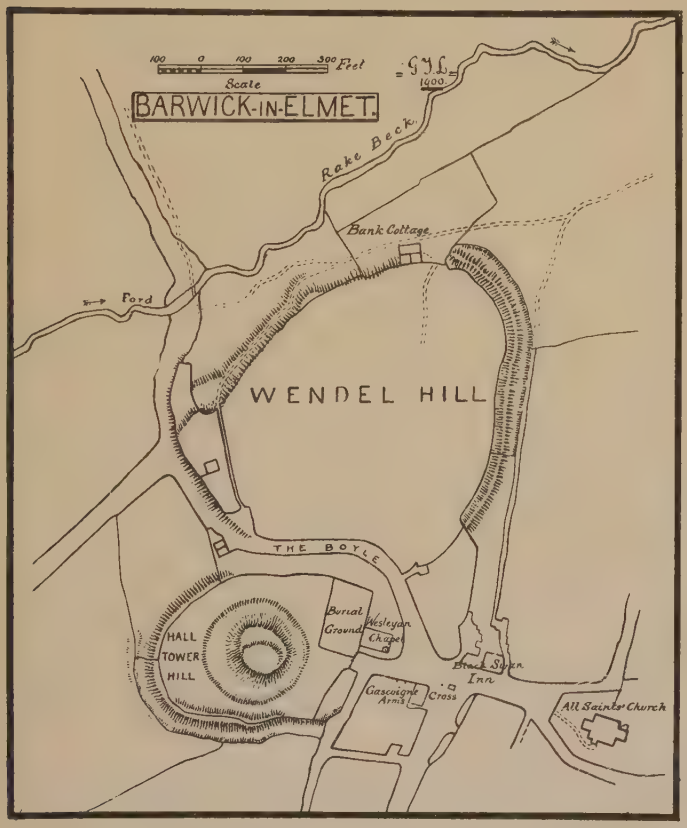
enough to check, for some considerable time, even an army of Rome. And making the difficulty of approach to the line of defence all the more dangerous and deadly, was the great forest of Elmet, stretching in one unbroken line from the Don across the valleys of Aire, Calder, and Wharfe, to what, in after centuries, became known as the wide forest of Knaresborough; whilst over the lower reaches of these rivers, from the Trent and along the Ouse valley to the Lower Nidd, there existed a wild trackless waste of marsh, forest, and fen-land, the southern part of which is still known as Hatfield Chase, formerly tenanted by innumerable flocks of wild fowl, and where the aborigines, who understood the intricate mazes, could glide swiftly hither and thither amongst reeds and mud in their light coracles, as much at home and at ease as the wild fowl; forest and swamp forming extensive coverts where



ROMAN MILESTONE FOUND AT CASTLEFORD.

the harried Briton could flee for refuge or lay in ambush, ready to pounce on the Roman soldier when at disadvantage. This was the state of Yorkshire at the invasion.

Leaving garrisons to keep the road clear and guard the fords at Danum, Doncaster, and Castleford, the Romans plunged right into the heart of Elmet, following the line of road as it runs to-day, probably at that period a British trackway, direct to Isurium. Just to the left at Kippax are vestiges of a Celtic fort or rath, and other evidences of fortification along the edge of this hill frontier, but not of sufficient strength to arrest for long the progress of an army, only to be brought to bay on reaching the environs of Aberford. The prefix, aber, is Celtic, and means a confluence of two streams which are to be found here, in the angle of which, and on a high sharp ridge, the town stands. Here, guarding the line of road and passage of river, the Britons held a strong position, well chosen, naturally a defensive site; close by, on the north, runs the Cock; and a deep indent or ravine on the east, down which filters a small stream rising on the confines of Hook Moor, known as the Crow or Craw (to crawl). It is only by examination of this angle of land



PLAN OF EARTHWORKS BARWICK-IN-ELMET.

at the confluence of the streams, that one recognises the defensive advantages of this strong position at Aberford in the past. Two miles west, situated in the fork of two main streams, the river Cock and Eastdale Beck, is the Berrauc of the Briton, and Barwick of to-day; from a natural and strong military point, the position here has been most wisely chosen. The stronghold is composed of a centre mound and double trench and rampart, the outer ditch also enclosing a large space, comprising several acres; at the northern extremity, the ground falls sharply down from the fighting platform to the swampy ground of Eastdale or Rake Beck, nearly 300 feet below, practically forming an impassable barrier on this side.

As Barwick will be again mentioned in the following pages during our description of Elmet, we leave it for the present, and glance at the rampart and ditch which has been continued on the south side along the edge of the bank, high above Eastdale Beck. Here, in the past, existed a large swamp or lagoon. Continuing along this bank for some two or three hundred yards beyond the Potterton Road, the defensive line descends into the valley bottom, crosses the stream, climbs the opposite slope, turns at a sharp angle to the right, and passes along part of the Potterton estate in an irregular line, to the north of the beck. From thence the rampart enters a woodland ridge, known to-day as Becca Banks, and so on just above the river Cock to Aberford; it crosses the Roman highway at the latter place, and continues a mile or more along the north bank of the river. Whilst three hundred yards east from Aberford, another trench and vallum commences at the beck on the south side; runs up the incline to the brow of the slope, turns a sharp angle to the left, enters Raper Hills, crosses the Saxton road, and terminates abruptly opposite Lotherton. This line of earthworks at the finish points direct to Huddleston, about two miles away, where are still to be seen, in the woods, remains of trenches supposed to have been formed by the Brigantes in this great struggle.

Apart from the above-mentioned, between Lead Mill and Aberford are fragments of other earthworks. The Britons may have protected the shallower parts, and the fords, with stakes shod with iron, as Bede informs us was done at the fords on the Thames, to withstand the Roman advance. It is quite evident that a line of forts and earthworks have extended from the swamps of Aire valley, between Leeds and Castleford, on the west, to Sherburn on the east, and the position of the trench and the fighting platform, in every instance, faces the south; all point to the fact that from that quarter the enemy came. "Were those invaders the Romans?" some

may naturally inquire. The question is easily answered. It could not be the Angles, for those people came from the east and spread over the wolds, or extended westwards from the Humber, along the waterways of the Don and the Aire. The Danes, who came in war galleys, chose for their highway into the county riverway and creek. The Romans, on the other hand, were great road builders, and were the only invaders who fought their way direct from south to north, and in less than half-a-century from the second invasion, had practically conquered the island, from the Channel to the wall

G. T. Lowe.] EARTHWORKS, BARWICK-IN-ELMET, FROM THE WEST.

barrier, raised to protect the northern frontier of their empire; and the great highroad which we find to-day, running over the wolds of Elmet right through Aberford, over Bramham Moor to Isurium and York, is the work of their hands.

From the foregoing remarks I think it will be apparent that the Brigantes have held the valley of the Cock with a tenacious grip, and it has been the scene of the main struggle, in fact, the "Albuera of the campaign." How the line was broken no record tells. The final conquest was reserved for Agricola, A.D. 78-80. His army marched in two columns, one striking

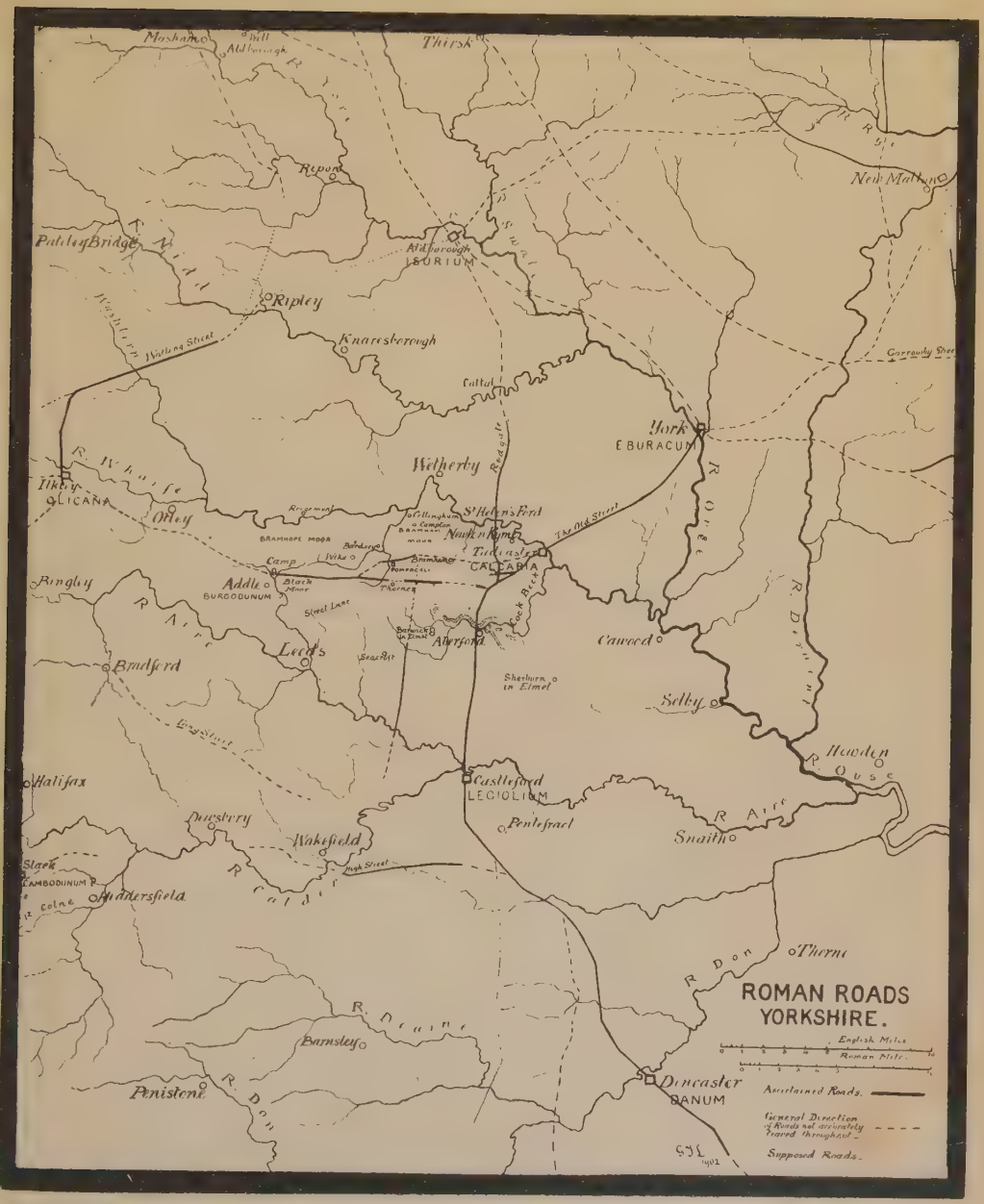
north, the other operating north-east from the borders of Wales. Faithful native guides conducted them by ancient trackways, through the almost inaccessible forest and mountain passes, etc. Thus equipped, he went through Yorkshire with a stern and steady tramp, and probably swept aside the opposition at Becca Banks, and also broke the Bramham Moor camp; then, instead of fighting along the Rudgate to Isuer, turned aside, and gained York by a flank march from Tadcaster, across the Ainsty, and probably passing from thence, both by road and the riverway, to storm and capture Isuer, the capital of the Brigantes.*

It would have been some pleasure to have known the end of Venutius, the gallant Celtic prince, but on this point history is silent. He may have fled with those who would not stoop to the yoke of the invader, and found refuge amid the hills and deep ravines of the upper dales, which for at least another generation remained unconquered. The vast remains of Celtic occupation point to such a city of refuge at Grassington, where for some time the Brigantes kept up some state and show of independence. At length, overstepping the limits of prudence, the latter made war on a tribe under Roman protection, and, becoming emboldened by success, cut up a cohort of imperial troops. This deed brought down on their heads the strong avenging arm of Rome, and the Brigantes, as a united and independent people, from this date ceased to exist.

The Roman Roads.

That the Romans were great road makers, requires no further proof than that the remains of such can still be traced after a lapse of 1,600 years. All roads in the north centred in and radiated to and from York. Those which principally concern our subject are immediately to the south and west of the ancient city. Possibly some of these roads were partly built on the line of ancient British trackways, which, however, unlike the Roman ways (which nearly always ran direct from point to point), deviated according to the circumstance and nature of the ground.

* "At the return of summer," says Tacitus, "Agricola assembled his army. On their march, he commended the regular and orderly, and restrained the stragglers; he marked out the encampments, and explored in person the estuaries and forests. At the same time, he perpetually harassed the enemy by sudden incursions; and, after sufficiently alarming them by an interval of forbearance he held to their view the allurements of peace and repose. By this management, many states, which till this time had asserted their independence, were now induced to lay aside their animosity, and to deliver hostages. These districts were surrounded with castles and forts, disposed with so much attention and judgment, that none of the newly explored part of Britain was left unguarded."


Masham
Thirsk
Ripon
New Malton
Pately Bridge
Aldborough
ISURIUM
Ripley
Knaresborough
Catterick
Garrowby Shee
York
EBURACUM
Wetherby
Ilkley
OLICANA
Otley
Rigmont
St Helen's Ford
Newton Kyme
The Old Street
Tadcaster
CALCARIA
BRAMHOPE MOOR
Camp
Addle
BURCODUNUM
Black Mire
Steel Lane
Bingley
Aberford
Leeds
Bradford
Sherburn in Elmet
Cawood
Selby
Howden
Halifax
Castleford
LEGIOLIUM
Pontefract
Snaith
Dewsbury
Wakefield
High Street
Slack
CAMBODUNUM
Huddersfield
Thorne
ROMAN ROADS
YORKSHIRE.
English Miles
Roman Miles
Ascertained Roads.
General Direction of Roads not accurately traced throughout.
Supposed Roads.
Barnsley
Penistone
Doncaster
DANUM
R. Aire
R. Calder
R. Don
R. Derwent
R. Ouse
R. Wharfe
R. Nidd
R. Swale

One of the four main trunk roads of Roman construction—the Ermine* Street—ran direct through Elmet, crossing the Don at Doncaster, the Aire at Castleford, and the Cock at Aberford. Hereabouts the old road is easily traceable, and still called "Roman Rigg." From thence, passing through the Hazlewood estates and fringing Bramham Park, a branch diverges sharply to the right, just beyond Hedley Bar, for Tadcaster; passing over the Wharfe, opposite the site of the present church, and across the Ainsty to York.

The other road, the Rudgate, Celtic, Rhyd-a-ford (possibly an early British way), ran by Toulston down to the Wharfe, past Newton Kyme, and crossed at St. Helen's Ford; thence over the western fringe of Ainsty, leaving Walton (Wheales-tun) to the left, and over the Nidd at Cattal, and forward, by way of Whixley and Little Ouseburn, to Aldborough—the Isuer of the Briton, and Isurium of the Roman.

Another lesser road ran from Mancunium (Manchester) to Cambodunum (Slack), and over the Aire near Swillington, and into the Elmet. This via-road or street can still be distinctly traced running for some distance on, and then parallel with the present road. Thence continuing through a stretch of wood, belonging to Templenewsam estate, and over the fields to the Selby Road. The track is still visible—one of the fields here is called "Roman Rigg" Field. The road line now passes the West Yorkshire Colliery, runs between Old Manston and Stanks, where it crosses the river Cock. Near this crossing, the rigg, or bank, is very high; from hence we have traced it over two fields, pointing in a direct line to Scholes; it is finally lost by the wood, adjoining the Seacroft and Barwick highway. Although the line of road here becomes invisible, there

* Eorme, the Men of Earm or Fen-land, the Ermings, through which this road passes from the south. Thus the name, which at first had been given to a portion of the road, which bordered the Fens, was at length given to the whole line of road.

is no reason to doubt that it joined the road leading from Adel over Bramham Moor, remains of which are discovered just to the east of Thorner.

Another military way, which crosses Elmet, ran from the main street, crossing from Deva (Chester) by way of Olicana (Ilkley), over the Blubberhouse Moor to Isurium. Deviating from the above road, the one under our present consideration ran east, from Ilkley, along the high ridge above the Wharfe, over Guiseley Moor, Carlton, and Bramhope, past Cookridge, to the Roman camp at Adel, which is still traceable. From hence, the

[*By Owen Bowen.*

SECTION OF ROMAN ROAD, NUT HILL, NEAR ABERFORD.

line of road continues along the ridge of high lands of Aldwoodley, crossing the Leeds and Harrogate highway, thence over Brandon and Blackmoor, where many relics appertaining to this way have been turned up of late years; also the debris and remains of furnaces used for smelting purposes.

From Blackmoor to the Leeds and Wetherby road, one can walk on the Rig. Near Scarcroft, the road splits into two branches, one running on

the lofty ridge past Eltofts Wood and through Thorner, and beyond, the track crosses the south side of Bramham Park, and hereabouts joins the Ermine Street, three miles south of Tadcaster. The other branch previously mentioned, is clearly to be traced in the meadow, south side of Scarcroft, where it is cut by the present Wetherby Road. From thence it ran north of Wothersome, over Stubbing Moor, and forward to Bramham, joining the Rudgate in the vicinity of Toulston.

[*By Owen Bowen.*

ON THE LINE OF THE ROMAN ROAD, ALDWOODLEY, LOOKING WEST TOWARDS THE CHEVIN.

An old man, upwards of fourscore, told us that sixty years ago he assisted in the breaking up of Stubbing Moor, and at that time the site of the road was for some distance laid bare, and a vast quantity of large irregular blocks of stone were carted away.

At other places on this street, portions of the road, in the shape of paving stones, some even six feet in length, and a foot or eighteen inches broad, have been laid bare by the plough and spade, principally on Blackmoor, Brandon, and at Aldwoodley. These stones, relics of the road, are to be found in several situations, and are objects of various comment to the interested wayfarer.

ROMAN AND SAXON RELICS AT ADEL.

VITRUVIUS'S DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A ROMAN ROAD.—The foundation began by making two parallel furrows, the intended width of the road, and then removing all the loose earth between them till they came to the hard solid ground, and then filling up this excavation with fine earth, hard beaten in. This first layer was called "pavimentum." Upon it was laid the first bed of the road, consisting of small squared stones nicely ranged on the ground, which was sometimes left dry, but often a large quantity of fresh mortar was poured into it. This layer was termed "statumen." The next was called "rudus," or "ruderatio," and consisted of a mass of small stones broken to pieces and mixed with lime in the proportion of one part of broken stones to two of lime. The third layer or bed, which was termed "nucleus," was formed of a mixture of lime, chalk, pounded or broken tiles or earth broken together, or of gravel or sand and lime mixed with clay. Upon this was laid the crust surface or pavement of the road. It was composed sometimes of stones, set like the paving-stones in our streets, and sometimes of flag-stones cut square or polygonally, and also, probably oftener, of a firm bed of gravel and lime. The roads were thus raised higher than the surrounding ground, and on this account the mass was termed "agger." The smaller roads were of simpler construction.

CHAPTER III.

The Kingdom of Elmet.

OUT of the chaos following the collapse of the Roman power in Britain, there came forth on the page of history the little kingdom of Elmet, appearing only like the glimmer of a small star when surrounded by those of greater magnitude, rising forth into life, as it were, to battle for the old order of things, withstanding the shock, inrush and tumult of barbarian hordes from other lands, thirsty with long waiting for the final severance of the Roman from the Briton. So it stands forth out of the chaos and dismembered fragments of Romanised Celtic Britain.

The chronicles of this tiny kingdom are of the briefest, but those who care to study its history must seek for information in the strong and natural defensive advantages of the district, the river boundaries surrounding it on all sides, and in its tumuli, raths, mounds, and intrenchments; also in the Celtic names of its rivers and mountains, etc. From its rise to its overthrow, extending over three to four centuries, Britain was environed by enemies. Pirates from Ireland invaded the western coast, Pict and Scot raided and burnt down to the very walls of York, and the Angles, who came in their war keels, ravaged the Yorkshire coast line, spreading desolation and ruin over the wold country. Then began that long and bitterly contested fight, lasting over centuries, a war of possession and dispossession, a pushing back of the Celtic people, and a gradual settling down on the land by the Anglo-Saxon race. It was this period which produced such great men of Celtic stock, as Aurelius Ambrosius, Vortigern, Uther-Pendragon, Merlin the bard, and the immortal Arthur

The Scotch chronicles say that in 521, King Arthur kept Christmas at York, surrounded by his courtiers and famed knights of the Round Table. No other city in Great Britain can dwell on such historic scenes of the past as the ancient city of York, and the visit of this prince adds another link to its long chain of famous personages and strange scenes enacted there.

Tennyson, in that soul-inspiring theme, "The Passing of Arthur," has breathed around this old hero of glamour and romance a beautiful, yet strange and weird spirit of immortality.

It is not possible to exactly determine the extent of the kingdom of Elmet: perhaps it is best measured by natural surroundings, being situated in a boundary of river, swamp, moor, forest, and mountain. In its most prosperous era, the greatest width from east to west comes under fifty miles, probably reaching from Sherburn on the east to the hill fastnesses lying between the head-waters of the Aire and Nidd.

Starting from Sherburn, along the border of the Fen district, where in later centuries the Angle raised his Fentown (Fenton), and the Norseman Ulla, Ullaskelf—the boundary follows the line of the Wharfe past Tadcaster, with the outlying Celtic stations of Bilburgh, Helaugh, and Walton, and so on to Kirk Deighton and Kirkby Overblow, and possibly reached north in its most palmy days as far as Knaresborough, which gives name to the Claro Wapentake. The word "Claro" is a corruption of the Celtic word "Caer-haug'r" (the hill of the Caer). Thence the natural boundary runs over the high ridge of moor dividing the watershed of the Wharfe and Nidd. Beyond this high ridge the Angles seem scarcely to have penetrated, the British having held undisputed possession until the period of Norse invasion; the place-names along the north bank of the Wharfe are, with few exceptions, all of Norse derivation.

Fragments, Sepulchral Tablets.
YORK.

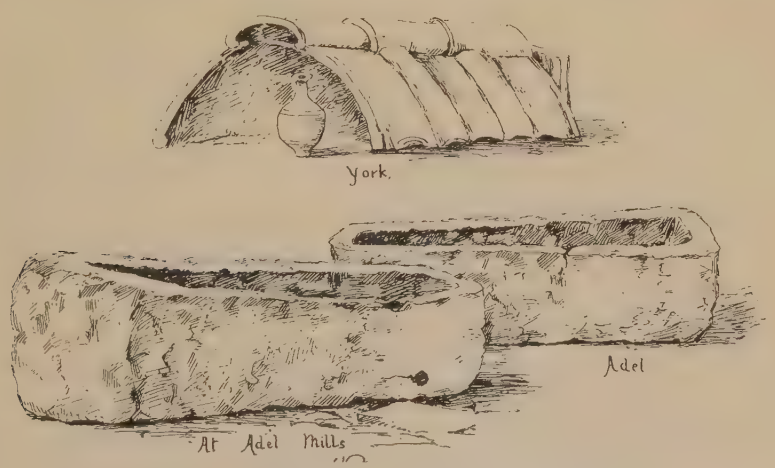
The natural boundary on the western side of the kingdom spreads towards the wild mountain range, the head-waters of the Wharfe. Skipton stood within its western fringe; thence the boundary passed over the moors in the direction of Keighley and Bingley; following the basin of the Aire (a natural barrier) to where it merges into the great Ouse plain between the western fringe of Elmet and the northern rheged (a frontier)

or Celtic kingdom of Cumbria; which reached from the mouth of the Ribble to the Westmoreland Fells, a wild district, wild even to-day, and here the Celtic blood is still more pure than in any other part of Yorkshire. Here in the early centuries ruled smaller chieftains, yet in subordinate authority to the power of Elmet, whose influence reached to the confines of Cumbria. Such was the kingdom of Elmet at the commencement of the sixth century, by the end of which it had already been shorn and much narrowed in its proportions.

The Anglian people were at this period rapidly settling between the Aire and Calder; Ethelfrith, the conquering King of Deira, who, Bede says, was the most severe scourge the Celts ever met with, boldly fought his way up the river valleys, and led his army over the wild moorlands of north Yorkshire, passed down the vale of the Ribble, reached the Dee country by a rapid march, gave battle to the north Welsh, gaining a decisive victory, capturing the important city of Deva (Chester), and thus severed the connection and line of influence and communication between the Britons of North Wales, Cumbria, and Elmet.

The great enemy to the State seems chiefly to have come from the East; even as early as the fourth century, small war bands of Angles landed at various points along the Yorkshire coast, and from that date to the capture and sack of York, one hundred and fifty years later, or to even a century later still, when Edwin overran Elmet. The danger to the kingdom seems ever to have been increasing from the East, from the beautiful moorlands of Brynaic and chalk wolds of Devyr, with its long frontier of shimmering ocean.

It was here by the North Sea the Celts encountered the first brunt of heathen fierceness, and from hence the Engles passed westward, ravaging and harrying the wolds and moorlands, yet the conquest of Yorkshire was not the work of a year or even a century. For many a year the Britons held the Angles pinned to the eastern wolds, and when at length driven from their beloved "Devyr"—Saxon Deira, they fell back behind the line of the Derwent, a natural and for long an effectual barrier, stretching from the moors of North York to the huge swamp and fen-land of the Ouse. How long the war bands of the Engles, or Deirans, as at this period called, were held to the east of this line of the Derwent we cannot say. Through the lapse of centuries we can almost hear the tumult of the struggle. Its very length tells of the stubbornness, resistance, and obstinacy of the Celt, who retired slowly and sullenly backward, step by step.



ANCIENT COFFINS, FOUND AT ADEL AND YORK.

Then came the final rush and swoop on the old city of York, for three centuries the home of Rome's famed legion, the residence of Emperors, and for long the capital of Britain. Standing in the angle of land between the confluence of the Foss and the Ouse, its natural and artificial defences can be easily studied to-day. But the city of the Romans, with its wealth, its temples and other noble buildings, villas, baths, its tesselated pavements, and marble statues, and all the refinements of civilisation, art, and luxury, fell beneath this great swoop of the Engle folk; and the treasures of palace and temple, the pomp and luxury of imperial Rome, were trodden beneath the heel of the

Pagan, or, broken and otherwise mutilated, were buried beneath the ruin (wreck, and burning, and the accumulation of debris and desolation following in the wake), to be unearthed in after centuries as evidences of York's former greatness.

Still the Elmet kingdom remained intact for at least another hundred years, wedged in, as it were, between the Deirans and Mercians, its cordon of foes gradually coiling round and hemming its defenders in on every side. To the west, however, the line of the Aire was at least for three centuries the eastern frontier of the Engle folk. Settlements in the Wapentake of Claro were even of a much later date, and then only very precarious; in fact, the vestiges of the Engle in this Wapentake are only very faint, and only slight in Skyrack Wapentake.

From the mouth of the Wharfe to Arthington, their power has been small indeed, for the latter place is their first settlement; and from thence to Addingham, seventeen miles further, we find the same dearth of Angle colonisation. On the east bank of the Aire we have also this circumstance: Swillington marks their first settlement from the mouth of the Aire upwards, being situated near the site of the Roman vicinal, Headingley being the second, also standing near the line of road from Ilkley to Adel.

Between the north-east bank of the Lower Aire, from Ledstone or Kippax to the north watershed of the Wharfe, the place-names reveal in their Celto word combinations Celtic occupation and rule, coeval with the Norse invasion and occupation; hill, valley, and river, in many instances, remain purely Celtic; for instance, the "chevens" (cefn), "bryns," "lyns," "pens," "dunes" or "duns," the "combes" and "coeds." In fact, if we examine the high ridge running from Bramham to Ilkley, along the south side of the Wharfe, we shall find in many instances a survival of Celtic place-names. Even our great industrial city of Leeds holds in its name, along with several other places, the memory of a Celtic people—the Leods or Ludees. In the name of its river, the Aire—the "bright shining water" (now, alas! black), we have another evidence of their occupation. In fact, the names of our rivers and streams all reveal their Celtic story; the word Wharfe we obtain from the same people, whose poetical tongue had, in obedience to a poet's eye, combined the root word ch-wefru or g'arw—the "hurrying, gushing, violent water." To the same eye and tongue, the Angle owed the name of the river Nidd (Nawdd)—the "dark, obscure, secluded." To the Celt, also, the invader owed his Crimple (the crwm-pwll)—"bending, winding pool, properly descriptive of the shimmering waters of that twisted knoll-bent pool."

Turning for the present to the south-west fringe, and extending our research across the vale of the Calder to the Don, we there find numerous evidences of early Angle colonisation. From Snaith, perhaps the most eastern of Engle settlements, to Cononley, a distance of forty miles, the valley of the Aire, to the south and west, has been permanently occupied since the end of the sixth century.

Between Snaith and Woodlesford there are the Anglian stations of Pollington and Kellington, Knottingley and Darrington; beyond, we have Drighlington, Stanningley, Manningham, and Bingley. On the Calder, we find Horbury, Dewsbury, Almondbury, Littleborough. Further south still, reaching to the valley of the Don, we find quite a cluster of "worths" and "burghs"—Coningsburgh, Sprotborough, Greasborough, Worsborough, Masborough, Stainborough, Kexborough, and Hemsworth and Badsworth or Brodsworth; besides a host of "hams" and "tons," all pointing to a line of river frontier, and to the wedge of Saxon colonisation thrust in between the Celts of Elmet and their kinsmen to the west.

There is one great historic fact in connection with Elmet, which probably marks the boundaries and limits of the ancient kingdom more clearly than any other, and the outcome of King Athelstan's great victory over the combined army of Danes and Scotch at Brunanburgh, viz., the creation of the "liberty" of Cawood, Wistow, and Otley, including the palace and lordship of Sherburn, with all the villages and hamlets appertaining thereto, with full power and rights vested in the Archbishop. This policy of Athelstan showed great forethought, as well as a gracious and kingly act.

The Danes and their allies had for long been a thorn in the side of the Angle kings. Anlaf, the Norse leader in this battle, was the pretender to the kingdom of Northumbria, and a Pagan or Christian by turns, according to circumstances. The sea kings, and other princes of the north, were all very jealous of Athelstan's great power, and nearly always in open or covert rebellion, continually threatening his over-lordship and supremacy.

All through the centuries of harrying and plunder, by Angle and Dane, the Celt had survived, and still clung tenaciously (although spirit-broken and considerably reduced both in number and power) to the little kingdom of Elmet, probably fighting on the side of Athelstan, in that king's great battle against the confederacy of the north.*

* In a great gemot, held at Nottingham by Athelstan, A.D. 930, there attended, among others, three Welsh princes. This is not the only instance of the generosity of this famous king, for his magnanimity and generosity extended, on many occasions, even to his great enemies.

The Celts of Elmet were of Christian faith, and had been so, more or less, since its introduction into the island by the Apostles, during the Roman domination; thus the reason for the creation of the "liberty" of Cawood, Wistow, and Otley was twofold: firstly, the existence of the Christian Celt in Elmet; secondly, its erection as a menace and buffer to the semi-independent and unruly Danes, who at this period had become all-powerful in Northumbria, and who were now either thrust further back by this wedge of Angle and Celt, or compelled to submit to the power of Saxon arms. Further, the boundary of the "liberty" appears almost identical with the boundary of the Elmet.

The great barony of the Archbishop, over which he ruled with almost kingly power, included in the "liberty" of Cawood, Wistow, and Otley, also the palace and lordship of Sherburn-in-Elmet. The dissociation of the members of this "liberty" has always been an insuperable perplexity; why places so remote should be linked in a common bond, has been the source of much comment.

FRAGMENTS OF SAXON CROSSES, OTLEY.

Cawood and Wistow extend from the Wharfe to the northern fringe of the great Bretune, where Selby now stands, a territory afterwards filched from the Brets, with its old ecclesiastical organisation, for the establishment of Norman monasticism. The Otley portion of the "liberty" lies away from the eastern fringe at least thirty miles.*

Whence came the chain of association? What was the connecting link? Their oneness came from the Christianity which had never died at

* The ancient parish of Otley, as it existed in the years following the preaching of Paulinus, who set up the cross at this place, and the extent of the parish he then created stretched from the watershed of the Nidd to the banks of the Aire. Its members were Bayldon, Hawkesworth, Burley, Denton, Lyndley, Farnley, Newhall, Menston, Weston, and Guiseley, the latter, whose name, the "Gisel-lega"—"district of the king's office"—marks its importance.

Sherburn and Barwick; the connecting link was the little kingdom of Elmet. The eastern boundary of the "liberty" of Cawood, Wistow, and Otley in Wharfedale, is yet the strongest delineation of the zone of influence so long maintained at Barwick.

The members of the Archbishop's barony of Sherburn prove the same thing on the eastern flank of the ancient kingdom, their southern boundary, in turn, being determined by that of the barony of Drax, which stretched widely along the north bank of the Aire from Drax, through Leeds to Bingley. Both these fragmentary baronies teach the same lesson, of which the core lies in the kingdom of Elmet.

The battle of Brunanburgh was fought in 937, but where the exact field was, appears beyond determination.* For the time being, it entirely shattered the great power of the Norsemen, and consolidated that of the Celts, still clinging to the land, though scattered and drooping under the scourge of Norse invasion. Taking the fullest advantage of such an opportunity, Athelstan erected the "liberty" of Cawood, Wistow, and Otley, making the Archbishop lord over the territories where Celtic nationality had still life, though feeble power. Hence the disjointed nature of such a barony.

THE ILKLEY CROSSES.

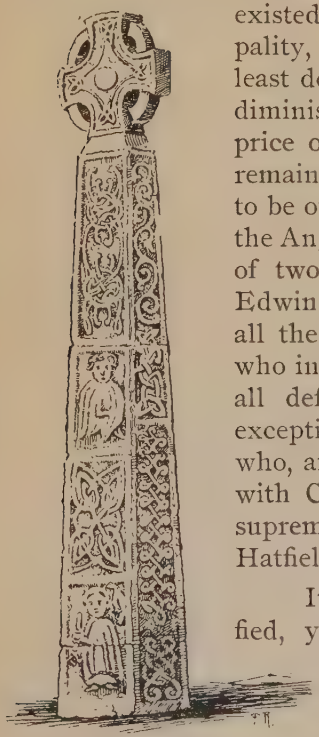
This is no place to review the keen contentions as to the actual site of the battle, nor would it be profitable to do so. The word Brunanburgh is Angle, meaning the fortress at the burns or streams. The name, therefore,

* A mile north-west of Bolton Percy there is a Brumber Hill and Brumber Grange ("ber" is distinctly Norse). It is just possible this spot may have been the site of battle.

seems to attach the battle to a place where Anglian speech prevailed, and it is very probable, for several reasons, that the action was fought in the neighbourhood of Wharfedale. One very peculiar circumstance is found in the mention of the place as Brunby (a Norse expression), in the Saxon poem celebrating the victory. The stone memorial cross now in Leeds Parish Church is said to have been raised to the memory of Anlaf, son of Silxtryg, the Norse leader in this great action.

From our digression we must now return to the regular order of events—the conquest of Elmet by Edwin; his death at the great fight at Heathfield; the reconquest of Elmet and the invasion of Northumbria by Cadwallader and Penda; and the causes which led up to the above series of events.

Around these incidents and sidelights of history we obtain glimpses, though feeble and glimmering, of the Royal House of Elmet. That there existed a "Regulus," or petty king, in this little principality, during the Roman administration, there is not the least doubt; and his authority, after being to some extent diminished, was left respected by treaty arrangement, the price of his alliance and that of his tribe. What had remained intact during Roman rule, was found too strong to be overthrown during the first inrush and onslaught of the Angles, and so the kingdom remained intact for a period of two hundred years or more, until the days of King Edwin, who, Bede says—"with great power commanded all the nations, as well of the English as of the Britons who inhabited Britain, except the people of Kent." With all deference to the immortal Bede, there were other exceptions to Edwin's supremacy, notably that of Penda, who, after his accession to the throne of Mercia, 626, allied with Cadwallader, the Briton, began a great strife for supremacy, which only ended in the death of Edwin at Hatfield.



Norse Cross, in Leeds Parish Church.

It may be that our views of Elmet are a trifle magnified, yet, doubtless, Celtic royalty held their court at Barwick (their capital or oppidum),* in rude pomp and barbaric splendour, in the far-off days of

* Oppidum—town (as opposed to Rome, *urbs*); among the Britons—a fortified wood.

unwritten history; and, apart from this Regiunculus, being the last to come under the yoke of the invader, the Britons of Elmet retained the worship and form of an earlier Christianity, brought hither centuries before the time of Augustine and Paulinus.

A MEMORABLE, OFT-TOLD STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS.

The newly-formed kingdom of Deira, that is, the district between the Humber and Tees, and the kingdom of Bernicia, the latter lying between the Tees and the Tweed, were both Angle kingdoms under separate rule, until they came into collision towards the end of the sixth century, when the struggle for supremacy began between Ethelric, son of Ida (founder of the northern kingdom), and Ella. This strife filled the slave market of Rome with captives, brought thither for sale from the moors and wolds of Deira. The following incident is in connection with the above-mentioned strife.

While yet a simple priest, the afterwards famous pontiff, Gregory the Great, was one day passing through the slave market of Rome (situated at the end of the ancient Forum). His attention was forcibly arrested by some slaves there for sale, with bright complexions, shapely figures, and fair long hair.

ANGLO-DANISH CROSS, GRIMSTON.

"Whence came these youths?" he asked.

"From Britain," was the answer.

"Are the people Christians, there?" he inquired.

"No, Pagans."

"Alas!" said he, "how grievous it is that faces fair as angels' should be in subjection to the devil."

He next inquired the name of their tribe.

"Angles," said the dealer.

"Ah! that is well. Not Angles but angels they are in looks, and co-heirs of angels they ought to be. Where in Britain do their people dwell?"

"In Deira," was the reply.

"Then our duty is to deliver them from God's ire. And who is the king of Deira?"

"Ella," said the merchant.

"Then," replied Gregory, "Alleluia must be sung in his country."

The sequel to the above incident will be told in the story of Edwin.

In 558, immediately after the above scene occurred in the market place of Rome, in the above description of which the curious word-play of Gregory is so graphically told, the aged king of Deira passed away. At his death, the strength of his kingdom seems to have suddenly collapsed; and, as his rival Ethelric of Bernicia became supreme and entered Deira in triumph, the sons of Ella and their kinsmen fled for safety over the border. Thus the two states were united, and became the ancient kingdom of North-Humbria.

The story of young Edwin, the future king of Northumbria, and conqueror of Elmet, carried into exile by his brethren, a boy of three years, is one of the most interesting in the annals of Saxon history. Both as a fugitive, hiding from the enemies of his father's house, and afterwards as the successful monarch, his life is full of strange vicissitudes and incidents, and, as in the rule of Ethelfrith, his predecessor in power, closely in touch with the Celts of Elmet.

The great fear and jealousy of the exiled house of Ella, which Ethelfrith (who succeeded his father in 593) evinced all through his reign, and which ultimately proved his ruin, seems to have grown more acute year by year, and were the only difficulties which marred his triumph and ambition. During all the wanderings of the fugitive sons of Ella, this striking fact is impressed on the mind, for wherever they took refuge, the emissaries of Ethelfrith found out their hiding-place, and pursued them, with bitter malignity, from court to court.

For years they found an asylum with the north Welsh, and also with Cerdic, king of Elmet. The youthful Edwin spent some years at the court of Cadvan, the Celtic prince of Gwynedd (North Wales), who generously provided him with shelter and education. His companion during these years of exile would, most probably, be Cadwallon (or Cadwallader), son of his host, Cadvan, the afterwards famous prince, and Edwin's rival on the battlefield. As this friendship has a bearing on the fate of Elmet, more will be told.

Another place of refuge for the royal fugitive was with Cearl, king of Mercia, whose daughter, Quœnburga, he married while in exile. Here, Edwin would also become acquainted with the celebrated Penda, who, after the death of Cearl, became king of Mercia, and a rival to Edwin's supremacy. These are historical items which require noting.

Whoever gave shelter to the exiles were continually bribed with costly presents to murder or remove, in some way, the sons of Ella. Failing this, their protectors were menaced with the scourge of war. In this manner, two of the exiles seem to have been removed—Eadfrith, the only brother of Edwin, and several years his senior, disappeared out of history mysteriously; and his son, heir to the throne of Deira, Hereric, father to the saintly Hilda, was removed by poison, when receiving hospitality, and under the protection of Cerdic,* the king of Elmet, a dark deed which hastened the downfall of his kingdom.

In all these harryings, plottings, and murder, we can see behind the scene the malignant hand of Ethelfrith, unable to rest until the royal line of Ella had been extinguished.

On the death of Hereric, nephew to Edwin, the latter became sole representative to the throne of Deira, and the object of even greater hostility, being hunted like a wild beast from covert to covert. His last refuge was with Rædwald, king of the east Angles, whither he was probably accompanied in his flight by Hereric's widow and children, for a nephew of Rædwald's soon after married Hereswith, a daughter of Hereric. Hither, in quick succession, to the court of Rædwald, appeared three separate embassies from Ethelfrith, offering gold and costly presents for the murder or removal of Edwin, or the alternative of war if the Northumbrian's request was not complied with. Either the greed of gold or the fear of Ethelfrith made Rædwald's pledge of protection for some time waver in the balance, and it is said he even went so far as to promise the envoys either to slay the prince, or to place him a prisoner into their hands. The following story is the outcome of the king's vacillation.

One evening, some friend of the exile visited his chamber, and warned him of his impending danger, and offered him guidance to another hiding-place. The reply of Edwin shows the greatness and nobility of his soul—"I cannot do this thing," he said, "I cannot be the first to break the pledge which I have received from so great a king; if I am to die, it is better Rædwald should slay me than some meaner man, and I had rather perish with honour than continue to live a friendless fugitive." However, under the cover of darkness, he withdrew from his chamber, and, not knowing whither to fly, he sat on the stone bench at the door of the king's court, and there sank into a dreamy slumber; when, suddenly, a stranger of dark complexion appeared before him (probably Paulinus, of whom we shall

* The name Cerdic or Cereticus is the Latinisation of a Celtic original.

hear more anon), and thus addressed him: "Wherefore, at this hour of night, sit ye here, sorrowful and watching, while others rest in sleep?"

The exile replied: "Of what concern can it be to you where I spend my vigils?"

"I well know your distress," said the stranger: "what meed will you give, should I be the means of making Rædwald spurn the overtures of your enemy, and enable you to outshine in greatness the glory of every king who has gone before you?"

"Surely," answered Edwin, "would I listen to the counsel of him who would deliver me from the great dangers which surround me, and exalt me to be king over my own people, and do, in return, whatever lay in my power."

"And, if I foretold you this," said the stranger, "and could show thee better rede for life and soul than any of thy kin ever heard, would'st thou hearken?"

Edwin readily assented.

"Then remember the pledge," said the vision, as he laid his right hand on the head of Edwin, and vanished into the darkness, so that Edwin thought he had seen a vision.

Probably through the influence of his queen and Paulinus, Rædwald absolutely refused to betray the royal fugitive. Instead, quickly gathering his troops together, he led them to meet the army of Ethelfrith, which was already on the march south. The latter was taken by surprise, in the tangled forest and marsh land of the lower Trent. The battle was a desperate one, but ended in the death of Ethelfrith, and complete victory of Rædwald. The place where the engagement took place is on the banks of the little river Idle, and was the first great battle fought between Angles or Englishmen.

"Foul ran Idle with the blood of Englishmen,"

says an old song.

On the defeat and death of Ethelfrith, the fierce Deirans rose in arms against the house of Ida and called in Edwin, heir to the throne. Not content with the latter, he quickly overran Bernicia and ruled jointly over the two kingdoms. Making York his capital, the past glory of the old city was again revived under his rule. According to Ninnius, his conquest of Elmet seems to have immediately preceded his accession to the throne of Northumberland, probably on his triumphant march north. Green says, "The young king could see from any of the Roman towers of York, a few miles to the west, the woodland and moorland of a British realm, and to him the most pressing foes were the Celtic people of Elmet, and thus from

the old city he marched to avenge the murder of his uncle Hereric when in exile with his family at the court of Cerdic, king of Elmet."

Connected as Edwin was with the royal family of Mercia, by his marriage with the daughter of Cearl, and with the assistance he would naturally obtain from Rædwald, king of the East Angles, his power would be quite sufficient to cope with and crush the resistance of Elmet, even supposing he accomplished the conquest previous to his accession in 617. We have no historical evidence of any battle having been fought; tradition of its conquest is also of the slightest.

Elmet of that day was vastly different from the Elmet of to-day, with its mammoth industries and teeming population. Then, and until centuries later, it was one of the loneliest parts of Yorkshire. Shut in by rivers whose very form tells of a chain-like series of lyns and almost impenetrable morasses, it was surrounded by forest swamp and dreary moorland. Even up to the eighteenth century Elmet was a region of desolate moorland. Bullerthorpe Common joined on to Swillington and Garforth Moor—to the east lay Whinmoor, Hook Moor, Bramham Moor, and Blackmoor; to the west, joining on to the latter, were Aldwoodley, Eccup, and Adel Moors.

An old tradition says that Edwin's army approached the stronghold of Barwick by way of the old York road, the ancient hollow way, still traceable in many places, which branches out of the Ermine Street, on Bramham Moor, and crosses the present York Road, near the four lane ends. Thence through the fields and plantations immediately behind Potterton Hall, and by the three lane ends, locally known as "Morgan's Cross," it led into a dark lane to the fortified enclosure at Barwick.

Another tradition states that on the night preceding the morrow of Edwin's probable assault on the capital, the British with all their movable property filed silently out in the darkness unobserved, although in the distance the light from the camp fires and innumerable sounds proceeding from an army proclaimed the presence of their enemy. Striking west up the valley of the Wharfe, they passed over the source of the river and joined their kinsmen of the northern Rheged and Cumbria, the first-named district stretching from Pendle Hill or the lower Ribble country to the inhospitable fells of Westmorland.

This tradition can be taken for what it is worth, the more probable supposition may be that the Britons found they were powerless against an enemy of Edwin's strength and ability, knowing the justness of his anger

against their king, who had, out of great fear, by pressure brought to bear on him by the fierce Ethelfrith, slain the prince whom he had passed his plighted word to protect. It is also possible that Edwin's quarrel was more with Cerdic than the Britons, and the latter, after slight skirmishing, may have submitted to the overlordship of Edwin. Ninnius says, "Cerdic was expelled from his kingdom, which was occupied by Edwin," and the *Annales Cambriæ* record his death 616. On the downfall of Elmet, Edwin possessed an uninterrupted breadth of territory from sea to sea, even pushing his conquest into the territory of Cadwallader, son of his former benefactor. Numbers of the British who refused to live in subjection to Edwin's rule no doubt found their way to the Welsh kingdom of Cumbria, the northern Rheged and Gwynedd, only to return seventeen years later with the avenging army of Cadwallader, to be reinstated in their possessions. This reconquest by the Celts and death of Edwin will be told a few pages later.

The Story of Edwin's Conversion and the Destruction of the Heathen Temple and Gods at Godmundingham.

In the first ten years of his reign, Edwin extended his power and influence over nearly the whole of Britain; his kingdom reached from central Britain to the Firth of Forth. He was, says Bede, Bretwalda, or overlord of every kingdom in England, save Kent, and his reason for non-intervention there is obvious. Bede says that "A weake woman might have walked with her new-borne babe over all the yland, even from sea to sea, without anie damagee or danger."

For his second wife he espoused Ethelburg, a Kentish princess, and with her came Paulinus, the stranger of Edwin's vision. For generations later this subtle churchman was well remembered in the north. Paulinus is described by Bede as being—

> **"In personne a taulle man, somewhat crooked back, and black of haire, lene in face, and having a hooked and thin nose; in countenance both dredful and reverent."**

Several years had rolled past since Edwin's accession, and he still worshipped the idols of his people. Many and various were his excuses for not accepting Christianity. At last he promised his queen that should he return successful from war with the West Saxons, he would then forsake the pagan doctrine of his ancestors and worship her God. Yet, although victorious in this war, the king still delayed under one pretext or another to embrace Christianity. He was waiting for conviction, before taking this all-important decision,

which was to change the worship of his people, and we cannot but admire his discretion on this momentous question.

During the following winter he spent most of his time in deep meditation. Two circumstances roused him from this lethargy—one was his attempted assassination, from which he escaped by only a hair's-breadth, the other circumstance was a conversation with Paulinus, during which that crafty churchman, placing his right hand on the head of the King, claimed the fulfilment of the pledge he had given to the stranger when in exile at the court of King Rædwald. Edwin was visibly impressed, added to which was the pleading of his Queen. After another long and anxious deliberation on the subject he arranged to receive baptism if the wise men of his kingdom should approve. So the wise men of Northumbria were gathered together to give their rede on the faith he was about to embrace.

The place where this memorable Witenagemot took place is supposed to have been at Londesborough. The record of the debate is of great interest as revealing the sides of Christianity which pressed most on our forefathers. To finer minds its charms lay, then as now, in the light it threw on the darkness which encompassed men's lives—the darkness of the future, as of the past.

Paulinus having pleaded in favour of Christianity, Coifi, the pagan high-priest, thus addressed the assembly of wise men: "It seems to me, O king, that our paternal gods are worthless, for no man's worship of them has been more devout than mine; yet my lot has been far less prosperous than that of many others not half so pious!"

A chieftain then spoke—"The life of man, O king, reminds me of a winter feast around your blazing fire, while the storm howls and the snow drives abroad. A distressed sparrow darts within the doorway: for a moment it is cheered by warmth and shelter from the blast; then, shooting through the other entrance, it is lost again. Such is man. He comes we know not whence, hastily snatches a scanty share of worldly pleasure, then goes we know not whither. If this new doctrine, therefore, will give us any clearer insight into things of so much interest, my feeling is to follow it."

Before such arguments, resembling strikingly those of Indian warriors, Northumbrian paganism fell. Coifi was foremost in making war upon the superstition which had so severely baulked his hopes. His priestly character obliged him to ride a mare, and forbade him to have a weapon. The people, therefore, thought him mad when he appeared upon Edwin's charger, and with lance in hand rode furiously to the famous temple at Godmudham,

pierced the idol through and through, shattering it to pieces, and ordered the temple to be demolished and burnt to the ground. Soon afterwards, Paulinus kept a most impressive Easter by holding a public baptism at York, in which Edwin, his principal men, and multitudes of inferior people, were admitted into the Christian church.

Camden says: "In the Roman times, not far from its bank, upon the little river Foulness (where Whyton, a small town but well stocked with husbandmen, now stands), formerly stood Delgovitia. The word is said to signify the statues or images of the heathen gods. In a little village near to stood, in Saxon days, a celebrated idol temple. The name of the place is very significant of its use: 'Godmundingham,' now 'Godmudham'—the home of the gods."

This village is situated on the southern spur of the wold hills. The path which we follow from Market Weighton crosses for some little distance over meadow fields and into a winding lane. The country around is beautiful, fresh, and pleasant. A small limpid beck flowing from the wold edge winds and prattles under the hedgerow by the roadside at one's feet, the old church shows out finely on the high ground, forming with the winding road and village a most interesting picture. A gentle ascent conducts one up the sinuous road into the rural village; to the right, situated amongst the trees, lies the rectory. On our left, in a meadow we notice some slight irregularities in the earth. On inquiry we are told this spot is called the Hall Garth. A few yards onwards the clink of the anvil betokens the shop of the village blacksmith, which stands rural enough at the bend in the road, and there, before us, high above the village street, stands the historical church, lowly and reverent. Like ivy to stone, the romance of history seems to cling about its aged walls.

E. Bogg.]
PRE-NORMAN ARCH, GODMUDHAM.

On our visit the structure was undergoing extensive alterations. Its appearance tells its story of antiquity, probably the edifice as it now stands

is early Norman. The font and chancel arch may be earlier, and a few other fragments point to even a greater age. As we muse on the scenes connected with this spot, the impression is formed in our mind that a church has stood on this site since the downfall of paganism. It may stand on the very site of the heathen temple destroyed by Coifi, the high priest. On that point there is not any satisfactory evidence. The sexton tells of large quantities of human bones discovered when digging, but nothing pointing to the temple has hitherto been found. The building which sheltered the idols would, no doubt, be principally of wood, and soon perish. A young girl pointed out to us some elevations and depressions in the meadow a little distance from the village street and adjoining the south side of the Rectory. The peculiarity of the ground here is very significant, and our little guide assured us here formerly stood the pagan temple: the ordnance map also points to this spot. I also inquired of the farmer; to my question he replied, "Nea yan knaws whear."

To our thinking the position of the church marks the site of the Angle pagan temple. Although not fully satisfied as to the site of the building whose destruction marks a great page in our history, the writer turned away with feelings of pleasure and interest, for around the village lies the charm of that sweet rural simplicity and breath of bygone ages, which cannot fail to impress and influence the mind of the visitor.

The sun of Edwin's splendour was now fast approaching its horizon. Green says—"This religious revolution gave a shock to the power which he had built up in Britain." Though Paulinus baptised among the Cheviots, as on the Swale and other rivers, it was only the men of Deira that followed the wish of their king. Storm clouds, presage of disaster and death, were fast brewing from the south and west, which were to eventually envelop him in their folds.

Penda, the famous warrior, about this date, 626, had risen to the Mercian throne. His first great object seems to have been to throw off the overlordship of Edwin. What other feelings of revenge may have rankled in his breast against Edwin, history does not say; although, as the son of Wibba, and grandson of Crida, the first Mercian king, his claims to the throne of Mercia seem to have been greater than Cearl's, the king who befriended Edwin when in exile, and who gave Edwin for his first wife his daughter, Quœnburga. Naturally, the sympathies of Edwin would be with the house of Cearl, in opposition to Penda. Thus, no doubt, a volcanic fire of revenge may have been smouldering in the mind of Penda, which,

afterwards, was to burst with terrible fury on Edwin, and the Angles of North-Humberland.

Yet another king, whom misfortune, and the ingratitude of Edwin, rendered a more cruel and bitter enemy to the Angles than even the immortal Arthur, like a meteor flits across the history of Northumberland. His motive for revenge is more apparent than that of Penda's.

Edwin, a youth of tender years, a wanderer and fugitive from his native soil, as we have before mentioned, found protection with Cadvan, father of Cadwallader, at this time prince of the north Welsh. For years, he was carefully guarded and educated; and not only Edwin, but, as we have observed, all the royal house of Ella found shelter among the Welsh hills.

It was the outcome of this hospitality of Cadvan to the royal line of Ella that eventually brought on their heads the hostility of Ethelfrith, either from Cadvan's refusal to give up or oust the fugitives; or, peradventure, the apprehension of a league being formed between the Deirans and the Welsh, for the restoration of the sons of Ella was the cause of his anger and jealousy, which ended in the Angle king's famous march across the Pennines; and the battle of Chester, which followed, proved so disastrous to the Welsh that the city of Chester fell into the hands of Ethelfrith.

Amongst the slain, that day, were twelve hundred British monks, who had repaired to the field of battle to pray for the success of their countrymen, and, as they stood some distance from the fray, with arms upraised in prayer and supplication,—"Who are all these numbers of unarmed men?" the king inquired.

"Monks," was the reply, "come hither, after three days' fasting, to pray for the success of their countrymen."

The fierce pagan warrior ordered his soldiers to slay them in the coming fight: "Bear they arms, or no," said he, "they fight against us when they cry against us to their God."

This great disaster, which overtook the monks of Bangor, has generally been attributed to the intrigues of Augustine, who, however, was altogether guiltless. It was his violent antipathy and unwarrantable claims of jurisdiction over the Celtic Church, which caused this suspicion.

To return from our digression, which is only to prove that Cadwallader, who had just claims on the friendship of Edwin, received, instead, the yoke of a master and ambitious overlord, who not only made war on the son of his former host, but chased him out of his own kingdom, Gwynedd (north Wales), the fair district or region of quiet waters.

In the army of Cadwallader, doubtless, would be numbers of refugees from Elmet, who would fly hither for protection and assistance, recognising in this chieftain the only hope of regaining their kingdom. Thus came about, but from vastly different motives, the confederacy of the two kings, Penda, the pagan Mercian, and Cadwallader, the Christian,—the first thirsting with ambition and conquest, the other burning to avenge the wrongs of his countrymen against all the nation of Angles, besides the chance of winning back the land of Elmet, and the country to the west, which Ethelfrith and Edwin had wrested from the Britons. A strange compact, indeed, was this, but one which, for the time being, changed the face of the north.

The two kings met the Northumbrians, led by Edwin, at Hatfield or Heathfield Chase, just to the south of the Don, a region of river and morass, alive with fish and wild fowl, even down to the sixteenth century tenanted with deer, said to be as plentiful as sheep on a hill at this period.

Edwin, no doubt, held the only available gateway into Northumbria (the strip of land where, in former times, the Brigantes had defied the strong arm of Rome), and thus drew the combined force of Welsh and Mercians into the Fen land, hoping to crush his assailants more easily, as they struggled confusedly across the sopping, peaty, pathless moor, "which rose and fell," so said the natives, "with the tidal waters of the rivers which ran through." Camden, in his time, speaks of this district as a collection of river islands, floating on wide stretches of water. Edwin, having drawn them on to the chase or fen, crossed the Don at Stainforth (the paved ford), somewhere near the present town of Hatfield. The two armies met, and a desperate battle ended in the defeat of the Northumbrians, and the death of Edwin.

The men of Powys so distinguished themselves by their valour on that field, that they obtained from Cadwallon* a boon of fourteen privileges.

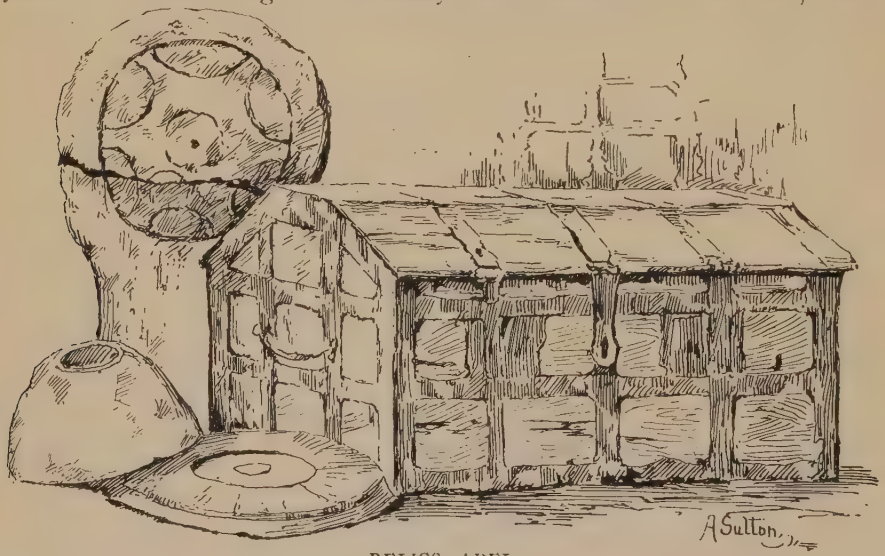
On Hatfield Chase, slight evidences of the entrenchments are still to be seen.

The death of Edwin proved the ruin of his house; his queen, with her two children, accompanied by Paulinus, fled south to her brother in Kent, paganism and confusion again reigned supreme.

As prearranged between the two confederates, Cadwallon now marched his army north across the Aire valley, reinstating the Celts in their kingdom of Elmet, and, marching on York, drove out the defenders and made the old city his headquarters. Here Osric, who had ascended the throne of Deira, attempted to oust the Britons. In the battle which took place outside the

* Cadwallader or Cadwallon, variously spelt.

walls, the Deirans were routed and Osric slain. Eanfrid, king of Bernicia, suffered the same fate, he having come with only twelve soldiers to crave peace from the British king. Instead of peace, he and his little escort were put to death at the instigation of Cadwallader. The rule of these two kings, Osric and Eanfrid, and the story of the miserable year of 634, when Britons overran Northumbria, was not forgotten for generations later. The sword of Cadwallader seemed to be destined to drive out the Angle and reinstate the Celt, not only in Elmet but also in his beloved fatherland, Deifyr and Bryneich. Three kings had already been offered as a sacrifice, and the



RELICS, ADEL.

hopes of the Cymry revived in this chief. "Triumphant," says Turner, "with the fame of fourteen great battles and sixty skirmishes, this Celtic prince spread fear over all the north." Growing careless and intoxicated with success, he rashly gave battle to Oswald, the successor of Eanfrid, who had taken the field and secured a strong position on the north bank of the Tyne, and there calmly awaited the advance of his foes. The battle proved disastrous to the Celt. Cadwallader and the strength of his army perished, and with his fall the hopes of the Cymry to return to their homeland, Deifyr and Brynaic, districts which they regarded and loved above all others, never again became possible.

This campaign marks the last great effort of the Celt to oust the Angle from Northumbria, and the determination and zeal of this last effort proves

their tenacity and grip by keeping possession of the land between the Humber and Tyne for over a period of twelve months.

'Tis a strange and terrible story, that long struggle of rival races, but with the battle of 'Heavenfield' the strength of the Cymry was exhausted. From henceforth all their efforts were required to guard the Welsh border.

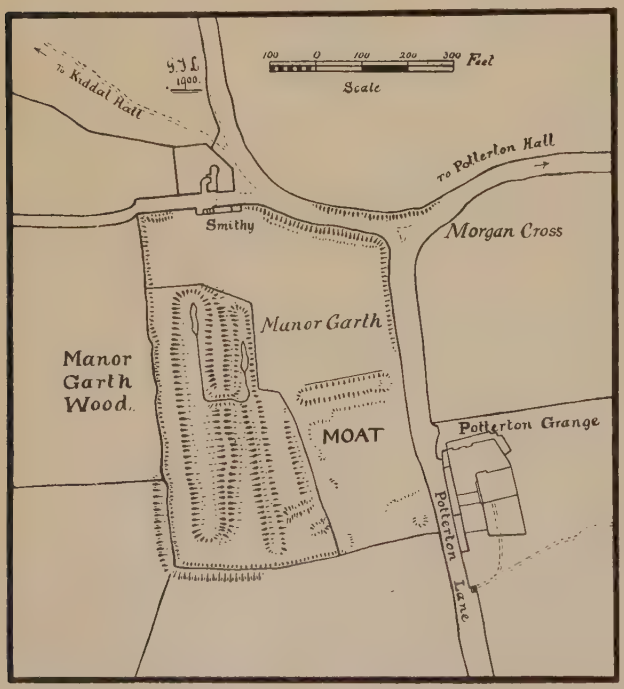
How long the Britons held unlimited sway over Elmet after this date we have no exact knowledge. It is possible they kept the Angles at bay along the frontier until the death of Penda, at the battle of Whinmoor, removed the last of the two great antagonists who had overshadowed and awed Northumbria for thirty years. Oswald of Northumbria, whose fame as a warrior and great king was only eclipsed by his religious fervour, met the same fate as Edwin. He was slain in the fight with Penda, at the battle of Maserfeld, 642, and again the grim old pagan carried war and desolation across the land of Northumbria, and generations later the young people shuddered when seated round the blazing hearth-fire, listening to their grandsire's story of the cruel pagan. If the victory of Cadwallader and Penda over Edwin at Heathfield resulted in the winning back of Elmet to the Celt, the battle of Whinmoor would result in a loss to a lesser or greater extent of their independence.

Hoary with the age of eighty winters, Penda again determined to invade Northumbria. The strife which then began between the two Angle kingdoms was for supremacy over East Anglia. Penda was the first to take the field and march north, plundering and destroying with fire and sword along the route. His army seems to have crossed the Aire by the Roman way which leads right into the heart of Elmet. This road, as we have previously mentioned crosses the river Cock between old Manston and Stanks and aims direct to Scholes, and thence on to Whinmoor, where the engagement is supposed to have been fought. There is ample space on this wide heath for the disposition of an army. In the *Annals of Cambria* we are told that king Oswy's headquarters were near to a place named Luden (Loidis—Leeds) and the battle was fought on the field of Giti or Witi, evidently Witi, afterwards receiving its terminal "kirk" when a church was added to the village, hence Whitkirk, and Whinmoor of that day would reach to beyond Whitkirk. No doubt the fight and chase of the Mercians would be continued as far as the river Aire, across which lay the only hope of escape to the vanquished.

The *Annals of Cambria* also says that Penda's army was encamped before the battle at Manu (now Manston), a name which speaks plainly

enough of a Celtic 'maen'—a boundary stone. This shows us that Penda entered Elmet by the Roman road, and his headquarters, previous to the battle, were on the high ridge between Manston and Halton.

Thoresby mentions a Saxon fortification, visible in his time, at Gipton, which we may reasonably suppose to have been the encampment of Oswy, whose army was vastly inferior to Penda's, and who, on the approach of the Mercians, fell back to Potterton, where, in the event of defeat, his line of retreat by the Ermine Street to York, would be kept open. There are yet to be seen in a wood, known as Manor Wood, at Potterton, remains of a strong entrenched position, the fighting platform facing on to Whinmoor.



These earthworks are very significant, and point strongly to an enemy approaching the moor by the Roman way. Here, also, by the entrenchments, is traditionally supposed to have stood the monastery of Thridwulf,* in the wood of Elmet, mentioned by Bede. Three stone coffins have been unearthed in the vicinity of Manor Garth Wood, one of which is still to be seen in the yard of a house adjoining the hall. Here are also several relics which point to the former existence of a religious house in this vicinity. In the wood, some years ago,

* "In the life of St. Gildas, who lived in the fifth century, it is said that his brother, Mailoc, after being instructed in sacred learning, came to Luihes, in the district of Elmail, and there built a monastery, in which, continually serving God with prayer, praise, and fasting, he rested at length in peace." Perhaps a mistake of one letter has been made in each of these names, and that for Luihes and Elmail we should read Luides and Elmad, *i.e.*, Leeds and Elmet.

there was found a beautifully finished axe, very sharp, formed out of a volcanic stone from the north of Scotland. This weapon was purchased by the late John Holmes, of Roundhay.

But to return to our subject. In vain Oswy tried, by every means in his power, to conciliate the Mercian king by the offer of gold and silver ornaments, and other costly gifts. An old MS. of the tenth century says that "Osguid sent all the wealth which was with him to Penda, and Penda distributed it to the kings of the Britons." From this are we to understand that Oswin gave Penda the ransom, but still the old pagan refused to make peace?

Bede says that necessity compelled him so far as to promise to give greater gifts than can be imagined, to purchase peace, all of which Penda refused, having resolved to utterly destroy the kingdom of Northumbria, and exterminate the people.

Seeing the uselessness of his offers, Oswy cried, "If the pagans will not accept our gifts, let us offer them to one who will," vowing, at the same time, that if successful he would dedicate his daughter to God, and endow twelve monasteries in his realm. The Northumbrian army was only small compared with the hosts of the Mercians; but, putting their trust in God, they boldly prepared for battle. The dreadful fight took place on the 15th November, 655. In vain the Mercians tried to penetrate the ranks of Oswy's army.

The power of paganism received its death-blow when he, who for fifty years had been the cause of so much misery and bloodshed, lay with his commanders and thousands of his army a ghastly and confused heap of slain, their blood changing the waters of the little rivulet to crimson. The wreck of the Mercian army fled southward, and in their frantic rush from the battle many fell into the river Cock, and were trampled underfoot until their bodies formed a bridge for their flying comrades, who in their turn were swept away and drowned, in attempting to cross the swollen waters of the river Aire.

"In Winwidfield was amply avenged the blood of Anna, the blood of the kings, Egric, Oswald, and Edwin." Soon after his great victory, Oswy sent his little daughter Ethelfleda to the monastery over which presided the sainted Hild, whilst the lands and other goods he gave were the means by which the noble abbey was built on the summit of the cliff overlooking Whitby.

Towards the upper reaches of the Cock rivulet, the stream has furrowed out a deep channel through the moor, which is seen to advantage where the present York Road crosses the stream, still known as Grimes Dyke. The natives associate the word Grime with the discolouring of the stream by the blood and bodies of the slain from the Whinmoor fight. The name is obtained from the Anglo-Saxon "Grimes-dic" (a deep ditch forming a boundary), and from the same source we obtain "Grime"—a witch.

From thence, the beck curves its deeply furrowed way, like the bend of a bow, through the land. In the far-off times, its pent-up waters formed a chain of lakes, a natural boundary, as we find in its lower reaches unto this day. Thus we have, in this Grimesdyke, a name which has lasted through centuries, a boundary line of the Saxon.

It is traditionally supposed that the battle of Whinmoor took place on the high ground immediately to the east of Grimesdyke. In the rush from the field, the flying Mercians would have the deep hollow of the beck to cross, the Vinwæd or Winwæd of the historian (not the name of a river, but "the ford of the battle"). Here great numbers would perish in the water, or be trampled underfoot by their flying companions, who, in turn, would be swept away and perish in their attempt to cross the Aire.

In the garden adjoining a small cottage, a few hundred yards to the west of the beck, is an old disused well, known as Penda's Well. Local tradition says that the Mercians quenched their thirst at this well.

On the north side of Crossgates, and two miles from the battle-field, there is a spot known as Hell Dyke or Garth; here, it is said, according to an old tradition, numbers of the slain were buried. The Anglo-Saxon "hel" is indicative of the grave (the strand of the dead, the shadowy realm without sun, or the glory of war, feast, and revelry).

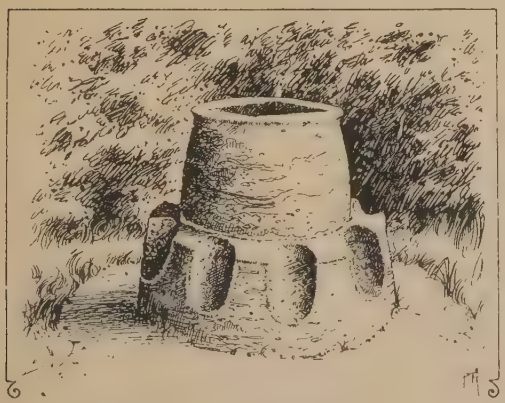
Hungerhills, to the west of Stanks, is the supposed site of Penda's encampment; and "Soldiers' Field," in this district, either points to this battle or some later engagement.

Places in Elmet suggesting the Name of a People—the original inhabitants of this Kingdom.

There are, at least, five place-names in this district, all derived from one source, pointing to the name of the aboriginal race, whose date of immigration into Elmet reaches beyond our earliest records, and which establish, beyond dispute, both the kingdom and the name of its people. The name of Leeds is a wide-spreading memorial of this ancient tribe, a

name which, although slightly transitional, is to be traced over two thousand years. Fourteen hundred years ago, there existed in Elmet, as we find to-day (yet under strangely altered circumstances), at least five settlements, all suggesting the name of a people, namely, the Ludees—"Ledes" (now Leeds city), Ledely (now Leathley), Lede (now Lead), Lede (Ledsham); the affix 'ham' tacked on is a Saxon word denoting the ham (heim) of the Ledes; Ledes-ton bears the same meaning in its terminal, 'ton'; or it may be the Angles have settled on the former site of Celtic occupation.

Edwin Guest says—"The three early colonising races were known as the Cymbry, the Llœgyrings, and the Brythons." It is the men of Llœgyr that concerns our subject, a people originally dwelling in the basin of the Ebro and the Garonne, previous to their settlement in Britain. It is not a far cry from the Lœgrwys—Ligurians to Ligures—Ludees—Loidis—Ledes. Caer-Loid-Coit of the old historian, is simply the Caer of the Ludees or Loidis, a people dwelling in the wood of Elmet.



BASE OF KNEELING CROSS, RIPLEY CHURCHYARD.

I am here conscious of trespassing on debatable ground, but from actual survey of sites, and the consulting of many authorities, I have sketched out the kingdom and its people as realistically as imagination can depict. It may be that the true etymology of the word Loides or Leedes is lost in the mists of antiquity. Were the Ligures from the region of the later Gascony, a branch of the Brigantes, as we are led to suppose the Parisees of Holderness were; and were they the ancestors of the Leods, Loidis, or Ledes people, dwelling in Elmet in Bede's day?—are the questions which remain to be answered.

From whatever tribe or nation these ancient dwellers in Elmet may have originally sprung, they have left behind a name not likely to perish for ages to come; the name of a people given to the districts which were allotted to them, on their final subjection to the Anglian people; namely, Leeds, Ledely, Lead, Ledes-ham, and Ledes-ton.

The Name Elmet.

Kemble says the Elmedsetan (Setna)—that is, the people of Elmet, the ancient British Loidis—was an independent district in Yorkshire. We have before mentioned that the Celts of Elmet observed the forms of early Christianity from its first introduction into Britain. 'El' is one designation of the Supreme Being; "Metae" is the place of wisdom where the holy people assembled; the Holwara folk of the Riding; Hœlymete—land used for holy purposes.

Camden, speaking of this district, says—"The country for a little way about Winwidfield . . . was anciently called Elmet."

The Venerable Bede refers to it as the "Sylva Elmetæ"; he further says that "the monastery of the most revered Abbot and Priest, Thridwulf, stood in the wood of Elmete."

Thoresby says the word means frondulous—full of branches.*

The Cornish 'Dewedh' means an end or limit, 'Demetais' are the men of Demet, or Land's End. 'Ell'—a Saxon measure, 'Met'—an extremity or limit; Elmet, Elmy, El'mi—the boundary kingdom.

The right upon which the kingdom of Elmet claims its recognition is not that which belongs to its regality, for its kings in full strength were little more than chieftains, and its throne has never been more than the seat of a Regulus (a petty king). Its war force has, probably, been very significant, judging from the earthworks reaching from Lotherton and Hazelwood to that more stupendous creation in the meadows of Barwick. Yet, in the progress of nations, they count for but little. Its armies, in full strength, probably numbered not more than a thousand or fifteen hundred men; its victories and defeats were mere skirmishes; its wealth, the corn and cattle of a few hundred husbandmen; its greatest length two score miles, its breadth not more than one score; its soil varying from the fertility of a garden to vast reaches of desolate moorland and rugged hill and wild forest, or back to the east, into the adjacent plains, a region of lagoon and swamp, into which, sullenly, the rivers drained.

To Roman, Saxon, or Dane, in its greatest prosperity, it was hardly worth much consideration; hence the scarcity of Angle settlement. It was merely a retreat and place of refuge for the vanquished Celt. And yet it is possessed of a fame that must continue fresh and green. As long as the story of England's growth is worth telling, not only of the devotion of a

* *Frondosus*—full of leaves.

people clinging to their fatherland, but wherever the glorious records of Christian devotion stir the hearts of men, will the story of Elmet be told, for it is written deeply in the annals of the Cross—the one bright spot in the surrounding darkness of paganism and ignorance, which for three centuries overshadowed Northumbria.

Barwick may owe one of its ancient emblems to the pomp and custom of Edwin. This Anglian king, the conqueror of Elmet (Bede states), lived in suchs plendour, that he had not only standards carried in time of war, but also in times of peace; when he travelled in state through the provinces and the streets of his capital he had always a standard carried before him—the Roman Tufa—the English Toup. This kind of standard was made of feathers of various colours, a globe-like tuft, fixed on the end of a long pole. Barwick Feast is still one of the most celebrated of our ancient revels; its Maypole has long been one of its suggestive ornaments. Who shall say that King Edwin's Tufa has not graced the original Maypole, and that the sumptuous feast is not the direct survival of Edwin's rejoicings?

The conquest of England, by the Normans, gave the *coup de grace* to the kingdom of Elmet. By that tremendous overthrow Celt, Saxon, and Dane were in one "red burial blent," to live no more in their individuality, but in amalgamation to come forth a great people, full of a strength that has since shaken not only their oppressors, but the whole world beside. The Tufa is no longer borne through its streets, heralding the progress of an arbitrary monarch; but every child who plays there now is a monarch whose Tufa is Liberty, and for whom home is raised by unshackled energy.

Amid the storms of fifteen centuries, Wendell Hill ("Auld Howe") has reared its grassy head above time and tide. For nearly as many centuries the vesper bell has called the villagers to prayer, as well from the royal mansion, and the serf's cot in the woods, as from the happier hearths that know little of monarchs and serfs. The same church of All Hallows which received royal worshippers when Abbot Thrydwulf's little monastery held God-fearing men, still knows God's service and resounds with the hymn of praise. Like its equally celebrated sister church of Sherburn, that of Barwick has been prominent as a stately edifice in pre-conquest days. Long before Brunanburgh was fought, the former had a peal of bells and a sumptuous equipment. To Barwick we may safely ascribe an equally distinguished possession. It matters little whether the Celts received their Christianity from the Romans, or gave theirs to the

legionaries, through the influence of the Empress Helena and Constantine. What appears to be indisputable is that the Elmet churches of All Hallows at Sherburn and Barwick register a Christianity at least coeval with, if not established before Rome could boast of a similar temple.*

S. H.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

This statement is not made haphazard. The church of St. John Lateran, the finest, and perhaps the oldest church in Rome, was built by Constantine the Great, a few years before A.D. 320, when it is more than probable that the Empress Helena and her son, Constantine, had countenanced and supported Christianity in Britain. Constantine was in York with his father, the Emperor Constantius Chlorus, when the latter died in 306. If we may push our speculation one step further, may we not say that under the shadow of Wendell Hill the Christian Empress Helena and her Christian son, as the guests of the Regulus, who paid them tribute, are very likely indeed to have witnessed the earliest of the Celebrations on the Altar that had supplanted the ministrations of the Druids. Constantine the Great was chosen Emperor in York, where his mother's name was revered, and especially by her British subjects.

CHAPTER IV.

History, Antiquities, and General Description of Elmet.

IN our brief description of Elmet as seen to-day, we commence our tour on the north bank of the Aire at Cookridge, and follow the watershed of the small stream known as Adel, Meanwood, or Lady Beck, which flows through an important valley, both historically and geographically. After a course of some seven miles the stream enters the river Aire, just to the south of the Leeds Parish Church.

Cookridge, Adel, and Breary, places of a very ancient population, are situated on the upper reaches of the watershed of this beck. All along the hill slopes, from Aldwoodley Moor to Bramhope and Cookridge, there are traces of Roman, Celtic, Anglian, and Norman people. The views from here, when the atmosphere is clear, are fine, bold, and sweeping. The wooded vale of Meanwood and the city of Leeds in one direction, and opposite, in the foreground, are dark patches of pine woods; and beyond, over the high brow of Bramhope, Almescliffe and the moors westward, to Great Whernside. To the north-east we look far away over the great plain of York, and obtain glimpses of the dim blue outline of Hambleton and the Wolds.

In our path to Cookridge, we pass through the woods formerly belonging to the abbey of Kirkstall, rich in foliage, dense undergrowth, and of romantic contour. Deep down in the vale, resting amid murky surroundings, stand the ruins of the once noble abbey of Kirkstall. But what a strange contrast this place presents to the time when the ancient churchmen trod the hallowed ground! At that period, the Aire, the most delightful of rivers (bright, shining water), did not, as now, belie its name. Around it were lush meadows and delightful vistas of river, glen, moor, and woodland, undefiled by the smoke of a thousand chimneys, factories, or the belching forth of black fumes from forges, such as we see to-day—strange contrast, indeed!

If we could but induce some of the old abbots to return from shadowland, what stories we might learn of the abbey's history. But those who are gone do not return from their bourn, even to tell us of the doings of the past; so we leave Alexander the Abbot, and his patron, Henry de Lacie, Parson Peter, Robert the Priest, and a host of other clerics and notables, who gave lands and goods to the upbuilding of this church for their souls' welfare, to rest in peace; and pass on to Cookridge.

Some two miles north from Kirkstall is Cookridge Convalescent Home, standing on a fine elevation in the woods. Though rather remote, the situation of Cookridge is the most salubrious and delightful in the borough of Leeds, and the Home is of great benefit to the poor of the city.

S. W.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

Cookridge Hall, once the home of Edward Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, is a fine residence, built on an ancient foundation, with many Roman touches around it; also vestiges of a British settlement (foundation of hut dwellings) have been discovered in the woods hereabouts.

Simpson says Cookridge derives its name from the Saxon Geac-hrig or rig (the Geac-rig—a way). The old forms of spelling are Cuk-rig and Cueryc, the latter syllable implying the Saxon "ric" or government, which gives an individuality to this place which cannot be overlooked, however it may be explained. It was evidently a seat of power in Roman-Celtic times. Of this prominence strong evidence has been obtained from time to time.

During the 17th century, a great number of coins were turned up by the plough, chiefly of the reigns of Domitian Nerva, Trajan and Adrian, all in fair preservation. The Norman tenants (Cukryc) were a family which did not long preserve their identity hereabouts; Richard-de-Cukerigh appears about 1180. The monks of Kirkstall were not slow to lay their hands upon this fair domain, which became one of their closely preserved hunting grounds. An early charter says that "Roger Mustell gave to the house at Kirkstall, the Barony of Cokryge, with mill and all other appurtenances."

From Cookridge, we pass on to Breary and Echope. At the Domesday Survey, both places were included in the possession of one Alward, a Dane. In the Confessors' reign, the total value of these places was sixty shillings. Attached to the end of the brief Domesday record is the ominous word 'waste,' showing how severely the vengeance of the Norman king had fallen on these places. Breary, or Brerehayh, gave its name to a family who resided here for many centuries. In the reign of Edward III., a Robert Brerehaugh married Agnes, daughter and heiress of Richard Frank, possibly the ancestor of the Franks who afterwards became possessed of Aldwoodley.

A.S.

MILESTONE, BLACKHILL, ADEL.

In our walk to Blackhill we notice the fine length of old road which we traverse from the Willows to the upper dam, where the exquisite blending of wood and water is apparent to all. By the road side, opposite the wood at Blackhill, is an old time-worn milestone, which previously has been used for some other purpose.

Hereabouts we are passing over sites of very ancient occupation. In the by-lane running from hence to Echope, we notice, built into the wall of a farm, the almost perfect base of a cross, which rests upon a stone of much larger dimension, the latter being below the level of the ground. The base of the cross is octagonal. From the situation and the careful manner in which the wall has been built over it, it is evident that this has been the original position of the cross. The socket of the shaft is still left open, and in rebuilding the wall care has evidently been taken to preserve the relic. Part of the farm has been rebuilt and other portions restored during the last century and numerous fragments of stone from some ancient building have been placed in the walls, and here probably might be found portions of the shaft of the above-named cross.

THE RAVINE, ECHOPE.

There are several traditions respecting Blackhill, one of which points to a settlement of the Brigantes on or near this spot, in the early Roman period, which required a camp and the imperial troop in this vicinity to overawe. Another story runs that a pre-Norman church stood on Blackhill.

Besides numerous Roman-Celtic relics, funereal urns and querns, etc., foundations of ancient walls unearthed in this vicinity, and fragments of Saxon wheel crosses, added to the remains of the base already alluded to, point significantly to a Christian temple having stood hereabouts. Thus it is quite possible that Norman Adel may have been constructed of material

from the Roman camp and the settlement on Blackhill, both of which stood on the north side of a long and almost impassable swamp which cut the connection with the present site, Adel.

To the above evidences we learn that in the Confessors' reign the total value of Adel is described as only one-half that of the adjoining places of Cookridge and Burgdunum.

A. S.

ALDWOODLEY.

Immediately north of Blackhill stands the obscure village of Echope or Eccup, resting on the edge of a narrow ravine, down which a small beck meanders to the bed of what was formerly a large mere, now formed into a Leeds reservoir. Echope means "the narrow valley on the eminence abounding with oaks." 'Ec' or 'ack'—oak, and 'hope'—up; *i.e.*, the oak-place on the up or higher position. The legendary name, as its root-word testifies, goes back to Celtic times.

The prospect from the commanding situation on a fine spring day is delightfully grand. Seen at twilight, when the moonbeams shimmer on the lake, the cottages fringing the edge of the little romantic gorge, with here and there a tree etched definitely against the silver sky, the picture presents a scene strangely weird, yet beautiful. An ancient "pillar stone"

was found here, some time ago, about two feet six inches square, with a hole perforated in the centre.

Apart from the Norman church at Adel there is no building in the district between Cookridge and Echope of great interest, age, or of architectural importance. The farms and cottages are sparsely scattered, and in winter time the district has a solitary note and forbidding aspect which the dense, dark fir woods help to deepen. To the artist the chief interest centres in the upper dam at Adel down to Scotland Mill, near Meanwood. To the antiquary and historian every yard of ground speaks eloquently of past ages. One mile in the direction of Chapeltown, over pleasant field paths, brings us into the township of Aldwoodley, the undulating wold land. The old form of the name was Alwaldley, most likely "the old hill district," * an interpretation that may give the meaning hidden in the formation of a later military station at Adel.

Aldwoodley Hall was a place of consequence in the Plantagenet era, when it was inhabited by the responsible family of Franks, the "free," in contrast to the neighbouring serfs. They mated with the Gascoignes and helped largely to increase the wealth of that meritorious family. It was long the seat of an important family bearing the same name. Appended as witness to a deed of the Abbey of Kirkstall is the name of Henrico-de-Alwoldley and another bearing the name of Willo-de-Alwaldeleye.

The estate came into the hands of the Franks by the marriage of William Frank, son and heir of Robert Frank, with Alice, eldest daughter and heiress of Roger-de-Aldwoodly.

In 1638 this manor was sold by the Franks to Sir Gervase Clifton, a gentleman remarkable for having married seven wives. Hopkinson says of him—"He was a complete gentleman and darling of all men;" we might safely add—"and the beloved of many women." His first wife, whom he called his beautiful Penelope, is said to have been the greatest beauty of the age, not only in body, but also in mind. She died in 1613, at the early age of twenty-three.

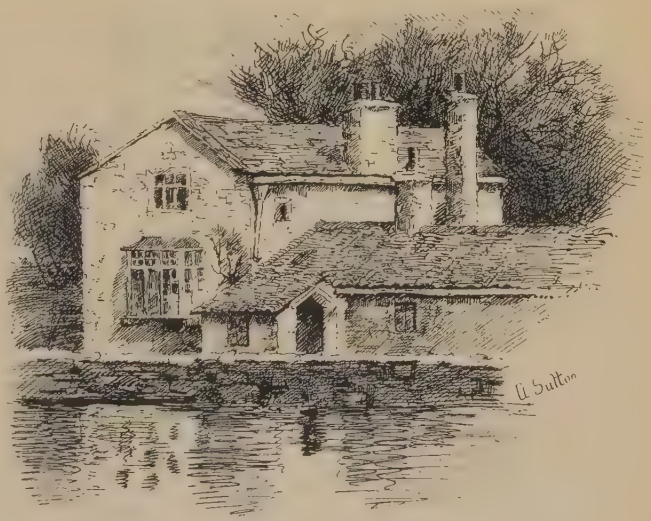
The site of the old Hall is just to the north of the Roman road running over the moor to Brandon, and on the first ascent from the sheltered

* As referring to one of the changes of frontier and that sufficiently important we may take the case of Aldwoodley. The Domesday form of the word is Aluuoldelei, "the old wold district," the Angle Eald-wald-lega, presumably an indicated contrast with the "Herewod" which represented a change wherein the Angle soldiery and military government were recognised.

basin of the vale. The ancient Hall was pulled down early in the last century. A few relics still remain, a pointed arch and triple window, also the site of the antique garden of Tudor period, with the wall, remains. The present Hall, partly built on the site of the old one, has begun to assume a dilapidated and neglected appearance.*

In our walk to the camp at Adel, we follow the line of the Roman vicinal, portions of which, of late years, have often been laid bare during the cultivation of the land over which it runs.

Of Adel as a Roman station we have unquestionable proofs, for on the roadside leading to Echope, and just beyond the mill, the camp can yet be clearly defined, and shows a double agger and the remains of an aqueduct. It has been larger than that of Ilkley, but probably not its equal in military importance. In breaking up the moor, east of the camp, many footprints of Roman occupation were unearthed, amongst others several monuments and fragments of urns, statues, coins, etc.†



HOUSE AT THE MILL, NEAR SITE OF ROMAN CAMP.

The imperial garrison at this station seems to have kept an equal grip upon the vales of the Aire and Wharfe. The Roman name of

* The Franks established a branch at Aldwardeley, between Leeds and Harewood, and through it became of territorial consequence. In the Selby Coucher Book, page 97, there is a long account of an inquest (26th August, 1441), touching the thefts of sixty two-year-old sheep, of the price of 20d. per head, the property of William Frank, *apud Almley juxta Harwode*. The inquest, which is well worth reading for sundry reasons, was taken before Henry Vavasour, then Escheator for Co. York.

† The relics found about Adel are to be seen in the small museum of antiquities, standing by the entrance to the churchyard.

NORMAN DOORWAY, ADEL. [*Percy Robinson.*

the station—Burgdunum, suggests a rather late origin, its last syllables, "dunum," being the latinisation of the Celtic "dun"—a hill.

From the many vestiges of British names still remaining hereabouts, we may venture to assume, as already mentioned, that the Brigantes held a strong position on the hill range over which this road passed to Calcaria. Anyone who will examine the site of the camp will at once notice how wise the selection has been. The situation is rising ground, on the north bend of a deep valley, which in the far-off days was, from appearances, probably an impassable swamp.

DOOR KNOCKER AND HEADS ON CORBEL TABLE, ADEL.

One of the objects of the garrison appears to have been to watch the undulating land lying between the Wharfe and the Aire, about where the Celtic tribesmen of Elmet were rather thickly located.

The Roman callis, or roadway, which some writers say ran from Adel to the ford over the Aire, at Leeds, is said to retain its identity in Call Lane.* Supposing this tradition to be correct, the roadway had not been of much importance during the imperial occupation, although the *debris* and remains of ironstone mines, found so plentifully about Call Lane, show that the mineral riches of the district were discovered and perhaps worked under Roman supervision.

Strange indeed are the changes which have taken place since the legions of the mighty Cæsars held sway here, and it requires some amount of fancy and imagination to picture the scene and repeople this camp with the activity, pomp, and circumstance of military life. Then would be heard

* The writer has not seen any vestiges of this, and doubts the existence of such a road.

the stately tramp of armies, the fluttering of eagle-crested banners, the passing to and fro of couriers and speeding of chariots, and ever and anon the sound of battle, the clash of arms, the despair of the vanquished and fierce exultant shouts of the victors.

Centuries ago the bodies of the legionaries returned to the dust from whence they sprang; but Adel still remains a silent testimony of the engineering skill of the Roman and his mastership in the art of war. It also points out the mockery of man's boasted strength, wherein can be read in plain and impressive characters: "The vanity of earth and all that rests thereon."

The church of St. John of Adel, just a few hundred yards to the south-east of the camp, stands on a high plateau amidst charming surroundings. It is one of the finest architectural structures that Norman genius has bequeathed to our time. This church and half the village of Adel are included among the possessions of Holy Trinity Priory, York, given to the Priory by Ralph Paganel and confirmed by Pope Alexander II. The Priory appointed its curates here from A.D. 1242 or earlier. To this day a pension of six pounds, thirteen shillings and fourpence—a fine, it is said, levied on some refractory rector, is annually paid by the Rector of Adel to the Dean and Chapter of Christ's Church, Oxford, who have succeeded to the property; the advowson has fallen into private hands.

It would be impossible to particularise in detail the artistic work, exquisite design, and symbolic grandeur which adorn this sacred edifice. The most striking object of the exterior is the magnificent doorway, consisting of five semicircular receding arches richly decorated with zigzag and beak-head moulding, enclosed by an ornately sculptural gabled pediment, from the apex of which the image of Satan scowls down—a picture of awful malignity and venom—on the good work he sees progressing but cannot hinder. Immediately below this head rests the Cross and the Lamb of God with banner triumphant, on either side of which are the sun and moon, underneath the figure of the Son of Man on His throne; the figures on either side represent the four evangelists, symbolised by an eagle for St. John, a bull for St. Luke, a lion for St. Mark, a human face with the wings of an angel for St. Matthew, and a lamb for our Saviour .Altogether it is one of the most treasured doorways in this country. The grotesque and repulsive heads sculptured on the corbel line are also very interesting. The door handle is of fine bronze and a rare piece of craftsmanship, worked around with artistic and elaborate tracery. The same demoniac image of

Satan, a compound of human and fiend, that we see on the apex of the gabled pediment, glares from the door handle as the worshippers enter the building. From the evidence of this unique handle, we are led to suppose this church has in olden times been a place of sanctuary, thus connecting this edifice with that story of Biblical days and the picture of the fugitives fleeing hither for refuge.*

S. W.

ADEL CHURCH.

The carving of the interior is quite as interesting, symbolic and beautiful as the exterior, the admiration culminating in the magnificent Norman chancel arch. Simpson says:—"This magnificent structure strikes us unaware. Turning from the font eastwards, we deliberately survey it. We make our gradual approaches nearer and nearer, till we are enabled to decipher the beautiful symbolism with which it is embellished." It recedes, as the spectator will observe, in three orders. The outermost displays a fine course of the dog-tooth moulding, crowning the arch, as it were, with a graceful touch of delicacy.

* On the sun-dial in the churchyard is the following expressive motto:—"*Ut hora sic vita*" (As the hour, so is the life).

We have previously mentioned the existence of numerous relics found in this district, now contained in the little museum adjoining the churchyard, permission to inspect which can be obtained on application to the rector. These relics tell the story of the district a thousand years previous to the coming of the Norman, and point to the settlement of four distinct peoples—the Celt, Roman, Saxon, and Dane. Adding this to the testimony contained in the chaste and beautiful Norman fabric, we obtain a history of Adel for nigh twenty centuries.

The stone fences in this locality contain numerous stones which have evidently been quarried and prepared, in the first instance, for some other purpose. Existence of a supposed British village, *i.e.*, remains of pit hut dwellings, were to be seen just to the east of the church, until they were filled up recently; and on the moorland which has been reclaimed, around the reformatory, there have, at different times, been found scrapers, flint arrow heads, spears, stone hammers, and other pre-historic implements: of these the Philosophical Society possess about fifty specimens. A short distance from the church there is a spring of water dedicated to St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, who is said to have discovered, at Jerusalem, the Sepulchre and Cross of Jesus Christ. Many wells, also churches, in the north of England, are dedicated to this saint.

A. S.

OLD MILESTONE, ALDWOODLEY.

Aldwoodley Crag is a fine elevation of sandstone rock, from which may be studied the force of mighty waters which, in former ages, swept resistlessly through the valley, scooping out the deep hollow as we see it to-day; and on the higher ground are huge boulder-stones,

vestiges, in their ice-scratched faces, of the glacial period.* The scenery of the moor, known as Adel Crags, stretching towards Moortown, although so near Leeds, still remains wild and picturesque; yet, in all probability, the time is not far distant when Adel will become a line-and-rule regulated portion of Leeds, and the evidences of Roman occupation will then be blotted out by the works of the children of men who survive him. At the present, the beauty of the vale of Adel is apparent to the least cultured, and the features of every stage of its past history can be still recognised. The heather still blooms there, for the moors have not yet been destroyed, the sniff of the keen wintry air, sweeping down from the Chevin, is still as pure and pungent as when the imperial legionaries dreaded its blast, of which fact a letter of that day, sent by a wit in Rome to his friend in Britain, testifies; the letter and the reply to it have fortunately been preserved.

[*Scrimshaw.*

SANDY ROCK, ADEL BECK.

A century ago, before the huge tanneries and other large industries were in such strong evidence, no fairer spot, teeming with natural beauty, can be imagined than the pleasant vale of Meanwood,† with its then crystal stream and murmuring woods, interspersed with cottage and mansion, and the bold line of ridge, from which far-reaching views can be obtained.

* The name Tingwald Hill—a natural eminence (Ton-wald-how)—midway between Adel and Moortown, carries the mind back to the customs and laws of a bygone people—our Teutonic forefathers.

† The root signification of the place-name 'Meanwood' is closely akin to that in which we use the word 'meaning,' *i.e.*, defining one thing from another. In Celtic, *maen* meant a measure or limit; 'mea,' in Scandinavian, the same. Meanwood, therefore, denotes boundary wood, and is, in fact, a forested tract well marked off from the Weetwood slope, immediately to the south, by Adel beck, which follows the valley bottom between them, as

Turning towards Headingley, from Adel, there still remain delightful vistas of charming residences, gardens, meadows, and woodland, yet blurred to some extent, in the background, by the smoke and flame from forge and factory. At eventide the lurid flare, fitfully lighting up the smudgy atmosphere, gives a weird aspect to the scene.

OLD HOUSE, MEANWOOD, HILL TOP.

well as by the configuration of the land. But it is now impossible to say whether 'Mean,' here, was a Celtic or a Danish occupation term, most probably the latter. To a decrepit house, standing with its gable end to the old Pack Horse Road at Hill Top, local tradition ascribes the distinction of being the oldest in Meanwood. The illustration shows its sagging roof ridge, finialled gable, and angle-arch mouldings, in dressed stone, over doors and windows, to be of late Tudor or early Jacobean times. It was the first hostel in this district. Over the door the words "Tap, W.P." (a Proctor—one of Meanwood's oldest family names) and the date, 1630, may still be deciphered, flanked by the conventional 'bush'—a bushy-headed tree incised in the stone – which, in the 17th century, took the place of the living bough hung out as the sign of 'a place of entertainment for man and beast.'

Headingley.

One object which attracts and interests the antiquary and historian is the gigantic old oak, now in the last stage of decay, and from whence the Wapentake of Skyrack derives its name.

The place-name, Headingley, is of Angle coinage, and, as we have already observed, was the only clan station, in pre-Norman times, on the north bank of the Aire, between Swillington and Arthington; this place was probably one of the early divisions of conquered land which the Angles designated the "hundred," that is, the division of land shared by a hundred warriors and their families. "This way of dividing land," says Isaac Taylor, "would be rough, rather than exact, from the first, and would soon become only a historical survival." Thus, the "hundred court" was the early military and judicial organisation of the Angles. Under the rule of the Norse or sea kings, their military provisions included the formation of a strong federation and well-belted arms district (in his speech a Wapentak) making the Angle station of Headingley the headquarters, with the huge oak—then, in its full strength and beauty, the pride of the forest—a rendezvous and beacon point. Here the Norseman settled the present Wapentac of Scyre-ac, the Shire oak marking an allotted military and political division.*

The old Norse word, "vapna" or "vapn" means a weapon, and "taka" to grasp or touch: hence the Norse "vapnatak" means the touching of weapons. Tacitus says that in the assemblies of Teutonic warriors, when they wished to express their assent to any proposal, the armed warriors struck their spears together. The laws of Edward the Confessor also state that when a new chief of the Wapentake was appointed, the other chiefs or freemen met him at the usual place of assembly. Here the chief dismounted from his horse, and held his spear erect, while the other chiefs touched his spear with theirs, in token of fealty to the king whom the chief represented. Most of us, when children, have taken part in the game known as "tiggery, tiggery, touch wood,"—this child's game is a survival of the touching of weapons at the Wapentake, the magic touch or contact.

Perhaps there are those who will scoff at the idea of this venerable tree having been the place under which the Wapentake Court of Skyrack was held, but when we consider that in the sixteenth century the tree was in an

* This district was called a Wapentak, because, when called upon by the chief, the people took their weapons, and hastened to the appointed spot and touched their weapons, a ceremony which bound them in fealty to their chief. *A.S.*: "Scire"—a shire or county, from "sciran, sceran"—to shear, to divide; compare share, shear, etc.

advanced state of decay, and an engraving, published two hundred years ago, shows that, at that time, the sap of life was nearly exhausted, yet the tree still survives. At this rate of decay, we may be allowed to presume that at least six hundred years ago its prime of existence had only been reached, ere decay had begun. Allowing three to four hundred years for its full vigour and glory of life, thus a thousand years ago the tree would have reached its pride and luxuriance of grandeur, and therefore be a conspicuous and natural object for the Norseman to form his Wapentake of Scyre-ack—the shire oak. The old monarch has long survived the customs of the court to which it gave its name—a hoary memorial of times and manners long past. But how changed since the Norsemen met in conclave beneath the shade of its ample boughs, then in its fulness of sylvan majesty and loveliness!*

[*From a Drawing made two hundred years ago.*
THE SHIRE OAK, HEADINGLEY

"Survivor sole, and hardly such, of all
That once lived here—thy brethren;
A shattered veteran, hollow trunk'd,
And with excoriate forks deformed—
Relic of ages."

* At the east end of Weetwood, by the path from Meanwood wood to Otley old road, is the largest living oak tree in Elmet. In the early fifties it went by the name of "Parliament Oak." Like the major oak of Sherwood, it had many wide-spreading arms, convenient, in the writer's early days, 'for hanging upon,' so low down did they come, and, like the Skyrack, may have many a time served as a gallows. The shade area of its thirty feet bole had a diameter of thirty or forty yards. It is hale yet, being enclosed in a garden.

Adjoining the tree is the old Oak Inn, standing on the site of a very ancient hostelry.

Opposite is the church of St. Michael's, forming a most handsome and conspicuous object. It has been rebuilt on the site of a very ancient chapelry dating its existence from Norman times.

[*From a Drawing by Owen Bowen.*

THE SHIRE OAK IN 1902.

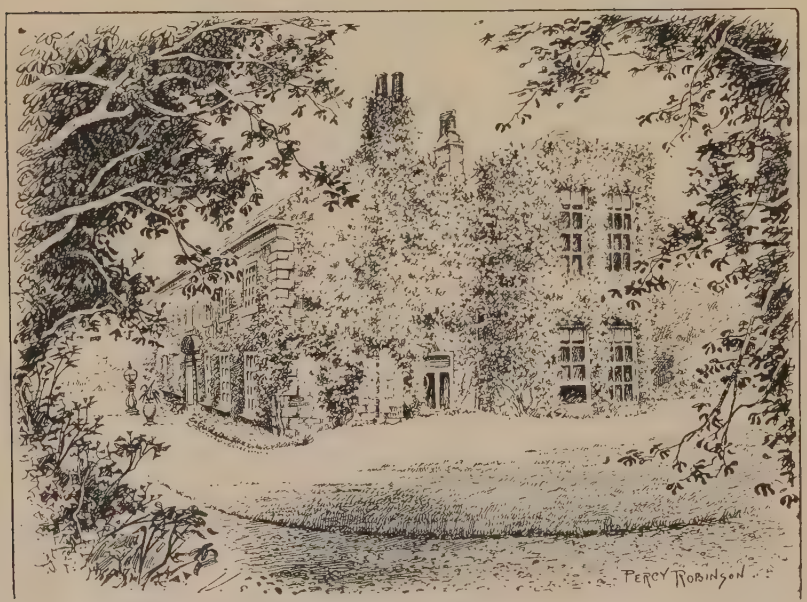
The church of St. Chad's rests in pleasant surroundings, and with its tall, commanding spire, rising above the tree-tops, forms another pleasing and interesting object.

Although not nearly so delightful as a generation ago Headingley is still the most charming suburb of the great city. Beautiful residences, half hidden in umbrageous foliage and rich gardens, peep out here and there all along the route, and ever and again castle-like halls and towers stand forth stately and imposing in luxuriant grandeur, a veritable paradise for the homes of our city merchants.

The extreme contrast to the above is only too apparent yonder in the valley. One sees smoke, there are hideous noises, the creak, clang and

shriek of machinery, and belching of fumes and flame from forge and factory, with grime, dirt, and the sky pregnant with evidence of the commercial enterprise of this great manufacturing centre, and the dark, turbid river of Hades rolling through.

It is not our purpose to describe this dismal side of the picture: the evils and transgressions which our city forefathers tolerated in the past are now fast being remedied. We shall soon have a purer atmosphere and consequently more sunlight; and the Stygian flood, wherein no creature can now exist, will again become a pure river, in whose liquid depths fish will sport and the contemplative angler ply his peaceful avocation as of yore.



BURLEY GROVE.

CHAPTER V.

Leeds.

IN the midst of the large forest, which, in Celto-Roman times, shadowed the kingdom of Elmet, the land of the Leogrys, Leoidi, Ludees, Ledes (the original Celtic people), was a clearing of timber on and around the brow of a small eminence near the river, and within this clearing stood a little settlement; or, as one old British writer* with vivid imagination describes it: "The Caer Loid Coit," which means, "The stronghold of the Leoidi, in the wood of Elmet." This situation was naturally strong; besides other advantages, it was well watered by river and stream, being in the angle of land between and contiguous to both.

Quarry Hill is the supposed site of the British Caer in the wood, and here, says Thoresby, in his time, a strong entrenched position could be clearly defined. The wild lonely heath and forest around abounded with game, and the larger animals were fairly numerous, whilst every stream and river swarmed with fish, and the low-lying fen-land was frequented by immense flocks of wild fowl. In the open glades around the forest clearing, the domestic animals found pasture; at that period the cultivation of land was not carried on to any great extent.

Here on the lonely moors of Elmet, and in the thick forest of oak, beech, and elm (which for many centuries later remained in almost primitive condition) the wild cattle, red deer, wolf, and boar roamed, down to the time of the Tudor kings.

What a marvellous transformation has taken place since the Leoidi or Ledes—the original founders of the city, whose name as a memorial it still bears—raised their Caer in the wood, between the bright stream (Sheepscar beck) and the crystal waters of the limpid Aire! Instead of the innumerable branches of a vast wood dancing on the sun-kissed waters of

* Nennius.

the Aire, all the varied undulation of a large forest waving in the breeze, river and stream still flow, but not bright and limpid as of yore, and all else is changed. A great city, whose foundations reach back to the dim vista of pre-historic time, has risen; and, instead of forest trees, we see a huge forest of chimneys, factories, forges, and warehouses, stately edifices, and scores of miles of streets: a great city, carrying the name of its original Celtic founders onward through time.

TUDOR ROOF FRAMEWORK—A RELIC OF ROCKLEY HALL.

Although Leeds is referred to by no fewer than three historians, who wrote in the early Saxon period, very little which can be relied on as authentic is known about the place previous to the Norman era. Bede mentions it as "In regione quæ vocatur Loidis;" Nennius as the "Caer Loid Coit;" again, Mailoc or Madoc, brother to St. Gildas, is said "to have journeyed to Luihes, in the district of Elmail" (doubtless the reading should be Luides and Elmet) "and there built a monastery in which, continually serving God with prayer and fasting, he rested at length in peace." Did the monastery here referred to, and built of wood, stand on the same site as now occupied by the Parish Church, as the relic now remaining, and others now unfortunately lost, are very suggestive of an early origin?

The above are, indeed, but brief notices, but what can we expect when, regarding Barwick (to which Leeds was greatly inferior and subordinate, both in military importance and population, the former with its huge entrenched position and long line of earthworks proving its superiority and importance), history is strangely silent? More can be learnt anent the earlier period from the earthworks still existing in the district, and others now obliterated, though mentioned by previous historians. The remains of

Roman roads and camps all point significantly to the strength and number of the Celtic people in the locality, who required careful watching.

The relics and evidences of pre-historic times found in the city itself are only scanty. If we take into consideration the lapse of time, and changes which have come to pass, and the lack of interest formerly taken in archæology, we may be thankful for what remains. In the vicinity of Briggate, in 1745, there was found, at a depth of two feet below the surface, a British urn of rude formation, containing ashes (calcined bones), and a stone axe, perforated for a shaft, and a few other stone implements and querns or handmills. Another implement, formed out of hard slate stone, evidently a hammer, was found by a navvy, when digging in the vicinity of the N.E. Station.* A British torc of pure flexible gold, value eighteen pounds sterling, was found at Rawdon, by a weaver, in 1780; and in the same vicinity was found a rude urn. A massive gold armlet, value eighteen pounds sterling, was offered for sale to the late Mr. Denny, curator of the Leeds Museum. The above are only a few instances of pre-historic finds, others might be added, but these are sufficient for our purpose.

Connecting Leeds to the Roman-Celtic period, scarcely any relics have been discovered; yet there are several vestiges of earthworks, just without the city boundaries, some of which still remain: for instance, those mentioned by Thoresby and Dr. Whitaker, at Gipton and Harlow Hill, and remains of defences, visible until very lately, in Batty Wood on the Ridge; others at Giant's Hill, Armley, Bramley, Beeston, and Killingbeck; also those further afield at Kippax, Barwick, Bardsey, etc.

Although several writers have described Leeds as the site of a Roman station, said to have stood near the line of a road running from Adel to Slack, there is not sufficient evidence to prove this. Thoresby makes mention of it, yet he brings no positive proof to support his idea. Supposing a station had existed, connected by a well-paved road of Roman construction, running between Adel, Leeds, and Slack, surely sufficient testimony to place the fact beyond dispute would have been forthcoming in Thoresby's time, two centuries ago. Fletcher, in his *Picturesque Yorkshire*, gives this rather bald statement: "It was a Roman station, but there is nothing left which shows the enquirer that its story goes so far back." Why these statements are repeated by most writers I fail to understand, considering there is no evidence forthcoming to demonstrate the existence of such a station here, and the nearest point to the actual line of Roman road is fully

* Just without the boundary.

THE
ELMET AND AINSTY
COUNTRY.
Scale.
0 1 2 3 4 5 6
G.J.L. 1902
LEEDS
BRADFORD
YORK
SELBY
R. Nidd
R. Ouse
R. Wharfe
River Aire
ELMET
AINSTY
Harrogate
Knaresborough
Wetherby
Tadcaster
Otley
Ilkley
Pannal
Starbeck
Allerton
Bilton
Killinsing
Blubberhouses
Askwith
Weston
Burley
Arthington
Pool
Harewood
Collingham
Boston Spa
Newton Kyme
Thorpe Arch
Walton
Linton
Weeton
Rigton
Spofforth
Kirk Deighton
Bickerton
Tockwith
Marston
Hessay
Poppleton
Rufforth
Acomb
Bilton
Askham Bryan
Askham Richard
Healaugh
Wighill
Bilbrough
Copmanthorpe
Bishopthorpe
Colton
Street Houses
Stutton Hall
Stutton
Bardsey
Wike
Scarcroft
Thorner
Shadwell
Barwick in Elmet
Scholes
Aberford
Lead Hall
Saxton
Church Fenton
Barkston Ash
Grimston
Hazelwood Hall
Tomlin
Ulleskelf
Rythre
Cawood
Burton Percy
Escrick
Stillingfleet
Appleton Roebuck
Acaster Selby
Huddleston Hall
Micklefield
Sherburn in Elmet
Garforth
Whitkirk
Temple Newsam
Thorp Stapleton
Swillington
Hunslet
Armley
Wortley
Kirkstall Abbey
Headingley
Bramley
Rodley
Apperley Bridge
Meanwood
Cleckheaton
Roundhay
Chevin
Otley
Ilkley
Burley
Guiseley
Bramhope
Eccup
Alwoodley Hall
Adel
Shadwell
Manston
Cross Gates
Halton
Kippax
Ledston Park
Ledsham
Ledston
Ledston Hall
Milford Junction
Monk Fryston
Hambleton
Brayton
Cattforth
Burton Salmon
Castleford
Ferrybridge
Kellington
Methley
Methley Junction
Woodlesford
Rothwell
Allerton Bywater
Whitwood
Normanton
Wakefield
Thorpe Audlin
Askern
Campsall
Sykehouse
Hensall
Snaith
Pollington
Eggborough
Whitley Bridge
Beal
Gowdall
Carlton
Drax
Barlow
Selby
Riccall
Escrick
Naburn
Acaster Malbis
Colton
Askham Richard
Askham Bryan
Long Marston
Tockwith
Bickerton
Kirkby Overblow
Sicklinghall
Harlow Hill
Harlow Carr
Oak Beck
Spring Wood
Swinsty Res.
Fewston Res.
Roman Road
Norwood Edge
Lindley Wood
Otley Chevin
Rumbles Moor
Baildon Hill
Shipley
Idle
Thackley
Dentons
Pan
Rudding
Stanbury Abbey
Old Almscliff
Castley
Rawdon
Yeadon
Horsforth
Cookridge
Cookridge Hall
Camp
Wigton
Scarcroft
Thorner
Barwick Hall
Potterton
Battle Field
Timble
Aberford
Lotherton Hall
Barkston Ash
Micklefield
Sherburn in Elmet
Milford
Brayton
Cattforth
Monk Fryston
Hambleton
Ledston
Ledsham
Kippax
Garforth
Swillington
Thorp Stapleton
Temple Newsam
Whitkirk
Halton
Cross Gates
Manston
Armley
Wortley
Hunslet
Kirkstall Abbey
Headingley
Bramley
Rodley
Apperley Bridge
Meanwood
Cleckheaton
Roundhay
Scholes
Scarcroft
Chevin
Otley
Ilkley
Burley
Guiseley
Bramhope
Eccup
Alwoodley Hall
Adel
Shadwell
Wike
Bardsey
Scarcroft
Thorner
Pomposcale
Burnham
Stutton
Tadcaster
Newton Kyme
Cliffords
Boston Spa
Compton
Harewood
Collingham
E. Keswick
Linton
Walton
Thorpe Arch
Wetherby
Kirk Deighton
Spofforth
Pannal
Starbeck
Harrogate
Knaresborough
Allerton
Bilton
Killinsing
Blubberhouses
Askwith
Weston
Burley
Arthington
Pool
Otley
Ilk

six miles away on either side. That a paved ford existed just below the site of the present bridge, and a road or path led hither from the Calls and Church, there is ample proof; yet this does not necessarily imply it was Roman.*

That Leeds would be well known to the Romans, the stations in the vicinity (Adel and Castleford) are sufficiently conclusive; and it is also probable that these people quarried the district for ironstone; evidences of such quarries are always found when digging foundations between Briggate and Call Lane; but by whom the industry was worked is a matter of conjecture. The Rev. J. G. Simpson, in his work on the Leeds Parish Church, says that in all probability Leeds was the seat of the Royal Court of the Scandinavian kings of Northumbria. Another writer says it was a residence of Angle kings; but, like the supposed Roman castrum on Quarry Hill, and the Roman road running through the Calls, and the ford over the Aire, all are mythical, resting on the imagination only, without any foundation of fact to rely upon.

Supposing Leeds had once been the residence of either Angle or Danish kings, its name would have surely found a place in the Saxon chronicle. Bede certainly touches upon it, but only as a people or district, not as a town or city.

In point of antiquity, apart from its name (Leeds—a memorial of its founders), comes the Parish Church, dedicated to St. Peter. Its foundations carry us back in imagination down the shadowy aisles of time for, at least, fifteen centuries; but as to the precise date the first Church was erected on this site, history is again silent. One writer says five structures have stood on this spot. Supposing this to be the case, the first would be a British Church of timber construction, with roof of thatch, superseded, in the seventh century, by one of more durable material, which lasted through the Angle and Danish dynasties, say from the eighth to the eleventh century.

Remains of crosses and carved stones of this ancient edifice were found in the walls, during the last restoration. According to a statement by Robert Dennis Chantrill, the architect of the present Church, and to whom, in some measure, we owe the existence of the runic cross, now to be seen by the Altar,† great numbers of carved stones, portions of pillars, shafts,

* *Callis*—a beaten path.

† This stone is supposed to have been raised to the memory of Anlaff, the Norse leader, in the invasion which culminated in the battle of Brunanburgh. In our opinion, the work on the stone is of much later date—eleventh century.

capitals and fragments of crosses, etc., were carted away with the debris. If we reconcile ourselves to this statement, we can only regret the utter lack of the sentiment of veneration, and a strange apathy shown for past relics amongst the clergy of that period, and those in charge of the demolition of the structure. Leeds, with few relics of her past career, can ill afford this loss.

LEEDS PARISH CHURCH, KIRKGATE.

Of the third Church, supposed to have been erected about the end of the eleventh, or early years of the twelfth century, its architecture, naturally, would be pure Norman. The original structure appears to have consisted of nave, transept, and choir, additions being made in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

During some alterations, in 1809, many fragments of a more ancient structure were discovered, amongst which was a stone coffin, hewn out of a solid block of stone, supposed to be at least seven hundred years old.* From evidences, this church seems to have been partly destroyed by fire: hence its diversity of architecture.

* *Leeds Mercury*, 1809:—STONE COFFIN FOUND AT LEEDS PARISH CHURCH. The issue of July 29th records that—On Wednesday last the workmen employed in repairing the Parish Church in this town found a stone coffin containing a complete skeleton and the bones of two other human subjects under the foundation of the church, near the entrance

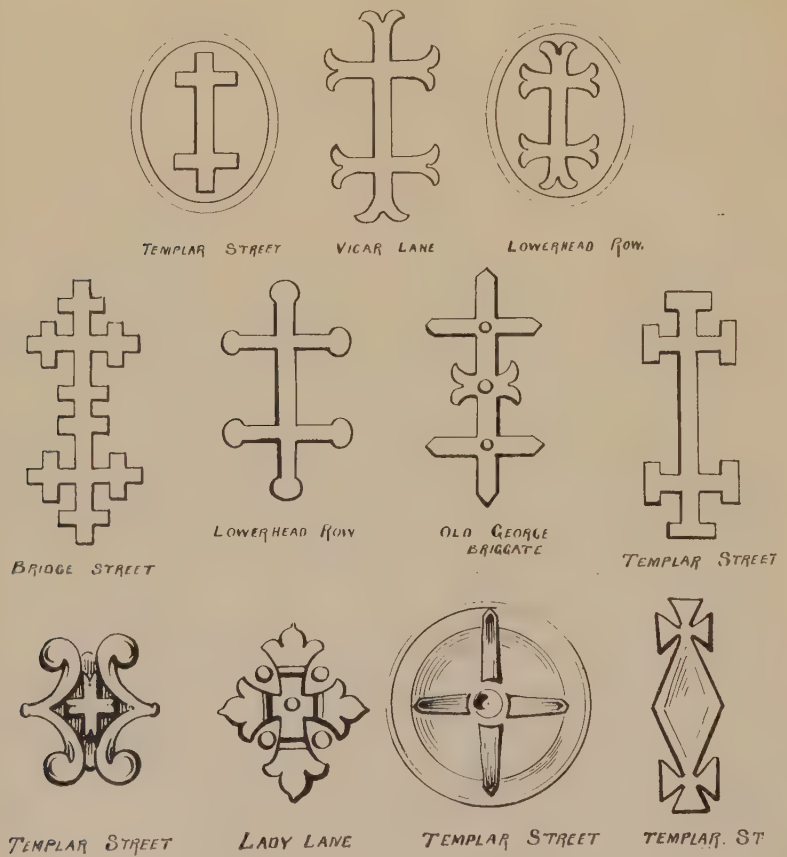
The fourth church was demolished in 1838, and the fifth church erected on the lines of the old foundation, completed and duly consecrated on Thursday, 2nd of September, 1841, under the vicariate of Dean Hook, whose earnest zeal performed such wonders in Leeds, both temporally and spiritually. What Thoresby said of the former church—"Black, but comely" —can be partly said of the present structure, which is certainly very black, although, perhaps, not quite so comely as the previous one. From an architectural standpoint there is much to be desired. Its appearance does not greatly impress the onlooker, nor does the dingy squalor of its situation and surroundings add any charm to the fabric.

ARMS OF MOWBRAY AND HOWARD, QUARTERLY, FROM AN OAKEN BEAM IN AN OLD HOUSE IN SWINEGATE, LEEDS.

Whatever may be its shortcomings in architectural grace and grandeur of outline and design, it was around this early religious foundation that, for centuries, Leeds of the Celtic and Anglo-Danish periods existed, with a population which, in pre-Norman times, never exceeded four hundred souls. Leeds had not then spread west, even so far afield as Briggate, the beginning of this now important thoroughfare being called into existence by the slow but gradual growth of the town during the early rule of the Norman lords.

to the bell-chamber. The coffin has the appearance of having been cut out of a solid block about seven feet long by a foot and a half deep; its interior dimensions are six feet three inches in length, about twelve inches deep, and of width sufficient to hold a tolerably large figure. From the situation in which it was found, it must have lain in that place ever since the church was erected, possibly above 700 years.

Of mediæval Leeds there are few traces, and space compels us to touch lightly. When the Norman William succeeded to the patrimony of Harold the Saxon, momentous changes took place. Characteristic of the Norman



was his despotic rule and strict enforcement of law and order. All went by rule, from king to slave. We have charters from the king to the baron, from the barons to the knights, and from the latter to the soldiers, landholders, and even cotters and borderers. A most remarkable charter was

given to Leeds by Maurice Paganel, 1207-8; it presents an interesting and singular picture of mediæval Leeds. The charter is fully translated in Whitaker's *Loidis in Elmet.*

The Domesday records tell us Leeds and surrounding district were bestowed by the king on that powerful Norman, Ilbert de Laci, the founder of Kirkstall, who consolidated all its estates under his great Barony of Pontefract, where the skeleton of his once huge castle still remains to be seen; and to fully understand the vast extent of this lord's territory, it is said he could ride three days on horseback, continuously, and see nothing but his own property. From De Laci the land in and around Leeds was subinfeuded to Ralph Paganel or Paynel, and by him the advowson of the Church of Leeds, with the Chapel of Holbeck, was given to the Priory of Holy Trinity, York.

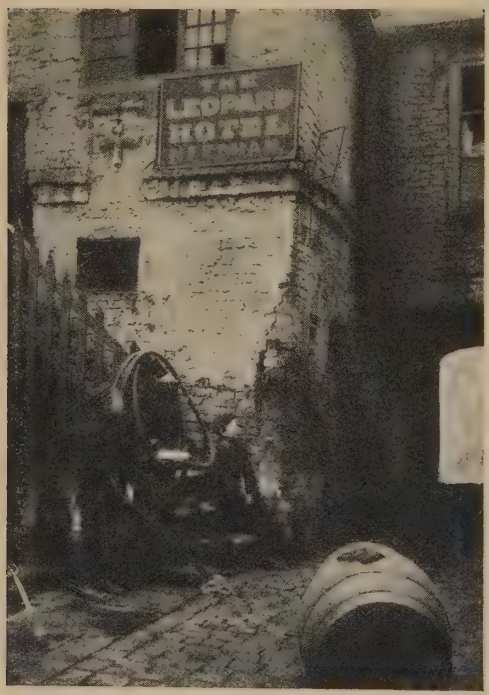
In the early Norman period, a bridge was built over the river, and the street bearing its name, Bridge-gate (Briggate), began gradually to assume its outline and importance, until, as centuries rolled past, it reached to the confines of Kirkgate; still growing upwards it joined the Head Rows, which began to take something like definite shape by the end of the sixteenth century.*

Wheater says, "Cloth was made in Leeds before the reign of Edward the First, for in 1275, Alexander Fuller, a cloth maker of Leedes 'makes cloth not of the right breadth;'" and in 1201, one Simon the dyer is fined 100/- for selling adulterated wine, and so we find that short measures and adulteration were practised even in the old days of Leeds; and we also find that two of its principal industries, cloth making and dyeing, have had their origin in early Norman times.

The feudal rights exercised by the occupiers of the king's mills compelled the inhabitants of the manor of Leeds to grind their corn at the said mills. From this restraint, however, those houses which are situated within the manor of Whitkirk were exempt. The origin of this custom is very remote. In ancient times each family ground its corn in hand-mills. When water-mills were invented their introduction was eagerly desired; few, however,

* It was about the old bridge that the cloth market was held. "And here," says Thoresby, "several thousand pounds have been known to pass hands in a few hours" (mark the sequel), "and in comparative silence surprising to strangers." Here, also, stood the famous "Bridg-end Shots," "where the clothier may, together with his pot of ale, have a noggin o' porrage and a trencher of either boiled or roast meat for twopence." Good old times and customs! Briggate of that day, 1700, had very few shops: there were flower gardens to the front, and orchards and paddocks to the backs of the houses.

were able to build them. In some poor districts the king was petitioned to erect mills, to which he consented, on condition that the inhabitants would bind themselves and their heirs for ever (mark the word) to grind at such mills, on the terms then agreed to. During the Holy Wars, many privileges and immunities were granted to the Knights Templar, and among these was the exemption of their lands from certain taxes, and free of the obligation to grind at the Soke Mill of Leeds manor. The houses thus exempt are marked with crosses; there are several different styles of forming this cross—single, double, and also the Maltese cross. The "Court Leet" of the manor of Whitkirk and Templenewsam are yet held, and an annual gathering of the constable and assistants takes place. In Templar Street (which takes its name from the Knights of the Temple) the crosses are to be seen in abundance and variety; also in Templar Court and St. John's Square (named after the Knights of St. John). Less than a century ago, this Square was the residence of well-to-do tradespeople, and it still bears evidences of better days. Other objects worthy of note in this district belonging to the manor of Templenewsam, are the many antique door knockers.



[*E. Bogg.*

A BIT OF OLD BRIGGATE.

Timble Bridge, over which the road ran, leading from Leeds to Templenewsam, is said by Thoresby to be a corruption of Temple Bridge. In the fourteenth century, this was one of the most important parts of the town. In 1379, one John of Tymbill Smith dwelt here, and is said by Wheater to have been one of the four richest tradesmen in the town.

The stringent laws of the Plantagenet kings, which compelled the people, under severe fines, to wear clothes suitable to their order and position,

from cloth of gold down to coarse black serge, made the cloth manufactured in Leeds a necessity. Width, weight, quality, colour, and price, were all regulated by the Government, in accordance with the decision of the Guilds, chartered to conduct the trade and manufacture.

We have already indicated that the Leeds of the Normans spread from the bridge to Kirkgate, and of the Tudor dynasty up to the Head Row; under the Jacobean kings the town grew west to Albion Street, and during the reign of the Georges to Park Lane and the west end, and at the same rate of progress also north and east.

A BIT OF OLD LANDS LANE.

Of mediæval Leeds scarcely a vestige remains. Swinegate and King's Mills, however, retain the memory of those days;* Swinegate being the approach from the bridge and town to the mills and the manor house, which stood on Mill Hill, erroneously described as a castle, doubtless a myth, like the supposed Roman camp, that never existed; and from the garnish of this baronial and imperial robe Leeds must, perforce, be divested, being in the same plight as an individual of humble parentage who, having suddenly acquired great wealth, must needs manufacture a crest and an ancient ancestry. Thoresby was evidently led astray by the existence of Leeds Castle in Kent.

The moat which surrounded the manor house is said to have been visible in Thoresby's time, and it is from the description of the place by this antiquary, that the legend of a castle grew into shape.

* Within the last half century several very quaint houses, of the Tudor period, or even earlier, have been demolished in Swinegate. A piece of timber, bearing the arms of Mowbray, taken from one of those old houses, is now to be seen in the Philosophical Hall.

Of Leeds of the Tudor period, very little remains. Of the Jacobean there are several examples, notably, two or three quaint gabled shops in Briggate; one dated 1615, the old Pack Horse Inn (formerly the Nag's Head), and the inn yards between Briggate and Lands Lane,* exhibit several quaint examples of seventeenth century architecture. The Leopard Inn and yard, containing both Tudor and Jacobean architecture, wear quite a Flemish aspect.

The last relics of the Butter Cross, in the shape of columns, have lately been removed owing to extensive alterations required for the new street known as New Bond Street, which has also caused the removal of the shambles and its necessary appendages—a most creditable improvement.

"PACK HORSE," BRIGGATE.

Some part of Ralph Thoresby's house in Kirkgate is still in evidence, it is the one now occupied by Fourness, druggist; portions of the framework of the observatory still exist above the passage leading into the yard where Thoresby's museum was also situated. From his study window, which was immediately over the shop, the antiquary could see across Briggate, and just beyond to the green fields of the country, the Aire flowing bright and limpid, the hills above Kirkstall and Bramley filling the background of the picture.

There are other ancient features in Kirkgate: the Golden Cock Inn and block of houses with antique gables, near to the Parish Church; Cherry Tree Yard, opposite to the church, with low, narrow entrance, is a type of those folds, peculiar, quaint, but dirty relics of old Leeds. The widening of Call Lane has been the means of sweeping away much old property.

In Lowerhead Row a few relics of Rockley Hall are yet in evidence. This Hall was formerly the finest in the town, it occupied all the high

* The lane formerly leading to cultivated patches of land—hence Lands Lane.

ground immediately above top of Lady Lane, extending to Wood Street, with gardens and grounds reaching down to Lady Beck. The Rockleys, of ancient lineage, were the only family in the parish of Leeds who were honoured with a chapel or queere in the Parish Church. A portion of the old Hall, on the north side of the Row, was converted into cottages, about a century ago, and formed part of what was Cryers Yard. These have been recently demolished, and a few fragments of the old Hall were met with, and still exist. On the south side of the Row, portions remain in the foundations of the old shop of Oates', the saddlers, Three Legs Yard, and Proctor's, tobacconists, at the corner just undergone alterations; and one in Malt Shovel Yard, dating from Tudor times, have no doubt done duty as out-offices to the Hall. Other antique bits of property still exist in this street.

OLD GREEN DRAGON HOTEL, GUILDFORD STREET.

The Moot Hall,* which stood in the middle of Briggate, has long since been demolished, so have the several Chantries: one stood at the Bridge, one in Kirkgate, one in Lady Lane, and one to the west of Briggate,

* "The Moot Hall in Leeds (a building which served the purpose of a Town Hall) stood in front of what was called the Middle Row, and faced down Briggate, at a point a few yards above Kirkgate. Apart from the obstruction in the leading thoroughfare of the borough caused by the Middle Row, the Moot Hall had proved wholly inadequate for its purpose long before it was demolished. The agitation for the removal of the whole Middle Row began about the year 1820. The first definite step with this object was not taken, however, until 1822. In July of that year a meeting for the purpose was held in the Parish Church, of all places, and by a large majority it was resolved to proceed with the much-needed improvement. The demolition was completed on May 30th, 1825. The pillory and stocks were in prominent positions in front of the old Moot Hall. When the Court House (afterwards the Post Office) was built in Park Row, the stocks were transferred to one side of that building, and no doubt there are old Leeds residents able to say that they remember having seen them in use."

in Upperhead Row, removed by Mr. Legg in 1869. The walls of this Chantry were very thick, with beams of black oak. There were fragments of mediæval pottery, ancient candlesticks, and a deep draw-well with steps leading down to the water. This Chantry belonged to Kirkstall Abbey. Connected with it is the legend of the subterranean passage leading to the abbey.

The names of old hostelries, Pack Horse and Nag's Head, King's Arms, Golden Cock, Cock and Bottle, Malt Shovel, Black Bull, Three Legs, Old Malt Mill, The Royal, Bull and Mouth, etc., hereabouts, remind us of the old market days of the early years of last century. The first calls up the time when much of the manufacture and produce was carried on the backs of pack horses, which followed the old hollow roads; vestiges of the ancient road between Leeds and York still remain.

What a charming picture the memory relimns, shall we say, of the 'good old days,' when the travellers, with their string of pack horses, to the accompaniment of jingling bells, drew up to the hostelry—Pack Horse, the Nag's Head, King's Arms, Black Bull, etc., to bait their horses, and refresh themselves with bread and cheese and tankards of brown sparkling ale, relating to Boniface the scandal and gossip of the countryside. These were the days of highwaymen, when scores of waggons and coaches rumbled along the 'hightoby,' and through the quaint crooked streets and narrow alleys of Jacobean Leeds; carriers' carts and rickety old vehicles of a past age carrying the farmer and his wife and daughter; others mounted on the 'dappled grey,' or heavy cart horse, wended their way through the streets, presenting a jostling, bustling, and 'motley' crew.

Leeds did not suffer greatly from the miseries of the Civil War. This arose, no doubt, from its situation—being located some distance from the highways, and partly from its insignificance as a town of any great historical importance, in those early troublous times, never having had a castle, wall, or any works of defence.

During the civil wars of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, the greater part of the inhabitants seem to have been in favour with the latter; this doubtless arising from their sense of freedom and independence. The town was stormed and taken by the Roundheads, after a two hours' fight, January 23rd, 1643.*

* "Leedes was taken by Sir Thomas Fairfax, eleven soldiers slain, buried 24th; five more slain two or three days after; six more died of their wounds. Buried 1st April, 1643, Captain Boswell, slain at Seacroft battel, and six soldiers. A gentleman and two common soldiers, slain in Robert Williamson's house, of Hunslet, buried 13th of April, 1643. Five

During the rebellion of 1745, Leeds was thrown into a state of feverish excitement on hearing the news that the Pretender, with a large army, was marching south. This excitement somewhat abated when John Wesley rode into the town from the north, on the 5th of November, bringing the news that the Pretender's army was steering towards Preston and Manchester.

A. S.

OLD HALL HOTEL.

It was on this occasion that Marshal Wade, with an army of thirteen thousand men, encamped in the vicinity of Sheepscar and Woodhouse, and from which circumstance Wade Lane received its name. Wade Hall still remains at the corner of Kelsall Street, and the above lane is said to have been the headquarters of the gallant Marshal.

In 1753, a very serious riot took place, and to properly understand the reason of this disturbance, and the stupid ignorance of the people or ringleaders of the mob, we may say that up to this period Leeds had never been properly connected by good roads with the chief centres in the county; for instance, the old, deep, hollow road, which led from Leeds to York, and which, in many places, can still be distinctly traced, was only wide enough for the passage of a single vehicle, drawn by horses in single row. The inconvenience arising from such a narrow way must necessarily have been

soldiers more slain. Nine more in May, 1643. Sixteen more in June, under Captain Lascelles, Major Gifford, Sir George Wentworth, Captain Thornton, and the Earl of Newcastle. Twelve more in July, under General King, Sir Ingram Hopton, and Sir William Widdrington; twenty-six soldiers buried in July and August, 1644. A soldier buried in the old School Garth."

great. The attempt to improve the then existing state of things, by the formation of good constructed roads, and the erection of turnpike bars, was the cause of the riot. The people of Leeds strongly objected to the payment of tolls, and a large mob marched to Halton Dial on the York Road, demolished the toll bar there, and from thence came to Beeston, and destroyed the bar, and also the one on the Leeds and Bradford Road. In the attempt to destroy the bar at Harewood Bridge, they were successfully resisted and driven back towards Leeds by Mr. Lascelles, who had armed his tenants and workmen. Three of the instigators were arrested, and on the following day brought before the magistrates. This proceeding aroused the fury of the mob to a greater pitch, and a rescue was attempted. The military were called out, the Riot Act read, which being of no avail, a volley of powder was fired; this not having the desired effect, and the fury of the mob passing all bounds of restraint, the soldiers again fired, this time with ball. The effect was electrical: the mob suddenly fled in all directions; upwards of thirty people were wounded, several fatally.

Thus ended the great turnpike riots. Since that time, Leeds has witnessed many innovations in her rapid stride upward to wealth, and the position of the chief commercial and manufacturing centre of Yorkshire. In point of antiquity and interest to St. Peter's follows that of St. John, built by John Harrison, a native of Leeds, who, having acquired a considerable fortune by trade, and being childless, determined to erect and endow a chapel. It was completed and consecrated. September 26th, 1634. Its exterior walls do not by any means present a fine example of church architecture. It is of the debased order, sixteenth century, when the art and expression of church building was at its lowest ebb. The interior is contrary to all rule and consists of two aisles only, with a row of columns up the middle, and a heavy dark oak screen completely obscuring the choir. Yet the question of beauty in point of architecture is counterbalanced by the richness of the carving, which is most lavish and elaborate, presenting the most complete carved interior of the Jacobean order in the county.

John Harrison was first buried in his own orchard in Kirkgate, but his body was afterwards removed into the choir of St. John's, and over his tomb is a monument of black marble.

Thoresby says of this church:—"So noble and stately a structure is scarcely to be paralleled in England."

Whitaker, on the other hand, says:—"St. John's Church has all the gloom and all the obstruction of an ancient church, without one vestige of its dignity and grace."

The church was restored in 1867 under the supervision of Norman Shaw, when the galleries were removed. Up to that time, all the pews had beautifully carved doors; these with other rare carved work at that time disappeared. Where? That is the question. Probably worked into unique specimens of Jacobean carving and now adorning some private residence in the city.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

Apart from the church, John Harrison built the Free Grammar School* and founded the Hospital adjoining, for the relief of indigent persons of good conversation and formerly industrious.

Adjoining the church to the west is a row of antique cottages known as St. John's Court. A little beyond, also built by John Harrison, is Wade Hall. The only building which stood between this and Red Hall in the seventeenth century was a cloth warehouse; portions of which have recently been exposed, owing to the alterations for the widening of Woodhouse Lane and Wade Lane.† Red

* The Grammar School was first founded by Sir William Sheaffield, Priest, and stood on the site now occupied by the Old Pinfold in Edward Street. It was removed to the West side of North Street, near top of Lady Lane, by John Harrison in 1624, where it remained until taken down for street improvements some three or four years ago.

† The last remnant of Lydgate has just been demolished. Just beyond in Woodhouse Lane stood a Tower, hence the names, "Tower Hill" and "Tower Buildings."

Hall, red from the former colour of the bricks of which it is built, is a large gabled structure facing Guildford Street. Seventy years ago large poplar trees adorned the front, and a garden, reaching down to the Music Hall and Theatre, now called King Charles' Croft. At the time of its erection, by Thomas Metcalf, merchant and alderman of Leeds, it would present an imposing appearance, and doubtless ranked with the finest structures in the town.

It was here that Charles Stuart, a prisoner in the hands of the Roundheads, rested on the journey south, and, whilst here, a maid at the Hall offered to assist the King to escape, entreating him to put on her clothes to escape detection, and she would escort him in the dark through the garden into a back alley to Lands Lane, thence to a friend's house. The King declined the offer, but presented her with a token of service; this she afterwards brought before the notice of Charles II., and told him the story, who, out of gratitude, made her husband chief bailiff in Yorkshire, and it was he who afterwards built Crosby House in the Head Row. The story also says that John Harrison, by permission, sent the King a tankard of excellent ale. Hid in the depths of the tankard were a quantity of gold pieces, which the King is said to have dexterously hid about his person.

There is one striking fact in connection with journalism and the growth of Leeds, namely, the career of the *Leeds Mercury*, which commenced nearly two centuries ago—May, 1718. In 1801 it was sold to the late Mr. Edward Baines, whose family last year celebrated their century of ownership. Thus, to Leeds belongs the credit of producing the first

Yorkshire newspaper. On its appearance in 1718, Leeds was then a small town of less than ten thousand people. To-day the *Mercury*, growing with the requirements of the inhabitants, circulates in a city of over four hundred thousand people.

The *Leeds Intelligencer*, which has ultimately grown into the wide-famed *Yorkshire Post*, began its career as far back as July 2nd, 1754. The copy now before me bears the date 1767, printed by Griffith Wright, at New Street end. Thus we find that the two most important newspapers in the north of England to-day began, one in the early years, and the other in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Of rare and striking examples of architecture Leeds can boast but few; one noble example—the Town Hall—alone relieves it from mediocrity. Suppose we stand by the Queen's Hotel and look up Park Row. To the left is the new Post Office, the interior arrangements of which are, no doubt, excellent; but the site, the best and most commanding in the city, is worthy of a far greater type, in fact it is the poorest example in the square to which it has given its name—Post Office Square.

The Standard Office, built in crescent form, has a much better effect. Between the latter and the Post Office rises forth in the background, above the roofs of warehouses, etc., noble and impressive, the dome of the Town Hall. The two buildings on our right, the Exchange and Mill Hill Chapel, are the best examples of pointed Gothic in the city, uniform in style and ornamental work, and redeem, in some measure, the paucity of the city's architecture.

The Banks and Insurance Offices, which line either side of Park Row, in some instances, rise above the average standard of street architecture, and give a stately effect to this row. The Philosophical Hall, a severe, classic structure, and the Mechanics' Institute, now given over to science and art for a very different class to that originally intended, are worthy of their object. The Infirmary and the Yorkshire College can only be classed as a series of good buildings.

Leeds, however, possesses one magnificent structure which does not fail to arrest the attention of the citizen or stranger. Seen down the vista of streets, in the miasma of evening, the stately dome of the Town Hall reminds one of some ancient Grecian temple, at the waning of the light, when the sharp outlines of intervening buildings are softened and subdued, and the noble dome towers high over all, dreamlike as a vision of olden time.

We cannot, in our brief sketch of Leeds' architectural adornments, omit mention of the carving on the façade of the Queen's Hotel. The work is, perhaps, the most artistic of its class in Leeds, and deserving of great care in its preservation. It was done by Messrs. Burstall and Taylor. The first-named sculptor built himself a house in Lofthouse Place, and enriched the front by some of his own carving; he was an admirable man, both as a citizen and artist. Taylor, although perhaps not quite so proficient a sculptor as his partner, was a fair musician, and somewhat of a cynic.

THE TOWN HALL AND ST. ANN'S CATHEDRAL, FROM GUILDFORD STREET.

Amongst the citizens whose memories are held in honour and respect, are John Harrison, the benefactor and founder of St. John's Church and the hospital adjoining, and who also performed many other good works; Ralph Thoresby, the historian and antiquary; John Smeaton, the architect and civil engineer, the builder of Eddystone Lighthouse; Joseph Priestly, theologian and scientist, some time minister of Mill Hill Chapel.

Among artists, Leeds produced C. H. Swanfelder, Joseph Rhodes, J. N. Rhodes, Edward Armitage, R.A., W. Cope, R.A. (the latter presented

the beautiful altar picture of the Ascension to St. George's Church); Richard Waller, portrait artist; Thomas Sutcliffe, member of the Water Colour Society; Atkinson Grimshaw, noted for his wonderful moonlight effects; James Roberts, for lake and mountain scenery; and Henry Inchbold, the poet, friend of A. C. Swinburne, and the interpreter, both by brush and pen, of Wharfedale's Priory and the white faunch of Rylstone.

The chief interest of Leeds centres round its great number of industries.

In historic evidence and antiquities Leeds is notably deficient, never having possessed a castle or fortification, like Pontefract, Knaresborough, or York. Unlike the latter city, it was not a centre of great municipal life, and never the scene of mediæval pageantry.

The wonderful growth of the town, from a population of less than a thousand people, in the fourteenth, and even the early years of the fifteenth century (then only the tenth town in point of wealth in the riding), to the greatest city in the county to-day, presents a striking example of industrial development.

In the past, Leeds stood too far away from the great highways of communication to properly develop her resources. With the introduction of steam, and opening out of new roads, river-way, and railway lines of communication, the advantage of her situation was apparent. Blessed with many industries and great enterprise, Leeds has advanced by mighty strides, and now become one of the most prosperous cities in the world.

Potternewton, Gipton, and Chapeltown, on the highway to Harewood and Harrogate, are most pleasant suburbs. The former, according to Thoresby, received its prefix "potter" from the ashes of an adjacent Roman pottery.* The same antiquary also informs us that the place had been known by its present name in his day:—"These four hundred years, that ancient family of the Mauliverers, who took part in the fight and conquest at Hastings, had a seat here for generations, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a branch of the family of Lindley, of Lindley, dwelt here."

Allerton Hall was of old the seat of the Kitchingmans. It was a custom of theirs, when any member of the family died, the body was borne hence to the church of St. Peter's, Leeds, in weird and solemn procession at night,

*Potternewton, known by its present name for at least six hundred years. Its prefix "potter" may have been given it from the many fragments of pottery strewn around, a former occupation, and on the rebuilding, the terminal "Newton" given to it to mark the former significance of the old pottery, hence—Potternewton.

by torchlight, and deposited near the altar. The story says that it was only on these occasions that the great chandelier of the the house, which contains thirty-six branches, was lighted.

The Domesday Survey says :—

"Newton Alward had three carucates of land to be taxed, and there may be two ploughs there. Ilbert now has it, and Hunfrid of him. In the demesne, one plough and two villanes, and one border with one plough, and five acres of meadow. Value in King Edward's time twenty shillings, now twenty shillings."

CHAPELTOWN.

The same record states, in Alreton (Allerton Chapel)—

"Glunier had six carucates of land to be taxed, and there may be three ploughs there. Ilbert now has it, and it is waste. Value in King Edward's time forty shillings, now two shillings. There is a church there and wood pasture half a mile long and half broad."

Here, the thirteenth century chapel gave place to the present structure, erected during the eighteenth century. The ancient parsonage house, destroyed in 1870, had walls of immense thickness, and is supposed to have been used by the monks of Kirkstall, who served this chapel.

The church is in the Corinthian style, and the spire a commanding feature in the suburban landscape. A grant of land made to this church by the lord of the manor, in 1736, specifies its tenure to be the presentation

of "one red rose, in time of roses, if the same shall be lawfully demanded." The Roman altar discovered in this churchyard is now in the museum, Park Row.*

About a mile beyond Chapeltown, and separated from the latter place by a deep valley, is the Moortown, of old standing on a solitary moor, and even to-day resting on the fringe of it. Hereabouts rise the streams which supply the lake at Roundhay, variously known as Roundhay, Killingbeck, and Wyke Beck, which empties into the Aire between Thorp-Stapleton and Templenewsam.

In Street Lane, evidently a byway of old which ran out of the military road passing from Adel over Bramham Moor to the 'Ermine Street,' we are again treading in the footsteps of the Roman. About Elmet Hall and Roundhay Park relics, both of Roman and Celtic people, have been found. As late as February, 1901 (*see illustration*), three well-preserved bronze axe heads were unearthed, when digging foundations just off Street Lane. We should surmise that a small outpost of the Romans was located in the vicinity of Elmet Hall, to overawe the Celts dwelling hereabouts in the heart of Elmet. Other indications of bygone occupation remain in the vestiges of trenches and fortified sites. Just to the east, and abutting on to the Wetherby Road, near Elmet Lane, are the outlines of such a site; the position, strong by nature, and well adapted for defence.

Roundhay Park and its environs.

This beautiful domain, acquired by the Leeds Corporation in 1872, and transformed into a free park for the benefit of the Leeds people, contains about eight hundred acres of wood, lake, gardens, and meadow. There is a charming variety of both cultivated and natural scenery. The view from the Mansion, south and eastward, across the park, is all that can be desired by the mind that loves to linger on the rich and ever-changing hues of scenery. The landscape recedes and melts into dim perspective, enriched by hill, wood, valley, meadow, and cornland, with spires and towers of adjacent village churches.

The historic significance of its surroundings reaches back to Anglo-Celtic times. It formed a principal outpost for the latter, when Celtic influence was paramount at Barwick, hence the vigilance of the Roman in this district.

Roundhay is in the parish of Barwick. Round-haig—round enclosure set apart for hunting purposes; the terminal "haig" is Saxon for a hedge.

* Near to this spot a stone coffin has recently been found.

The manor of Roundhay comprises Seacroft and Shadwell; and in olden times, when the forest of Elmet cast its sombre hue over the secluded dells, this district appears to have formed a royal chase for the Anglo-Danish and Norman kings and lords. Hither, in September, 1272, came King John to hunt in this forest; following in his train would be many of the lords and barons of the north country. It was part of the great 'Laci' barony of Pontefract, and from this family, the founder of Kirkstall, the grange or granary in this district would doubtless be given to the monks; part of the

LOOKING TOWARDS WHITKIRK FROM ROUNDHAY PARK.

great barn still exists, and stands on the extreme watershed of one of the tributaries of the Wyke Beck. Except the interesting old barn at the Grange there is nothing of much antiquity or importance remaining above ground. A few old by-lanes are some indication of past occupation. Cobble Hall, standing high above the east bank of the upper lake, has no particular interest or history attached to it.

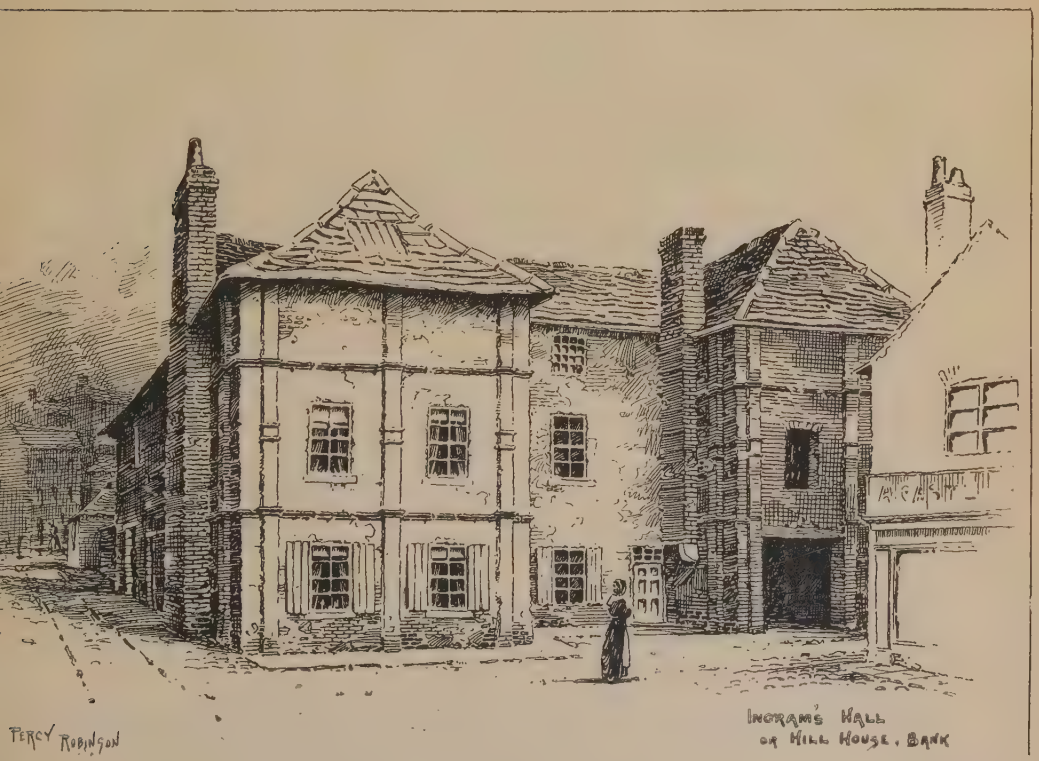
Gipton in the Domesday Survey is called "Ciptune," and between this name and Kippax, the latter in Domesday, "Chipesh," is a great similarity; the prefix "chipe" no doubt has the same meaning—the cheap—a market,

indicating spots where trading could be transacted between Celt and Saxon.* Thoresby, however, concludes the place obtained its name from "Cip," a tent or personal name—and "Tun," an enclosure. The Norman record shews it to have been fairly prosperous just previous to the Conquest. After the raid of the Norman king through Yorkshire, it was left desolate and waste.

> "In Cipeton and Coletun (Gipton and Coletun) Gospatric had four carucates of land and a half to be taxed, and there may be three ploughs there, Ilbert now has it, and it is waste. Value in King Edward's time, forty shillings; now two shillings. There is a church there, and wood pasture half a mile long and half broad."

Thoresby also records, in his survey of this parish, the remains of an entrenched enclosure:—"Here amongst the thicket I found an ancient fortification, the out trench whereof is 18 feet broad. The first camp about

* From the Anglo Saxon "ceap," a market—hence we obtain "Cheapside" and "Eastcheap."



100 feet long and 60 feet broad; and the second about 165 feet square. Both are surrounded by deep trench and rampire." This he supposed to have been the camp of Prince Odiwald, sub-King of Deira, who, previous to the fight on Whinmoor, had ranged on the side of Penda. Probably fearing the battle would go against the Mercians he remained neutral in camp until he learnt the turn in the tide of battle and then joined his forces with those of the victor. This hesitation of Odiwald contributed largely to the disaster which overtook the Mercians at the great battle of Winwæd.

NEAR FOUNDRY MILL.

The remains of these entrenchments were very faint in Whitaker's time and are now completely obliterated. Gipton Well was formerly noted for its mineral properties.

In our description of Elmet we shall endeavour to follow, when convenient, the natural lines of the various important waterways, as by so doing it will be much easier for the reader to follow. Besides in olden times the waterways often constituted a boundary.

Starting from Roundhay we keep to the valley; a mile downward and at some little distance from the beck is Foundry Mill, the waterwheel here being a construction of Smeaton's genius.

Of the old forge, not much precise record has remained green; even the lane perpetuating in its name the early foundry—one of, if not *the* most

ancient in the vicinage of the Templars' Newsame—shows little trace, save in its sinuosities and the few decrepit but significant bushes of spindle tree, cat oak, and cornelwood, of the bird-haunted hagg in which the charcoal was burnt and the iron smelted for ploughshare and sword, lance-head and halberd, through the late, if not the early middle ages of Elmet's 'frondulous' forest. Men were alternatively too 'throng' fashioning the implements of peace and war, to dot the i's and tail the y's of written history. Even the bits of gnarled wryed greenery are going the way that quite lately the four-square hypæthral tower of the foundry—brick-built—has gone. The onward-thrust furrow of civil industry turns up each of earth's sites in turn, like a Nemesis—even the graveyards of great towns such as that of Leeds Parish Church disappear in time, though sentiment, preferring Nature's crematory to that of the Greeks, makes a sooty poplar grove of them for a few decades. But that anvil and hammer, wielded by brawny arms that wrought with sweat, alike rang to the uses of seed-time, harvestry, and conflict, cannot be doubted.

[*E. Bogg.*

WYKE BECK.

Seacroft, situated on the very extremity of the watershed of the Aire valley, is about half-a-mile beyond. The village rests in a small dip in the land which, in past ages, was covered by a mere. The situation is on the eastern edge of the great coal beds. Two hundred yards east begins the watershed of the Wharfe. Seacroft Hall, a seventeenth century building, is now the residence of the Wilsons. Seacroft was filched by the Earl of Lincoln about 1250, and evidently made a member of his barony. In the terminal "croft" of Seacroft we have distinctly an Anglian adjunct probably to a more important farmstead.

The village contains a few antique features. The most picturesque is seen just at the entrance from Leeds. On the other side of the village is a

good Jacobean house, the residence of Dr. Pogson. A mile beyond in the direction of York is the battlefield of Whinmoor, the story of which will be told more fully in a later chapter.

According to the Norman record there is a great discrepancy in the value of this place in King Edward's time, and that at the compiling of the Domesday :—

"In Sacroft (Seacroft), Ode, and Nineling, Ulmar, Stainuef, Ragenild had seven carucates* of land to be taxed, and there may be four ploughs there. One Robert now has it of Ilbert, and it is waste wood pasture, four quarentens long and three broad. Value in King Edward's time four pounds, now twenty pence."

Crossgates, now a residential place rapidly extending, consisted, a century ago, of a little more than a dozen cottages, which stood near a crossing shut off by gates to keep the cattle, pasturing on the adjacent common, from straying. There is a small plot of land still known as "Crossgates Green."

[*Scrimshaw.*

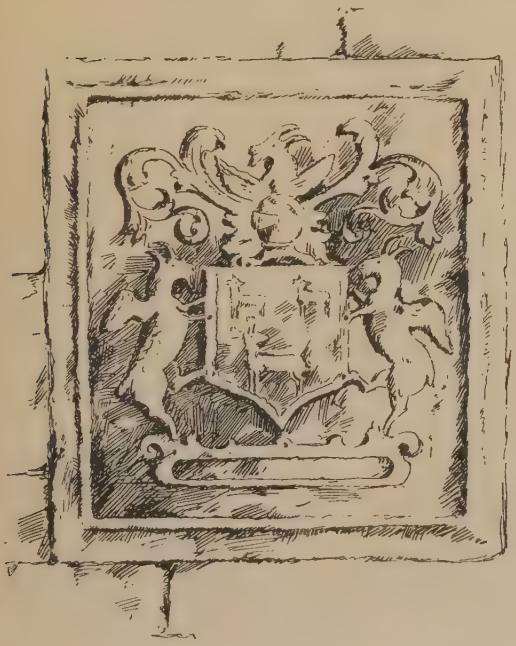
WYKE BRIDGE HOUSE.

In this vicinity Soldiers' Field and Hell Dyke are suggestive of the adjacent battlefield of Whinmoor. The first name probably points to the encampment before the battle and the latter to the burial of the dead after the conflict. From Crossgates the land falls sharply down to Wyke beck.

Killingbeck Hall, to the east of the stream, is on a commanding situation among exceedingly fine trees, the park gently shelving down to the lake, a most picturesque sheet of water. The Brooks resided here from 1638-1788.

* Each carucate of land was as much as a team of oxen could plough in a year. That area would be the standard measurement, there would be three carucates of wood, pasture and waste land that would be less taxed than the ploughed land. From the Latin *carruca* —a plough.

Situated between the Leeds and Selby Railway and the York Road at Wyke Bridge is Wykebridge House, a very interesting half-timbered structure, sixteenth century period, with an addition probably a generation later; in the south wall is a good example of a Tudor door thickly studded with rivets. The interior contains Jacobean panelling and bits of antique furniture and the 'ingle neuk' with seat complete. In an upper room, formerly the large room of the house, is a plaster coat-of-arms—on the shield are three bucks, supported by winged goats rampant, and surmounted by a crest bearing a goat's head between two wings. The worthy people who now inhabit the house are tenants of the Hon. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, and on the wife's side are descendants of the Thompsons, who resided there early in the seventeenth century.*



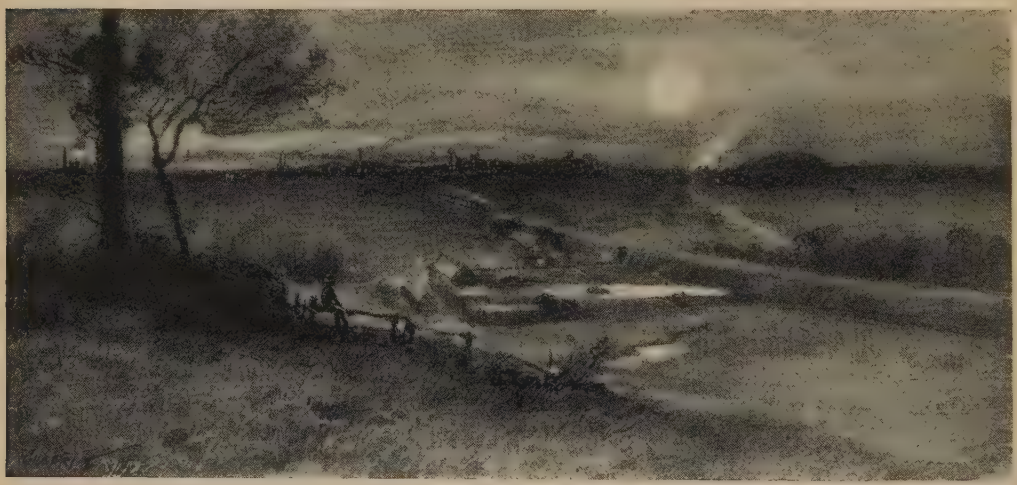
The hamlet of Killingbeck, considering its close proximity to Leeds, contains features which are simply charming, and which even the railway does not tend to destroy; the steep embankment has been planted with trees, giving it the appearance of a long wooded hill.

Less than a mile hence, on the south of the railway and commanding the edge of a fine plateau, is the village of Halton. The antiquity of this place has long been the theme of various comment. Philologists account for its derivation thus:—Hal, Hœlig, *i.e.*, Holy; ton from the Angle tun—an enclosure; hence "holy town." Thoresby mentions the tradition of a

* Whereas the highewaie leading from Leedes to Wikebrigg and so to Seacrofte and so to Kiddall towards Yorke hath been heretofore p'sented by Jury to be in great decay for want of amendm^t. So that travellres cann verie hardly passe to the great hynderance of all her ma^ts subjects that have occasion to travile that way. Dated, Wakefield, 13th July, 40, Elizabeth (1598).—"West Riding Sessions Rolls," Yorkshire Arch. Assoc. Record Series, v. iii., p. 104.

religious house having existed here, and he seems to have concluded this village was the site of the monastery in the wood of Elmet, mentioned by Bede. Following in Thoresby's footsteps, other writers relate that King Edwin's palace and church burnt by Cadwallader after the fatal fight and death of the former at Heathfield, stood at Ossethorp, now Osmondthorpe, and the stone altar, the only vestige of the church which escaped the fire, was removed to the monastery in the wood of Elmet, which, according to their theory, stood at Halton.

The evidences in support of these statements are very faint indeed. The stone altar referred to by Bede, and the only relic of Edwin's church which seems



[*W. G. Foster.*

LOOKING TOWARDS LEEDS FROM HALTON.

to have escaped the flames, came from Campodonum (not the Cambodunum of the Romans), Saxon "Dona-felda," that is Doncaster, and the latter town was also the "Villa Regia" of King Edwin. Bede says, A.D. 627, Paulinus built a church at Campodonum, where there was a royal villa, "in regione Loidis," which afterwards the Pagans (by whom King Edwin was slain) burnt, together with all the town, and we learn in addition, from Bede, that the stone altar from this church was long preserved in the monastery of Thridwulf which lies in the wood of Elmet. From this plain statement of Bede's we gather that the "Villa Regia" of Edwin and the church built by

Paulinus were not at Osmondthorpe, but where Bede expressly states, viz.: Campodonum—Doncaster.

Turning to the supposed site of the monastery the evidences in favour of Halton are very slight indeed, resting chiefly on the derivation of its name, "Hœlig"—holy town, which is certainly very suggestive.

The name of the adjoining hamlet of Killingbeck probably locates Celtic Christianity in its prefix "Kil," a Celtic chapel. Built in the length of wall by the road side from Leeds to Halton and near the latter place are many fine shapely stones, which at some date have been used in the walls of a church, but of a much later period than the monastery of Thridwulf, which, in the writer's opinion, stood at, or near to, Barwick-in-Elmet, the capital of the ancient kingdom.*

Halton Feast (locally Horton), old pronunciation "Autun Feast," half a century ago, was the largest feast in Yorkshire. Open house was kept for all who came hither, abundance of roast beef, pickled cabbage and onions, not only at Halton, but even as far afield as Leeds, revelry and riot running rampant. York Road from Marsh Lane towards Halton for nearly a mile was lined with stalls on either side. The Golden Cock in Kirkgate is supposed to have been the limit of the feast westward, and it included the north side of Kirkgate, but not the south. Its origin seems to point to some remote Christian or Pagan festival, or from a notable event in the history of the Templars of Newsam.

Leeds, seen in the dusk of a winter's afternoon from the high ridge of Halton reminds one of some spectral phantasmagoria, the fitful gleam and flare of furnaces lighting up the murky surroundings, and ever and anon the fading light creating sombre shadows and dark, weird masses. The distant sound of machinery, the whirr and shriek of many trains, the glow of innumerable lamps and lights glittering from cars moving swiftly to and fro, with all the discordant hum and the varied throb and pulsation of a vast hive of human beings, combine to make up the strange picture of a great city by night.

* In Bede's time and long after, churches were of stooppen construction, or of timber, with stone slab for altar table, hence so easily fired when pillaged. What have come down to us as reliable stone work of Saxon period were of later time, and the vestiges are rare. Stone crosses are the earliest examples of the mason's craft.

"In Halletune (Halton), Morkare had six carucates of land to be taxed, where there may be three ploughs. Ilbert now has it, and it is waste. Value in King Edward's time, twenty shillings; it now pays two shillings."

There are few ancient features in Halton. The Irwin Arms, a hostel, seventeenth century period, is perhaps the most picturesque, but other survivals point to a remote past.

One charming picture is to be seen from the outskirts of the village near the "water tower," just in the silver shadowing grey of evening, between day and night, the tower of Whitkirk church rising amongst the surrounding trees, the moon glinting over all, forms a picture full of pathos and rare pastoral beauty.

WHITKIRK IN THE GREY OF EVENING.

It will be well to precede our description of Whitkirk and Templenewsam by a few remarks on the vestiges of antiquity at Osmondthorpe, the mediæval remains at Thorpe-Stapleton, and the unique specimen of early Jacobean work at Knowesthorpe.

The suffix "thorpe" attached to the above-mentioned places is sufficiently indicative of Norse or Danish origin and permanent settlement. In

Lincolnshire, chiefly colonized by the Danes, the word Thorpe—meaning a settlement of people, a village, is attached to more than sixty places.

The Domesday mention of Osmondthorpe is very brief: "In Ossetorp four carucates to be taxed."

Besides Thoresby and Whitaker, many later antiquaries have fixed on this place as a royal residence of Saxon kings, the Villa Regia of Bede, "in regione Loides," and we cannot but admit there are a few evidences in favour of this idea. The fine situation and remains of trenches, foundations of buildings, etc., discovered in the levelling and ploughing are all indicative of its antiquity. A small piece of painted glass was found here bearing the arms of Redwald, king of the East Angles (the Prince who so hospitably befriended Edwin and reinstated him into his birthright (the kingdom of Deira). Probably the relic is not earlier than the fifteenth century, yet it appears to illustrate a tradition, connecting by its presence King Edwin and Osmondthorpe, and bearing on its face the story of Redwald and Edwin. The question naturally arises: Was this piece of glass specially designed and painted for Osmonds at Osmondthorpe, or was it filched at the dissolution of monasteries, or during the Commonwealth era from Kirkstall, or from any of the surrounding parish churches? The last conjecture is the most feasible, yet the singular circumstance of its discovery here, perpetuates one of the most notable events in early Saxon history—the hospitality of Redwald and deliverance of Edwin from exile, and the foundation of Angle Christianity in Northumberland. To this relic principally

[*Scrimshaw.*

OLD HOUSE, OSMONDTHORPE.

we owe the legend (doubtless only a legend) connecting Osmondthorpe into a royal residence of the Saxon Kings, Edwin and Osway.*

Neither the Ossetorp of the Domesday, nor the Osmund of the later Norman period lend freely to Thoresby's conjecture that the place received its name from its connection with King Oswy. In addition to the suffix 'thorp,' which establishes its Danish foundation, the two names attached to

[*Dawson.*

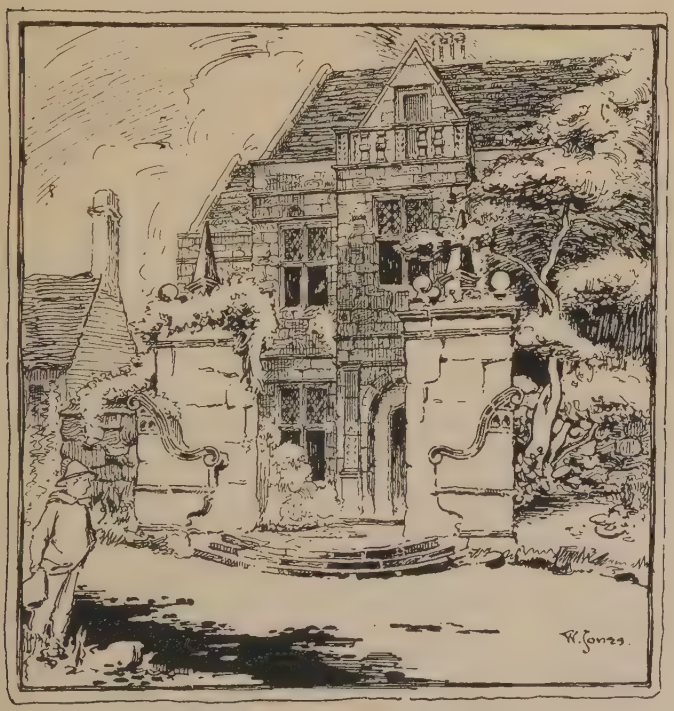
IVY HOUSE, YORK ROAD.

this place are supposed to denote a certain regal dignity, namely, the prefix in Coneyshaw and Coneygarth—'shaw' from the Norse, 'skogr' means a shady place; 'coney,' rabbit—and the position of the land here, shelving gently towards the Wyke beck (wandering through rich alluvial soil to the main valley), fully bears out this suggestion. The terminal, garth, purely Norse, means an inclosure, the 'garth' and 'shaw' establishing beyond a doubt its Scandinavian foundation. In 'shrog,' a bush or thicket, we have the Norse word almost unaltered.

* NOTE.—Singularly enough, Dr. Lees, our living authority on Leeds botany, informs me that the *Osmunda Regalis*, whose English name is Royal Fern or King Fern, grew in the low-lying land towards Killingbeck, as late as the Georgian thirties: this is upon faith of a dried specimen of the late Dr. Heaton's, which came into his possession. The name is, of course, a coincidence only: the fern grew in boggy thickets on Adel Moor as well.

After the Norman conquest a family named Osmunds settled here. "By deed, dated 1376, Thomas of Osmundthorpe gave to the chaplains of St. Mary's, an acre and a half of land in Osmundthorpe." From the Osmunds it passed by purchase into the hands of Sir James Ibbetson, Bart.

The old Norman hall of the Osmunds is said to have been pulled down in the early years of Charles I., and the second one partly demolished in the year 1814; and a large mansion erected near its site about the same date, now often tenantless, wears a rather melancholy and neglected appearance.



OLD HALL, KNOWESTHORP.

The situation of Osmondthorpe in the past would be charming indeed, standing on a commanding brow, a magnificent landscape all round.

There still remains a late Tudor house of great interest, probably part of the old hall—now used as cottages, mullioned windows, stone courses, and door lintel being of artistic and unusual character, the finish of the mouldings rendered effective by a choice, but simple ornament. In connection with this place is a very extensive barn, in appearance much like a tithe barn, in length thirty-one yards.*

Knowesthorp, locally known as Knostrop, a mile and a half west from the latter place—in olden times a more pleasant hamlet, luxuriant in trees

* To our query one of the residents replied:—"All at ah can tell ya that's t'owd hall."

and flowers, was not to be found by the limpid Aire. Its place-name Thorp tells also of a Danish founding. The decorations at Knostrop Old Hall, early Jacobean, are considered unique. Whitaker says: "The great hall contains perhaps the latest specimen of a dais or raised step, for the high table, which is to be found in England." On either side of the gateway entrance, with its massive 'piers' finely decorated, are two quaint arm-chairs wrought in stone. There is a raised garden on the south side of the house and a pleasance adorned with stone figures. The house has undergone several alterations, the lower portion of the great hall has been converted into an entrance hall, and during the tenancy of the late Atkinson Grimshaw, this fine hall was in its pristine condition, and the decaying hand of time had dealt leniently, and in keeping with its age was decorated with antique furniture, old armour, and bric-a-brac of olden time. One panelled oak room, beautifully carved and decorated, and the old oak staircase, still remain to prove the artistic quality of old-time craftsmen.

THE PLEASANCE.

In the days of Stuart kings, this was the hall of the Baynes family, of ancient lineage, an ancestor of whom was standard-bearer to the king, at the taking of Boulogne, in the early years of the fourteenth century. One Captain Adam Baynes represented Leeds in parliament, during the Commonwealth period—"He purchased the royal manor of Holdenby in Nottinghamshire from the parliament for £29,000, but was obliged to refund the same at the restoration." He afterwards returned to Knostrop, where he died in 1670. A family named Stables seem to have lived at the Hall some time during the sixteenth century. Thoresby says they became tainted with

Quakerism, and turned part of the orchard into a burying ground, a proceeding common enough with the Quakers, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. At no time during its long career did the old Hall witness such an array of talented men, in art, letters, and music, as were from time to time seen here during the tenancy of the late Atkinson Grimshaw, and they always found a cordial welcome in this kindred spirit. Its unique decorated gateway, and old-time gables and mullions, inspired him with many a theme, and laid the foundation of that dreamy representation of the shadowy realm of the past which lives in his work, of which he was famed as a master of unquestionable ability.

A mile and a half down the river, and adjoining Templenewsam Park, are the ruins of a mediæval house (Thorp Stapleton). Thorpe again denotes Danish origin; Stapleton, the name of an ancient family who resided here during the Norman and Plantagenet era: a name which still survives. Whether this family gave or took their name from this place we cannot determine.

Here, and at Killingbeck, Osmondthorpe, Knostrop, Skelton, and Thwaite (over the river Aire), we have names unquestionably of Norse or Danish origin—places not in evidence until the latter part of the eighth or early years of the ninth century.

At different periods during these centuries, the sea kings entered the Humber, and, following the course of the riverway in their war keels, found here a congenial site for a series of settlements.

In a place-name the word "staple," of common Teutonic usage, means a barter place or market—to put into a heap for exchange of product—a custom which still prevails in the semi-civilized parts of the world, remote from large centres, the Far West, and interior parts of Africa, etc. "The word 'staple,'" says Isaac Taylor, "denotes a place where merchants were wont to stow their goods." At this day the word is chiefly used to denote the leading trade of a town: for instance, steel is the staple trade of Sheffield, woolcombing the staple of Bradford, and lace of Nottingham. In Staple towns, courts were held for determining all mercantile disputes, and punishing offenders.

It was a fair region which the Stapletons, and, in later centuries, the Scargills owned. On one hand, a beautiful stream—the Wyke beck, came wildering in many a turn from the moors beyond Roundhay, passing, in its course, through rich alluvial soil (in pre-historic times the bed of a lake), and entered the Aire near to the Hall. Hereabouts, in its sylvan reaches and varied windings, the river passed through a delightful vale of undulating

forest and fair meadow land. To-day, the hand of blight and death is only too apparent on the trees, caused by the poisonous fumes belched forth into the atmosphere from chemical works and factories.*

Thorpe Hall—a semi-castellated structure of the early fourteenth century—is now in a ruinous condition. It stands on the north-east bank of the Aire, about four miles below Leeds. By a deed, witnessed near the end of the twelfth century, Sir Robert de Stapleton had license from the Templars, at their chapter in London, to build a chapel in Thorp Stapleton and to establish a chantry there, swearing fealty to the Templars and reserving all offerings to the mother church at Whitechurche (Whitkirk). From the Stapletons Thorpe passed to the family of Scargill, of Scargill Castle, a border peel, which stood by the bank of the beautiful Greta, about two miles above Mortham

[*A. Bottomley.*

THORP STAPLETON.

* Arnold Lees says:—Beyond Hunslet and Knostrop, on the way to Woodlesford, was (half a century ago) a nearly level, low-lying tract of marshland and pasture turf; a pleasant Oval was there, and races were annually held. Hereaway, in the boundary dikes, grew the water violet, the serried ranks of its lovely blossoming stems piercing the clear dike water's emerald and bronze counterpane of two sorts of duckweed; and by the river (still batheable in then) grew the orris-scented sweet flag with flower-de-luce, and the handsome great water dock. All these have vanished, but the doubtfully odoriferous flats of a sewage farm, gay with yellow rocket in late spring, and later with the unfamiliar faces of alien weeds, brought in sewage, and the scourings of foreign wool, are poor compensations. Still, as a whole, this tract is only a little drier and more treeless than it was in 1835. Even yet a little of the spindle tree, "that in our winter woodland looks a flower," as said Tennyson, referring to its pink-winged fruit with scarlet seeds showing as they open when ripe, drags on a miserable begrimed existence in the stubbed hedge by the river road.

To the north and east of the tract already described, off the York Road, beyond the old and uncomely Dog and Gun public house, branched a charming and truly rural lane, named from its ancient foundry, where, from late in the fifteenth century to nearly within living memories, swords and ploughshares and coarser castings were manufactured. This lane, with its foundry pools and its "honey well" in a field, nurtured several rare and

Tower (the latter structure still remains near the junction of the Greta and Tees). The Scargills were a notable family in North Yorkshire (which the chapel on the south side of the altar in Whitkirk Church plainly demonstrates), founded by William Scargill, of Thorpe Hall, 1488. Within this chapel is an alabaster altar tomb bearing two effigies to the memory of Sir Robert Scargill, son of the founder, and Lady Scargill, his wife.

Standing away from the main road the castellated ruin of Thorp Stapleton (the only remnant of the Edwardian period remaining in the vicinity of Leeds) appears to be comparatively unknown, even people dwelling in the immediate vicinity have no idea of its former significance, and in some instances do not even know the place by its old name.

Templenewsam and Whitkirk.

Less than half a mile to the south we enter the magnificent domain of Templenewsam, with its beautiful avenues of venerable and majestic trees and long sweeping vistas, here and there obtaining glimpses of fallow deer browsing on the undulating green sward, glade, lawn, valley,

striking flowers, the stately yellow loosestrife amongst them. This plant grins through the iron railings of Mount Preston gardens still, just possibly brought in, years and years ago, from this very foundry pool, as being plot-worthy. Wild plants were very largely so imported a generation or two ago. By the pool it can no more be admired for its fearless wild beauty. Long ago must it have been crowded out by an assertive plant, a very Titan, yclept the reedmace, more commonly called the bulrush, that in early autumn is sold in Briggate—a penny a stick—for the admirable use to which its massive brown clubs and swordy leaves can be put in chamber decoration. Fifty years ago this club-reed did not grow there, nor at Adel Dam, where now its thickset canes turn pond mud into dry land in the course of a few years; then themselves, in their turn, passing to that bourne whence no individual thing returns. A parallel between animal and vegetable holds, and in many a way runs unseen through all life.

To continue: From Seacroft, in a circling belt, two or three miles broad, across Whinmoor (then, as not now, a furze and ling clad waste), and round by Shadwell to Adel and Cookridge, all was moor or "moss," heathery for the most parts, fleece-white in acres with the waving plumes of hare's tail cotton grass, and with much wet, sandy peat about Moortown and Alwoodley "black moor." The place-names describe it in brief. The scant remains of these "haggs" at far Adel to-day convey no idea of what lovely and uncommon wild flowers flourished thereabout then. There was waxen-fringed bog-bean for one, the unique grass of Parnassus for another, and where they grew red-copper butterflies and azure gauze-winged demoiselles (dragon flies) hovered above, amid "a world of heather," though not "an empty sky" by any means. All these treasures, and fifty more, were to be had as rewards for the long tramp from Queen Anne, in her niche at the top of Briggate to the Four Lane Ends at Alwoodley "gates." A long mile further, to the first plantation marking the commencement of the Harewood demesne, both Jacob's ladder and the flaunting sunflower-like Leopard's bane, with blue geranium and spot-leaved lungwort, could be had for a stoop to gather. The Leopard's bane onlingers still; the others "are not," through transplantation into gardens, I believe.

upland, and sequestered pool—a situation teeming with objects of natural beauty. Here, with the seclusion and the classic sanctity of quiet rural groves, the contemplative mind can revel in story and on the magic of romance which lingers here, and feast on the loveliness around; peradventure in imagination hear the jingle of armour and obtain a glimpse of a goodly company of soldier priests, the Templars or Knights of St. John, sweeping down the distant forest glade. Here of old the tired wayfarer was never turned hungry from the Hall. 'Hospitallers' they were, not only in name, but by nature.

[*W. G. Foster.*

TEMPLENEWSAM.

At Templenewsam, we cannot omit mention of the Templars and Knights of St. John, but our citation must be brief. In Yorkshire the most potent benefactors to the two orders of Christian warriors were Robert de Brus, Roger de Mowbray, Robert de Stutville, Ilbert de Laci, the De Roos, and to some extent William de Viliers; from the latter the Templars, either by gift or purchase, received the lands of Whitkirk, Skelton, and Newhusum or Nehus (Templenewsam). Viliers held the above of De Laci, Lord of Pontefract, a great benefactor, and a member of the order.*

* The Paynes family were ardent Templars, more than three hundred knights were in the train of Hugo de Paynes in the first Crusade. John de Lacy was the greatest of all Christian warriors, and his name was a terror to the pagan at the siege of Damietta, and he was there surrounded by a court of Pontefract grandees, amongst the rest Master Roger, the Physician, parson of Kippax, his neighbour and fellow-parson, Robert of Aberford, and a good many notables and others, whose descendants still remain on the land, followed their Lord John de Lacy into Palestine.

The rules for the guidance of the Templars were, at the formation, most exacting and rigid, and one cannot feel surprised they were not religiously observed. Only an ascetic could have contemplated a strong man, with all the fervour of life glowing in his veins to enable him to mingle in the conflict and clash of arms, preserving strictly such rigorous devotion and excessive self-denial. Probably St. Bernard's ideal of a Knight Templar never existed. The statutes and rules of the order are too long for insertion here. There is a curious incongruity in this attempt to combine the monastic and military life.*

In the wars of the Crusades the Templars were the chief strength of the Christian army. It was their privilege to carry the true Cross before the army when in battle, also the banner with the red cross inscribed upon it. On the march they formed the advance guard and the rear in retreat. The original banner was black and white and was called "Beauseant," which word became their war cry. The bones of thousands of these gallant knights were left to bleach on the plains of Palestine.

Apart from the immense estates bestowed upon the Templars, they enjoyed great privileges and immunities, such as :

> The right of holding markets, advowsons of churches, and medieties of rectories, multure from wind and water mills, tributes of poultry, eggs, and swine, services of so many days in the year for ploughing, harrowing, hay making, sheep washing and shearing, mending ditches, and leading stones, rights of free warren, fisheries, and turbaries, and the manorial or baronial prerogatives of sac and soc, and tol and theam, and infangethef and utfangethef. A charter of Henry III. grants them exemption from aids, danegeld, and horngeld, from stallage and pontage, from all forced labour on royal parks, castles, or palaces; and allows them to take timber freely from their woods, without impeachment of waste, and to essart (clear) those which they possessed within the limits of the royal forests, without leave of the royal bailiffs. The same charter gives them all waifs and strays on their lands, not followed and claimed, and the goods and chattels which any of their men might have forfeited by crime, and allows them, in case of any of their tenants forfeiting his fee, to take immediate seisin of it, although the King had a right to keep it in his hands for a year and a day.

Certainly, a strange array of rights and privileges! Who can feel surprised that such rapid rise to wealth and prosperity should in the end have caused their ruin?

A record still extant proves their aim at even higher ambition. It is a bond by which Peter Middleton, of Nesfield, near Ilkley, who had dispute

* St. Bernard says of these knights: "They detest cards and dice, and abominate all shows, songs, and discourse of a loose nature. When they enter into a battle, they arm themselves with faith within and steel without; having no ornament either upon themselves or their horses. Their arms are their only finery, and they make use of them with courage, not being daunted either at the number or force of the barbarians."

with the tenants of the Templars in Wharfedale, undertakes, under a penalty of twenty shillings, to be paid towards the fabric of St. Peter's at York, that neither he nor any of his tenants should take proceedings against the Templars in any court, canonical or civil, that he would not avail himself of any right of appeal that might be prejudicial to them, and that if he was injured by any of their tenants he would bring his cause before their court at Whitkirk. This was a usurpation which might well excite the jealousy of the courts of law, says Kenrick.

The dress of the Templars was a white robe with patriarchal cross, enamelled red and edged with gold, worn at the breast pendant. There was a slight distinction between the dress and cross of the Knights Hospitallers and that of the Templars, although the system of the two orders was nearly the same. The former, who were also known as the Knights of Malta* and later the Knights of Rhodes, wore a black robe with a cross of eight points in waxed cloth on the left side of their cloak. In battle with the Turks, they wore, over all, a red cassock, with a large white cross before and behind without points. On the suppression of the Templars much of

* About the time of the first crusade some Neapolitan merchants built a house on the island of Malta for the use of their countrymen who came hither on pilgrimage. Afterwards they built a church and dedicated it to St. John, and also a hospital for the sick, hence the name of Hospitallers. In 1104 when the order became military they adopted the title of Knight Hospitallers. In 1310, when they captured Rhodes, the name changed to the Knights of Rhodes, and two centuries later, when they were expelled from Rhodes and took up their abode on the island of Malta, became known as the Knights of Malta.

their property was transferred to the Hospitallers, who had upheld their martial fame in conflict with the Turks, in their gallant seizure and grip of the island of Rhodes, but the transference was, in many instances, only in name.

Templenewsam was granted by agreement with the Hospitallers to the Countess of Pembroke for life, from thence it passed into the hands of the D'Arcys, of Temple Hurst, for the share of this family in the Pilgrimage of Grace. The head of the house was executed on Tower Hill, 1537. Falling to the Crown it was granted to the Earl of Lennox, and here was born Lord Darnley, the ill-fated husband of Mary, Queen of Scots. Again reverting to the Crown it was granted by James I. to his cousin, Duke of Lennox. From the latter it passed by purchase to Sir Arthur Ingram, a farmer of customs in the city of London. He married the daughter of Lord Fairfax, of Gilling, and his son took to wife a daughter of Lord Fauconberg, and thus the family became allied with the aristocracy of the north.

The mansion, as it now stands, was built by Sir Arthur Ingram. It is a red brick structure composed of a centre and two wings, and forms a stately specimen of Jacobean work. One singular and effective feature of the house is the battlement composed of capital letters in stone work, forming the following inscription :—"All glory and praise be given to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost on High. Peace upon earth ; goodwill towards men. Honour and true allegiance to our Gracious King. Loving affection among his subjects. Health and prosperity within this House." The interior contains a fine collection of rare pictures, besides many other interesting objects and works of art. The chapel attached to the house is a perfect study as a work of art.

The ancient mansion does not appear to have been completely demolished, for Thoresby mentions that the very room in which Lord Darnley was born remained intact in his day, and was known by the distinctive name of the "King's Chamber." During alterations made of late years positive proof of the existence of this ancient room has placed Thoresby's statement beyond doubt. There is no certain testimony where the preceptory of the Templars stood at Newsam, yet there is a tradition of a building known as the Old Temple having stood near to Wyke beck, north-east of the park.

Colton.

A small hamlet resting on the fringe of the park has a foundation reaching far down the aisles of history. The place is mentioned in Domesday book in connection with Gipton (Cipetun and Coletun), and the record

says there is a church there. The question here arises as to where this church stood, there being no evidence of such a church in after centuries. Morkhill, in his history of Whitkirk, supposes the edifice mentioned to have stood on the site of the present one at Whitkirk, and this conjecture we think is the correct one.

[*W. G. Foster.*

A PEEP OF WHITKIRK CHURCH FROM COLTON.

Cipetun of the Saxon era stood more to the south than the Gipton of to-day and consequently nearer to the White-kirk, a name received, we should imagine, on its conversion from a dark wooden to a white stone structure; its conspicuousness on the ridge of hill being as great as it is to-day, hence the White-kirk, Whitkirk.*

From Colton fine views of Templenewsam and Whitkirk can be obtained. Less than a mile we reach the latter place, whose situation and surroundings are most charming. The present church, built about 1450, is perpendicular, the interior containing tombs and effigies to the memory of

* Whitkirk.—The Kirk of the White-robed Templars, or else one dedicated at Pentecost, Whitsuntide.

the Scargills,* mural tablets and memorial monuments to the memory of the Irwin family, and on the north wall, a memorial of John Smeaton, the celebrated architect of Eddystone. The stained glass windows are only poor examples of art.

The history of Whitkirk is largely mixed up with Templenewsam, its old manorial rights and customs, and the prerogatives still exercised are very interesting. The Templars' crosses affixed to the buildings, both here and in Leeds, telling of former privileges and immunities, afford ample scope for the imagination.† The court for the two manors was formerly held at the old Manor House at Whitkirk (a late Tudor structure still existing). Both courts are now held at the Brown Cow Inn in the village. A modest gift of a penny apiece to thirteen 'pure folk' of Whitkirk parish is contained in a codicil to the will of Robert Colyson, of York, mercer. The quaint and somewhat touching bequest runs as follows:—"That thare be deltt and geven to xiij pure folke in ilke parisshyn underwretyn xiijd; praying thame hertly the hole parishyns to for gefe hym if he hadde ever any gude of thayres be bying or selling or any other wyse, and if any of thame hade evir any grete losse by him thay sall have amendis and asseth for thare losse and thaie will aske it, and if noon aske it, he prayes thame for Goddis lufe hertly to forgefe hym and pray for hym at the reverance of Gode. The whilke parisshins are thes [there follow the names of twenty-two parishes]." Printed in "Test. Ebor," p. 217. This document is dated 9th April, 1436, and was proved as a codicil to a Will of later date, 3rd October, 1458.

Fine views eastwards can be obtained from the immediate vicinity of Whitkirk. In the distance the plain of Whinmoor, where the great battle, celebrated in early Saxon history, took place. A short distance from hence is Austhorpe Lodge, a red brick structure built in 1698 by John Smeaton, of Leeds, whose grandson and namesake, the celebrated engineer, was also

* The tomb was erected in accordance to the wishes of Jane Ladie Scargill, of Leade Hall. "That is to saie, firste and principallie, I yelde and bequeathe my soul to Almyghte God, my Creator and Redeemer, to that most glorious immaculate virgine, our ladie Sainte Marie and to all the Cöpanyne in heven, and my bodie to bee buried in the psh church of Whitkirke, within the chauntrie quere there besides my saide late husbande, where I will that myne executores within three years nexte and immediately ensuenge my decease shall cause a tomb of albaster to be maide and sette over the boannes of my saide laite husbande, and me withe such arms and scuptures as to my saide executors shall seme moste convenient, the same to be in facion like to one erected within the Colledge at Macclesfield." Will proved at York, 24th Jan., 1546.

† See sketch of crosses (page 78).

born here in 1724. Near to the latter place is Austhorpe Hall, erected in 1694 by John More. It is a good specimen of a Jacobean mansion; over the front door a plate bears the date 1694 and the initial letters of the builder so arranged, forming the name John More in full. Wilson's MS. says that the last of the Mores of Austhorpe was murdered in London in 1720.

WHITKIRK CHURCH.

A little to the south, in the parish of Austhorpe, stands Barrowby Hall, the site of an early Danish foundation, of which the terminal "by" is sufficient testimony. The word "barrow" seems to suggest a burial place. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was the residence of a younger branch of the Ingrams, who purchased it from the Laytons.

In our journey by way of Bullerthorpe Lane to Swillington church, we noticed the line of a Roman vicinal, which can be traced for some distance northward from Swillington, and pointing, when lost near Scholes, in the direction of Bramham Moor. Between Swillington and Bullerthorpe

it is marked on the Ordnance map as "Street Lane," thence it can be clearly marked running parallel with the road over the fields to the Selby road. At one place it is localised by the name of Roman-rig field. North of the Selby highway it is visible running down into the Cock valley. Near the beck, half a mile east of Stanks, it is very conspicuous; beyond the stream it is traceable over two fields, pointing in the direction of Scholes, Thorner, and Bramham Park. This road is supposed to have been traversed by Penda's army, composed of Angles and Celts, the former bent on crushing the growing power of the Angles dwelling in the North-Humberland, and utterly extirpating Christianity, which had already taken deep root among the members of his own family. We can easily understand the object of the Briton in joining Penda's army in this campaign. The greatest danger to Elmet had always come from the north-east, and already the nationality of the Celt in Elmet was nearly exhausted. The ford in the vicinity of Swillington Bridge is the place where this army of invaders crossed the Aire. The story of that great disaster which overtook Penda in his final fight will not be told here. Nearly all who escaped the sword on the field of battle met their death by drowning whilst attempting to cross the swollen waters of the Aire.

OLD BARROWBY. [*Jones.*

Turning to the left out of the Bullerthorpe Lane, through field-path and wood-glade, notable for the old thorn and bullace trees, we reach Swillington church (early English); situated on a gentle eminence, with most beautiful surroundings. At the east end of either aisle is a private chapel; on the south the Lowther Chapel, in which are inscribed slabs and memorial tablets, also a canopied recess, containing a wooden effigy, probably to the memory of a Lowther. The burying vault of the

Lowthers was beneath this chapel, from which, at the last restoration, were taken the ashes of fifteen bodies, including those of Sir John Henry Lowther, and which were reburied at the east end of the churchyard. The chancel contains ancient piscina and sedilia. There is a quaint inscription on the wall of the north aisle. The north chapel formerly belonged to the Greens, of Leventhorpe, now to the Leathers. That grand mediæval display of heraldry formerly in the windows, which Dodsworth speaks of, has now disappeared.

[*W. G. Foster.*

SWILLINGTON.

In Swillington we find the first clan station planted by the Anglian in the seventh century north of the Aire. Leaving the park, beautifully tree-clad, and the hall with its associations of many centuries, we pass forward to Preston and Kippax.

In our tramp to Great Preston we obtain fine views of Oulton, Rothwell, and Woodlesford. Down in the valley to the east is Garforth Bridge. A certain dignity of old time exists in the farms and cottages around. On the

crest of the hill beyond the cliff the spire of Garforth church forms an interesting landmark.

Great Preston, judging from the testimony around, is a place of considerable antiquity. The old hall has undergone varying fortune of late, having done duty as the poorhouse, and is now a farmhouse! It stands on sloping ground at the foot of a hill, which rises immediately behind to the height of its roof, so that one can step from the ground into its upper rooms easily. The precursor of this hall was more pretentious, and stood on the hill overlooking the Aire valley, the latter being the hall of the Prestons, a family of very ancient lineage, whose names are found thickly strewn in the records of Swillington.*

[*P. Teasdale.*

GARFORTH CLIFF.

A most beautiful and artistic picture of Kippax town can be obtained from here. A deep valley runs between the two places, and on the hill side and crest of the ridge the town clusters finely, the church tower presiding, high above the roofs, the *tout ensemble* being most charming. From our commanding elevation we look over the broad Aire valley, and note, even at this day, how beautiful it is, though blurred and contaminated by the existence of many manufactories and coal mines. In the past, few fairer scenes of a lowland river and landscape existed in Yorkshire.

* Thoresby says:—"I rode by Halghton and Whitkirk to Preston-super-le-Hill, most courteously received by Sir William Lowther, whose house is pleasantly but very strangely situated. They go upstairs to the cellars and downstairs to the garrets."

The valley separating Kippax from Preston has undergone a certain transformation during the last half century. We note the impressure left in the earth denoting the former existence of a large pool of water and the long outline of a mill goit, suggestive of the old soke mill* of Kippax, which formerly stood hereabouts. These are the only evidences now remaining, yet there are aged people who remember corn being ground at the mill, and even the name of the miller (Robert Fowler).

The entrance to the town from the south, with the rich colour on the roofs of the cottages, and the trees overhanging throwing long shadows over the road, added to the general contour, forms a picture of more than ordinary merit.

Kippax is in the Skyrack Wapentake and situated in a district of great natural wealth, and stands on the summit of a limestone ridge, a fine elevation, overlooking a magnificent sweep of the lower Aire country, which, as we have already observed, is blurred to some extent by the many evidences of the industry of man. Still the beauty of the vale is apparent, and the wonderful panoramic vistas, reaching south to the Peak of Derbyshire, seen finely (when the atmosphere is clear) are simply charming. If we compare the Domesday 'Appraise' of Leeds with Kippax, we find the latter nearly three times the value of the former.†

There are various conjectures accounting for the orthography of the name Kippax. Dr. Whitaker and other writers suppose the word to be a mere corruption of the Keep-Esh, the first a large mound still existing near the church called a Kip, Keep, and the latter a huge memorial ash, which grew near, hence Keep-Ash (to protect or guard), Kipas or Kippas as it is still pronounced by the natives. Another authority says "Chipe" is

* Soc and Multure. Soc.—The holding as tenant of real estate under certain considerations, condition, or service to his superior, which would be equivalent to rent. A soc mill claimed with it the privilege of grinding all the grain in the district. The miller's fee for grinding the corn was called multure (grinding). Some called it mouthing, taking his multure fee out of the mouth of the sack. They were suspected of taking more than was just. The people had a saying that honest millers had hairy palms. The old-time custom of tenure by soc lingers faintly at Harewood, where the farmers have to lead coal for Harewood house (one condition on taking a farm). We have observed them day by day for two or three weeks bringing coal from the other side of Leeds to Harewood.

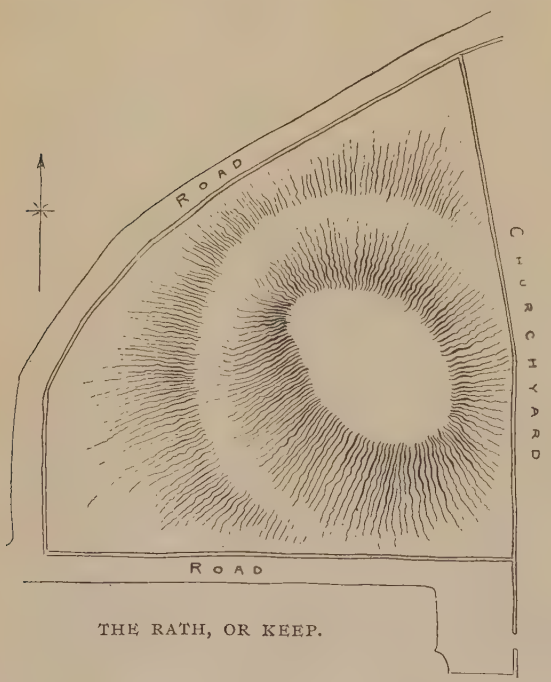
† "In Chipesch (Kippax) and Ledestune (Ledstone), Earl Edwin had eighteen carucates to be taxed, and there may be ten ploughs there. Land properly called Berewit (Berwick) belongs to this manor, in which there are eight carucates to be taxed, and there may be four ploughs there. Ilbert de Laci has now this land where he has twelve ploughs in the demesne; and forty-eight villanes, and twelve bordars with sixteen ploughs, and three churches and three priests, and three mills of ten shillings. Wood pasture two miles long and one broad. The whole manor five miles long and two broad. Value in King Edward's time sixteen pounds, the same now."

from "cheap," meaning a market—held near a prominent ash tree selected for the purpose. Coupled with Ledstone it was the centre of a Power to which most of the surrounding places were subordinate. One feature of the old mercantile importance of Kypis remains in the fact that the Lacies never subinfeuded Kippax (as they did Leeds), but always held it in their own grip and so had the power of transferring any of its market rights to Pontefract as the latter place grew into greater prominence. The vestiges of the past existing at Kippax fully demonstrate its antiquity.

KIPPAX AS SEEN FROM GREAT PRESTON. [*W. G. Foster.*

To a student of architecture the church tells its story of Saxon origin, and in the immediate proximity stands the old keep, a circular hill of artificial construction; round its base are remaining portions of what has formerly been a trench. It is situated on the highest point of land in the parish. As at Barwick, a deep valley intersects it on three sides. As a place of defence its value can be easily grasped. The centre of the mound is

hollow, the sides of which form an elevated rim, thus giving the appearance of a basin: hence the answer we received from a villager to our question anent its name—"Why, we allus call it 'cheeny basin'" (china basin). Nowhere, says Edwin Hick, is this local name mentioned in book or history, but is said to have been handed down traditionally by the people, for centuries. The keep is no doubt of British construction, and used by those people as a place of security and defence, being situated only a few hundred paces from the great north road of the Roman—the Ermine Street—and also near to where the road penetrated the western flank of Elmet. The keep has evidently been the site of a manor house, in the feudal era, as the place is still known as Manor Garth, although not a vestige of such a house remains.



THE RATH, OR KEEP.

Down in the hollow, between Kippax and Garforth Cliff, is an old farm—Roach or Roche Grange—the impression around it clearly proves its antiquity; it has evidently been moated. Here is to be seen all that picturesqueness and flavour peculiar to old-time places. Hellas, a monk of Roche Abbey, was abbot of Kirkstall in 1209; probably he built the Grange, and named it after his former residence. Tab or T'abbey lands, here is said to be only a corruption of "the abbey lands." 'Roche' is Norman, meaning rock or stony cliff; a word commoner in place-names near Sheffield than hereabout.

Amongst others who paid the tax at Kippax, assessed in the reign of Edward III., are two names very significant of the above Grange, namely John of the Roche, who paid six shillings; and Roger of the Roche, who paid three shillings.

The approach to Kippax from the north, although distinct in character, is as full of charm as the one to the south.

The Parish Church of St. Mary is a most interesting structure, part of the tower showing the Saxon herringbone work, and the north wall with the deeply-splayed windows, are undoubtedly part of the original structure dating from Athelston's reign, if not earlier. It has been partly rebuilt in the twelfth, with alterations in later centuries, and was thoroughly restored in 1875-6. Some years ago, part of a Saxon cross was found built into the twelfth-century tower; it is now in the vestry. Carved on the stone is a rude representation of a human figure, beneath is a rough ornamentation of interlaced work which is surrounded by a cable border. This antiquated relic of art work in stone, symbolical of early Christianity, is very typical of stones lately found at Barwick, and probably dates from the eighth century, when the conflict of Angle and Briton had, to a certain extent, subsided in Elmet; when a season of peace spread over the land, and Christianity took deeper root in the soil. Part of a stone coffin, now in the vestry, was found underneath the floor of the church. From marks of fire apparent on many of the stones, the fabric is traditionally supposed to have been partly destroyed by fire, at some early period. The few memorials in the church are chiefly to the Blands and Medhursts.

REMAINS OF CROSS, KIPPAX.

On the east windows, previous to the restoration, appeared the following inscription, now lost:—

"Guildford Slingsby, sonne of Francis Slingsby, Knight at the Coronation of King James, 1603. He was often Commander of His Majesty's shippes at sea, and is now controller of the navie, 1631."

The yellow-washed almshouses at the east end of the churchyard, with their quaint mullions, are characteristic of bygone days.

A new mansion now stands on the site of the old manorial hall of Kippax. The old house was pulled down in 1875; it was the home, in succession, of the Baildons,* Slingsbys, and Medhursts. This house is connected with the story of a sad domestic tragedy, committed by one William Wheler Medhurst about a century ago.

On either side of the market cross stand two very old inns, and hereabouts the buildings are cobwebbed and crumbling in decay, bearing on their face furrows of age. There are several quaint features and picturesque bits worthy of mention, which space forbids us to dilate upon.

[*E. Bogg.*

THE ALMSHOUSES.—"AN AFTERNOON CHAT."

Just on the outskirts of the village is Kippax Park, the residence of the Blands. The original mansion was erected by Sir Thomas Bland in the reign of Elizabeth. It has been considerably enlarged and altered, and only a part of the original structure remains. The mansion is nearly embowered in trees and stands on a slight ascent in a well-timbered and undulating park, with glimpses of browsing deer. It is still a most beautiful demesne, though not so delightful as of old, before the huge industries of the Aire valley were in such strong evidence. Midway between Kippax and Ledstone ran the great Roman military road known as the Ermine or Ermyn Street, described in our chapter on Roman roads.

This great 'street' came from the south by way of Lindum (Lincoln) to Danum (Doncaster) and so on to Lageolium or Lagecium (Castleford); from the latter it makes an angle and thence runs direct to Aberford. Near

* A branch of the Bayldons, of Baildon.

Headley Bar a branch road bears away to the right, crosses the Wharfe at Calcaria (Tadcaster) and forward to York. The lapse of fifteen centuries and the cultivation of land has not yet removed the traces of this great military road. Between Doncaster and Castleford the ridge line is still traceable in many places, and if further proof is wanted it is to be found in the distinctive name of Roman Rigg given to certain lengths of it.

De Foe, in his journeyings North, says: "We turned aside out of our way in order to see the great Roman causeway which runs across the moor from Doncaster to Castleford. The causeway in many places is entirely perfect, and in other places, where it is broken up, the courses appear to be of different materials, that is clay or earth, upon that is chalk, then gravel, upon the gravel is stone, and then gravel upon that. It is very easy to trace its course over moors and open grounds which have not been cultivated." The district around Doncaster, the key and gateway to the north (lying between the wild peak and forest region on one hand and the inhospitable wastes of swamp and fen on the other), is a focus of vast antiquity. De Foe's account, too, is circumstantial evidence that the dry Permian limestone tract so definitely fixed was, in his day (about 1695), unenclosed common.

The ford over the river was defended by a strong castrum, the 'danum' of the Roman itinerary and the 'campo-donum' of Bede; and according to our theory the Don, in pre-Roman data, formed the southern border of the Brigantes. It was also the boundary of Elmet, on this side, until the latter kingdom was curtailed by the incoming wave of Teutonic invaders, ascending the Humber in their war keels, and from thence, using the principal waterways, the Trent, Don, and Aire, for highways into Yorkshire. Gradually by repeated invasions of fresh war bands, not by one great swoop, but slowly, year by year and mile after mile, did their keels and flat-bottomed boats glide upward into river and creek. All the while they were ousting the Briton and settling on the most favoured positions, until by the middle of the sixth century a great wedge of Engle colonisation had been thrust in between the valley of the Don and the Aire, and westward to the upper reaches of the Calder. Thus they separated the Britons of Elmet (who fell back to their inner line of defence) from their kinsfolk, the North Welsh.

This is no mere conjecture: the place-names, for those who care to examine, fully demonstrate this theory. Without placing too much reliance on the statements of Geoffry of Monmouth and several other ancient writers,

who describe this region of the Don as a great theatre of war, the battling ground of rival races during the fifty years following the withdrawal of the Romans from Britain, the hapless struggle of the Celt to oust the Teutonic invaders, slowly but surely encircling them in a grip of iron, is evident until the kingdom of Elmet, which had risen out of the chaos and dismembered fragments of Roman power, became shorn and wedged into narrow compass.

On the south the Aire valley formed its boundary; on the east the broad Ouse river and, of old, that dismal wilderness, a vast extent of swamp, morass, and peaty fen land, where the mists hung low and the wild fowl piped and wailed in countless numbers. On the north, the boundary in all probability, according to the testimony of place-names, was the forest region and trackless moorland between the Wharfe and the Nidd. Westward the frontier stretched back to the great natural barrier, the wild, sterile hill land of Craven.

Here, and here only, had the Britons of Elmet, at the end of the sixth century, kept a connection with their brethren of Cumbria and Cambria, and this connection was sharply sundered early in the seventh century by that brilliant coup of Ethelfrith, the Engle king of Bernicia and Deira. Marching his army across the trackless moors of North Yorkshire, he swept resistlessly over the Pennines (the border line of three Celtic kingdoms), defeating the 'wild Welsh' and capturing Chester.

That this border line of Elmet was in many places almost naturally impregnable at that period, a glance at the map will show, and the Britons appear to have held to it in a strong grip, with almost the terror of despair. A thorough examination of the place-names on either side of the boundary indicated sufficiently proves this hypothesis.

The Parish Church of Castleford occupies the site of the Roman 'castrum,' and is located a few hundred yards below the confluence of the Aire and Calder. From all appearances it has been a Celtic fort, previous to its occupation by the Romans. It is on a fine elevation near to, and guarding the passage of the river.

The foundations of the ford were quite distinct half a century ago. Tesselated pavement, Altar querns, Roman lamps, and other relics have, from time to time, been discovered here. Inscribed on an altar, dredged up from the bed of the Aire, at Castleford (now in the Philosophical Hall, Leeds), appears the name "Brigant," in capitals. Perhaps there is nothing strange in this inscription, seeing that the stone has been planted by the

Roman in the land conquered of the Brigantes. Other altars found in Yorkshire have the word Brigant and Brigantia, in varied forms of spelling, inscribed thereon.*

The evidences of industry are so startling, and the hand of improvement so slow to beautify, that one need not be surprised that Castleford possesses little that can be called interesting or very picturesque. The church, built in form of a cross, is perhaps the most interesting feature. The adjacent collieries, glass bottle and earthenware manufactories, provide work for several thousand people. Thomas de Castleford, a Benedictine monk of the fourteenth century, author of a history of Pontefract, was a native of this place.

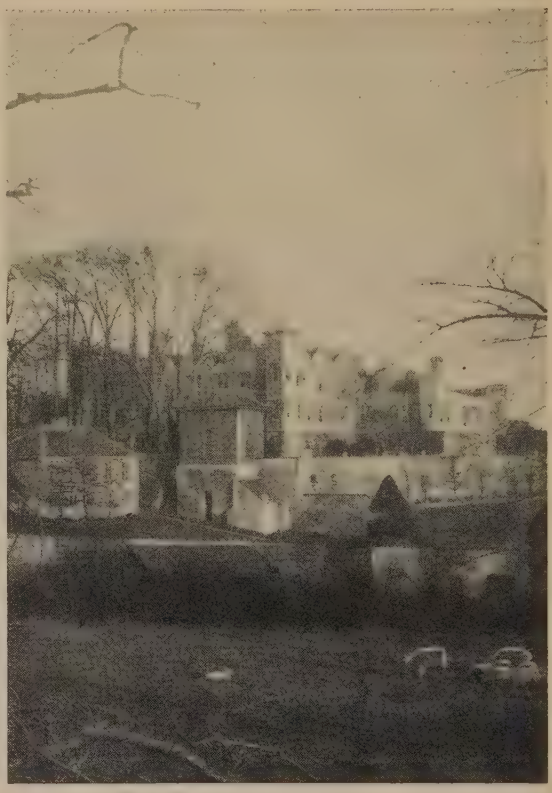
CASTLEFORD PARISH CHURCH, BEFORE LAST RESTORATION.

Anyone standing on the bold limestone elevation near Ledstone, looking south towards the Don country, and following mentally the course of the old road ascending from the Aire valley to the fringe of Elmet, will be forcibly impressed by the large number of Anglian place-names in the wide sweep of district before him, and will at once grasp the meaning of our last delimitation of the frontier of this British kingdom. The high ridge, rising boldly from what at that period would be marsh and fen by the low-lying land of the Aire (in itself a natural and outer rampart), runs like a frontier wall until it falls beyond Ferrybridge into the of-old impassable forest and waste of waters, stretching for miles around the banks of the lower Aire country.

It was here, in his furious work of retribution and revenge, that the indomitable will-power of the Norman conqueror was brought to bay. For weeks, his large army was imprisoned, as it were, on the south bank of the Aire, not so much because of the strength or boldness of the enemy, as of the impassable state of the river, then at flood. Here the Norman king fretted and

* See sketch of Roman altar and milestone, found in Castleford, in previous chapter on Roman roads.

fumed, and swore by the splendour of God, for several weeks, ere he could find a passage for his army over the river. If the difficulties of crossing this line of frontier were of such magnitude as to curb his fiery spirit and hold in restraint the great army led by the Norman king, in the eleventh century, we surely can better understand the physical aspect of the district, and the difficulties which beset the army of invaders during the early centuries of Engle invasion. Here, in the tenth century, between Aberford and Castleford, a smart engagement was fought by Danes and Saxons, the former being defeated and chased back along the old highway to York, the capital at that date of the Danish kingdom, but which, from this time, was changed from a kingdom to an earldom.



[*E. Bogg.*

LEDSTONE HALL.

Close by the road, in the Ledstone wood, is still to be seen the site of a dwelling adjoining the hill known as Mary Pannell hill. This woman was supposed by the people to be a witch. She was tried and convicted as such at York, for having bewitched to death one William Witham, of Ledstone Hall, who was buried on the eighth of May, 1593. Her place of execution was on the crest of the hill, near Ledstone, still bearing her name. There are old persons in Ledstone who claim that their great grandparents remembered this unfortunate woman, but how that can be is more than I can understand.

Ledstone and Ledsham still retain, in the prefix, 'Lede,' the memory of the original Celtic people, the Lloegyr Ligures, from southern Europe, variously spelt Ludees, Loides, Leedes; the 'ham' and 'ton' being grafted on in after centuries by Saxon settlers. The derivation assigned these places by Thoresby is rather curious, and, perhaps, in one sense, not so wide of the mark.

Ledstone and its surroundings are, indeed, most enchanting. The village has a picturesque and old-world look, peaceful and slumbering. Sheltered from the north winds by the lofty ridge of Peckfield, the red-tiled roofs, and white-walled cottages and farms are all suggestive of repose. Built in the walls of a farm, adjoining the street, is a fragment of what appears to have been a Saxon cross. The Domesday book records that there was, in the manor of Kippax and Ledstone, three churches and three priests. Two of the three churches mentioned have disappeared, thus it is quite possible one of the above may have stood at Ledstone, and, if so, may account for the interesting relic still preserved in the farm walls.

Ledstone Hall, the residence of the Whelers, stands in a most romantic situation on the edge of a grand elevation. It is a large Elizabethan mansion with picturesque gables, surrounded by magnificent trees, where the rooks nest, and in spring-time add a pleasing feature of interest to the house. Rather more than a mile, by a most pleasant footpath, over fields and through intervening woodland, we suddenly descend into a most rural and delightful little village (Ledsham). As we have already observed, the name speaks of a people, the Ledes, a tribe of Celts, who in after centuries accepted the suzerainty of the Angles.

This is indeed a charming village, nestling in a secluded dell. Here no sound of manufacture or rough traffic disturbs the pastoral sweetness. Undulating slopes rise about it, pretty nooks of wood fringe its borders. Here the birds seem to pour out a richer volume of song. The lowing of cattle wandering from pasture at milking time, the bleating of ewes and lambs in the meadows, mingled with the merry prattle of children at play, add pleasure and charm to this Arcadian spot. Down the village street a little wimpling stream wanders and empties into a small pond, where the ducks and geese disport, and where the lanes converge at the village is a tiny green. Near to is the ancient inn, "The Chequers," where the political and social life of the village is keenly discussed, and here the tired wayfarer can obtain suitable refreshment and a smile of welcome from the genial hostess. All around are quaint and picturesque lichened walls

—always proof of a pure atmosphere—and old trees, a medley of antique cottage, orchard, garden, and meadow croft, with their varied profusion of colour and bloom; and the scent of old garden flowers is wafted on the breeze through the half-open casement, on which the sunshine so delightfully lingers. Hard by at the east end of the street, on a beautiful woodland slope, almost hidden in frondage, stands the church of Ledsham. Its spire springing from a Norman tower, artistically rising above the intervening branches, and adding a finish to a delightful village picture.

[*E. Bogg.*

NORMAN DOORWAY AND FONT, LEDSHAM.

The charities of Lady Betty Hastings and Sir John Lewis are very prominent in the vicinity of the church, and the kindly deeds performed generations ago still bear good fruit, and form a far nobler monument than marble to their name, and peradventure one that will live longer.

The interior of the church contains a Norman nave and tower; north aisle and chancel are transitional. The Lady Chapel is specially interesting, from the tomb and monument it holds to the memory of Lady Betty Hastings. The south side of the tower contains a low quaint doorway, typical of Saxon work and often erroneously described as such; doubtless it is only a part of the twelfth century Norman structure; here also is to be seen the original Norman font.

The vicinity of the churchyard is replete with interesting pictures, one of which is to watch the orphan girls, picturesquely dressed in old English costume, pass under the trees to and from service. Or, anon, to listen to the soft tones of the ring-dove, and the inspired harmony of the thrush and blackbird, or observe the halo of light flicker and fade away at sunset through intervening trees, transforming all commonplace objects into ethereal

loveliness. At this hour Nature is so restful one hears the buzz of a belated bee, and sees the whirl of bats on the wing. The golden light has gradually changed to a silver hue, the church spire stands finely silhouetted against the light dying down in the west; as we turn away, the lines of Bryant appeal to the memory :—

"My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed for ever."

SPRING-TIME, LEDSHAM.

Ledsham includes in its parish the hamlet of Newton and township of Fairburn. A little to the east of the latter and about a mile from Ferrybridge is Brotherton, a straggling place standing on the frontier of our delimitation of Elmet and overlooking a fine sweep of the lower Aire country. The church, inns, and a few quaint houses are very interesting. Here the slain from the Ferrybridge fight* in 1461 (the prelude to the carnage on Towton Field) were interred. Here also, in a house adjoining the church, Margaret of France, second wife of Edward I.—(during a royal hunting tour in this vicinity, and when journeying to the Archbishop's castle at Cawood) — was delivered of a son,

* In coaching days the Old House at Ferrybridge was considered the largest and most luxurious posting-house on the great North Road.

afterwards known in history as Thomas-de-Brotherton. The king was at Selby and the news of the event so delighted him that he made large benefactions to the various religious Brotherhoods in the vicinity. The Archbishop of York had an ancient manor house here.

At Brotherton, on two occasions, the infamous Isabella, Queen of Edward II., took refuge during the unfortunate campaign of her Consort against the Scots. In the great foray of Randolph and Douglas through Yorkshire, she fled to the city of York to escape being captured by the raiders.

MICKLEFIELD. [*F. Dean.*

Byram Hall is a most pleasant county mansion situated in a delightful and spacious park, long the seat of Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes), the poet and biographer of Keats, who is said to have written his famous and best-known song—"I wandered by the brookside, I wandered by the mill" —by the very stream running under Ledstone from Kippax, which empties itself into the Aire at Bull Holme Clough.

Returning from Ledsham by way of Peckfield ridge (a bold elevation of woodland stretching from Kippax to Micklefield, a remnant of the older forest of Elmet), we descend by the Boot and Shoe Inn, standing at the fork of the Leeds and Selby road and formerly a resort of highwaymen, to Old Micklefield, situated on the fringe of the great coal beds. It still possesses, in its old cottages, farmstead and garth, etc., much to charm the antiquary.* On the great Roman road between Micklefield and Stourton Grange is a spot known as Soldiers' Hill, but from what circumstance it received this name we cannot say.

* Micklefield was the home of Samuel Hick, the blacksmith preacher. It appears to have been the seat of a notable family. Hall garth and Castle hills are nomenal proof of past greatness.

Stourton Grange, a moated site to the west of the North Road, is of Anglian origin, and has been a goodly residence in Norman times, as the evidences around it fully testify.

Garforth stands on the high ridge of land dividing the watershed of the Aire and Wharfe. Of late years the place has grown considerably. The precincts of the church are most pleasant and picturesque. The old church, demolished in 1845, was an interesting fabric dedicated to St. Mary and given by Ilbert-de-Lacy to the Abbey of St. Mary. At the compiling of the Domesday book, a church existed here, thus proving the antiquity of Garforth. The new church is a beautiful building, and its spire a commanding landmark.

From Garforth cliff, a bold eminence, splendid views of Airedale and the valley of the Cock can be obtained. Round about the Old George at Garforth Bridge on the Selby road are to be found many charming bits of landscape and antique features of bygone days.

GARFORTH.

CHAPTER VI.

The Valley of the Cock.

IN the renewal of our journey, we follow the course of the above diminutive river, describing its features, historical reminiscences, ancient houses, notable battles, and incidents which have happened in this watershed.

The Cock rivulet rises in the vicinity of Red Hall, the residence of Sagar Musgrave, on high table-land between Shadwell and Seacroft. After passing underneath the Wetherby road, its bed gradually assumes the appearance of a well-defined valley, curving in the form of a full-strung bow, whose extremities are not more than seven miles across, whilst the curve of the stream is at least fourteen miles. Grimes Dyke and the battlefield of Whinmoor lie on its upper reaches. From thence it flows between the villages of Scholes and Seacroft, leaving Old Stanks and Manston Hall to the right.

Crossing the Roman vicinal, the stream bends in its course opposite Garforth, flows between the site of old Barnbow and Parlington Park, passes under the Barwick and Aberford highway at Ass Bridge, and just below is joined by its main tributaries, Eastdale and Guy-syke Becks, now forming a broad and deep valley, with the long series of earthworks in the woods of Becca Grange fringing the north bank. At Aberford, the river crosses the great 'Ermine Street,' and, immediately below, the earthworks line both sides of the stream. Further on is the old chapel of Lede or Lead, and beyond on the south bank are the villages of Saxton and Towton, also the site of the famous battlefield.

High up on the left bank, in a most commanding and picturesque position, its grey walls showing out finely from surrounding woods, is Hazelwood, the feudal home of the Vavasours. Now in sinuous windings, the river, under the shadow of dense woods, sombre and melancholy as if

reflecting the sad story and carnage of Towton, winds through willow-garth, and osier-holt, and finally enters the Wharfe at Grimstone Grange, a mile below Tadcaster. Near its margin were fought, in the years 655 and 1461, two of the most fearful battles on record. The object of these battles was, however, widely different. The first was fought in defence of country and Christianity, and for the overthrowing of Penda, the champion of paganism. The last was the struggle of Princely ambition, and for the lust of power, pushed to an extremity that almost involved the ruin of the nation.

The first object of interest on Whinmoor is Grimes Dyke, a deep picturesque hollow in the bend of the beck, near to where it crosses the Leeds and York highroad. There are several dykes in Great Britain bearing the above name; for instance, Grimsditch to the south of Salisbury, the Grimesdyke, near Streatley. The wall of Antonius is still known as the grime or Graemesdyke, and there is a Grimsdale, near Netherby, from whence the great border family of Graemes possibly received their name. The Saxon 'dik' meant a deep ditch or boundary: 'dike'—grisly, horrid, is the same word; 'grime'—a witch, and 'grim'—fury or to rave.

Tradition assigns this portion of the valley to the battlefield of Whinmoor, and probably it is safest to follow the testimony of tradition in this instance. The most illiterate person will tell one of a great battle having been fought on the moor, near this spot, and the word 'grime'—to blacken or befoul—locally associates this stream with the bloody plain. The monks have not made the circumstance of the battle more clear by their testimony, perverting their knowledge in favour of the victors, of whom they were the chosen, thus adding a certain amount of exaggeration and confusion to the story.

That the action was fought in the kingdom of Elmet and near Barwick, the chief stronghold, there is no reason to doubt; and that Whinmoor was the actual field cannot, perhaps, be disputed. Yet, since the time of Camden down to the end of the nineteenth century, historians have floundered, vainly trying to fix the scene of action elsewhere. From the river Went, near Doncaster, to Barwick the ground has been searched without definite result. According to our knowledge there is no river known as Winwæd. The name is probably derived from Wien, a brook, and Wæd, a ford. Bede, the first historian of the battle, says that it was fought near the river Vinwæd, in the country of the Loides. There is every reason to suppose that the battle took place on Whinmoor, not far distant from the Roman road which crossed the Cock a little below Stanks. The thirty

legions led by Penda in this campaign would require a good road for their progress north, and here they would find such a road leading straight on to the battlefield, the high moor in the district between Bramley Grange, Morwick Hall, and Potterton. The invaders had the River Cock in their rear, which heavy rains had greatly swollen. Oswald's army was greatly inferior in numbers to Penda's, but, putting trust in God, the battle ended in the rout and slaughter of the Mercians. Of the thirty Ealdormen who marched on to the scene of battle, commanding as many legions, few were left to tell the story of ruin and disaster. From the scene of fight, the victors chased the vanquished back over the road they had come, and Bede says:—"More of them were drowned, as they fled, in the River Winwæd, then overflowing its banks, than fell by the edge of the sword." Thus the River Cock formed a grave for the Mercian army as it did for the Lancastrians eight hundred years later. Those who escaped the first scene of disaster would probably find the same end in the swollen waters of the Aire at Woodlesford.

Supposing the Mercians fled by the Roman road, the scene of carnage and drowning in the Cock valley may have taken place between Scholes, Old Manston, and Stanks, the latter name signifying pools of stagnant water, and thirteen hundred years ago would be a dangerous morass for an army in confused flight to cross. In addition to our knowledge of the ground is the story told by Bede, who says:—"The river was in flood," surely sufficient testimony for us to understand that the Cock swallowed up the vanquished in this fight, as it did those on that wretched Palm Sunday in 1461. It must not be forgotten by those who incline to think Bede would not write of the Cock beck as a 'river,' that the volume of water was much greater then, than now, when there is much less wood and more tile drainage of the open fields, and less obstruction to the course of water. The Cock within its hollow channel, judging by the eroded banks, must at one time have run six or seven feet deep.

Morwick Hall, the residence of the Grays, situated on Whinmoor, half a mile east of the beck, is a plain-looking structure built towards the close of the last century. The late E. T. Gray was the last male representative of this family, connected with Scholes from the sixteenth century. The family trace their descent from the Barons Gray of Rotherfield, 'Scrutators' in the port of London during the reign of Elizabeth. The Grays were long resident at Kippax, and their coat-of-arms can be seen in the house now occupied by a Mr. Wilkinson. The name of Gray frequently appears in the parish register there between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. One

Edward Gray, of Kippax, was Mayor of Leeds in 1749 and again in 1768. He built Morwick Hall and was buried at Barwick.

In our journey down the valley, a little to the south of the York road is Penwell Farm and Pen or Penda's Well, which tradition avers is the spot where Penda and his army quenched their thirst previous to the fight. On the left bank lies the village of Scholes, of Norse origin (the Skali, a hut shelter). Scholes Hall, a seventeenth century structure, was long the residence of the Vevers. Potterton seems to have been the earlier home of this family. The will of Richard Vevers of the above place was proven at York in 1611, and one Richard Vevers, his nephew, settled down at Scholes Hall soon after this date. Traces of the gardens are to be found in the meadows, and a little to the east the Barwick road runs over the remains of a moated site, where an old feudal mansion (the predecessor of the present structure) formerly stood. Apart from the hall there is not much to interest one in Scholes. Old Stanks on the opposite bank of the Cock is quaint with antiquity and crumbling with age.

A mile down the valley on the south bank is Old Manston. Manston Hall, an antiquated brick structure, sixteenth century, is not the original one. The Manstons were a family of note in Elmet in the olden time; they intermarried with the Gascoignes and resided here from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. The position, a fine plateau, commanding the valley of the Cock. To the south a small ravine separates this mansion from Lasincroft*; the prefix (Manu) is of Celtic coinage, Mani, Manston, the same in Mancunium (Manchester), Le-Mans on the Loire, Menaw—the Isle of Man.

MANSTON HALL.

* Lesincroft: Leys—meadows; ings—low fields; croft farm field, *i.e.*, the Croft house in the low meadows. A good instance of the duplication of equivalent terms, meaning the same thing, such as we have many instances of all over the country, *i.e.*, Semerwater; Sea-mere-water; Seamer—Seamere, near Scarborough.

Lasincroft, a few hundred yards to the south, still retains in its farm buildings, garden, and also in the vestiges of a dried-up lake slight memorials of its former significance. Lasincroft and Shippen came into the possession of the Gascoignes by purchase from Geoffrey of Lasincroft, 1391, and their descendants eventually became established at Barnbow and Parlington.*

As already observed, few vestiges remain. The house has been completely rebuilt, part of the ancient garden wall still stands, and a beautiful tree of immense growth and not a native to this soil flourishes—a silent witness of scenes long past. This many-armed tree is the *Quercus Ilex* of southern Europe, from Greece to Spain, and is known as the 'live oak,' because of its evergreen character and tenacity of life. From its great size, in spite of its continued vigour, this specimen must be nearly 400 years old, possibly dating from the later Tudor era, when foreign tree-planting came into vogue with continental fashions of garden-craft. An old stone paved footway leads from hence to Shippen (a farmhouse), its name indicative of Danish origin, and meaning a shelter for cattle, a very uncommon name in the district of the lower Wharfe; in the Craven country every cowshed is called a Shippon.

Barnbow, another old home of the Gascoignes, stood a little distance away on the opposite bank of the Cock to the north. Little of the hall remains except the mounds marking the site of the foundations. Within memory of man several cottages, occupied by the attendants, were standing here; now only one remains.

The site of Barnbow is a fine plateau, and commands the country for miles. The Cock rivulet winds round its base in half a circle. The deep woods of Parlington spread to the east, Barwick church to the north

* Rogerus de Quincy comes Winton Constabularius Scotiæ et jure uxoris suæ; did by his deed, under a great seal of his arms, give Lasingcroft and Schippen, in the reign of King H., 3., unto Robert Walcott, paying unto him and his heyres a pound of pepper, or xij$^{d.}$ at Pentecost, which said Robert granted Lasingcroft and Schippen aforesaid, by severall deeds without date, unto Robert Walcott, his nephew, sonne of John Walcotte, his brother, which said Robert, the nephew, granted Lasingcroft and Schippen aforesaid, unto Geoffrey Walcott, his nephew, which Geoffrey, having no sons, but 3 daughters, one named Alice, which married to William de Baroby, als William de Lasingcroft, another called Margaret, being single and unmarried; and the third married to the Lord of Parlington. The said Margaret dying without issue, gave her third part in Lasingcroft and Schippen, descended unto her from the said Geoffrey Walcott, her father, unto her sister Alice, of Baroby, als Lasingcrofte which said William of Lasingcrofte and Alice, his wife, had issue, John, of Lasingcroft; which said John had issue Geoffrey, of Lasingcroft, which said Geoffrey sould Lasingcroft, Schippen, and diverse other lands, in the 15th yeare of the reigne of King R., 2, A.D., 1391, unto Nicholas Gascoigne, second son of William Gascoigne, of Gawthorp.—Har. MSS.

peeps forth from the beautiful hill-and-dale landscape: further on are the woods of Potterton and Beckhey.* Bog Lane leads from Scholes hither, its name and position indicate the existence of a former swamp; of old this lane was a great resort of gypsies. The situation of Barnbow is well adapted for defence, probably it may only have been a domestic structure, but with very little strategy might easily have been made defensible. The becks on three sides of the house could soon have been rendered impassable. All is strangely changed at Barnbow; the old-time draw-well, with its hawthorn shade, still remains; and indications of former buildings everywhere present themselves. Terraced walks, gardens, and trench are still visible, and hid in nettles and undergrowth are the foundations of retainers' cottages; yet apart from these its past history is rather shadowy. The Gascoignes were evidently staunch Catholics of the old order, and did not fall in with the Articles of the Reformed church at the Reformation.

The following is a transcript from the original MS. in the Bodleian Library, by Edward Peacock, F.S.A., and will doubtless prove of interest, as it tells to some extent the story of Barnbow and the Gascoignes, and also the names of several old families once resident hereabouts:—

BARWICK PARISH.

"John Gascoigne, Esq., of Barnebow, Anne, his wief, Robert Lambert, his serving man, Laurence Wilson, master of his colemyns (coal mines), Edward Bennett, his milner at Hillome, Elizabeth Harrison, a servant, Ellene Ellys, a servant, Katheren . . . . . am a servant, Elizabeth Wortley, an antient servant there, she is thought to be a dangerous recusant in persuading; her surname is not certainly known: recusants reteynd, Mary Ellis, wief of John Ellys, Esq., a recusant.

Thomas Thompson, Mr. John Gascoigne, his shepparde, Joan, his wife, Mawd Feild, wife to Robert Feild, labourer, Barbury, wief of John Robinson, servant to Mr. Gascoigne, Nicholas Harrison, a young man, a weaver, Isabell Massie, an old woman, Margaret Massie, wief of Cuthbert Massie, Ellyne Vevers, wief to Richard Vevers, Mr. Gascoyne, servant, John Slater, an old poore man, Elizabeth Gilson, a poor wedow, recusants for j yere, Mawde Gascoigne, mother to Jo. Gascoigne, Esq., a recusant, secret baptism, Mr. John Gascoigne, his children weare all secretlye baptised, and none of them came to ye church, nether is it knowne where they were baptised."

A mile to the east is the delightful domain of Parlington, ancestral and illustrious. It has been the home of Thane or Baron since the incoming of the Angle, and it is still the home of one of the best of county families, and

* In the old meadows, off the old hollow Car Lane, north of the site of Barnbow Old Hall, now marked only by uneven ground, and an old well shadowed by a gnarled thorn tree, great beds of pink-spiked bistort (formerly used as a pot-herb, and not a native plant) betoken with great certainty the existence of former settlements, such as accompanied the seat of the Gascoigne squires, in the days when the population of the Barwick region exceeded that of Leeds.

never in its long career of a thousand years has it been more worthily represented than at present. Parlington is the residence of Colonel Gascoigne, the soldier son of a soldier family, whose banner has waved in the earliest and best of the ranks of English chivalry.*

The men commanded by Major, now Colonel, Gascoigne of the Yeomanry, state how he upheld the honour and tradition of the old name in the last Boer war. Not only in feats of arms, but in the far greater chivalrous deeds—great qualities not over common in leaders of men—sharing in the privations, labour, fatigue, hunger, thirst, and watching with almost paternal care over the interests of those under his charge.

STREET SCENE, BARWICK.

The Parlington Gascoignes are descended from Thomas, son of William Gascoigne, who in 1363 purchased land in Harewood of Robert de Insula, of Rougemont, and his wife Agnes or Anne, daughter and co-heiress of Nicholas Frank. This William was the grandson

* Barnbow and Shippon was the scene of the supposed Popish plot, where Sir Thomas Gascoigne and others assembled to devise means to overthrow the Government and re-establish the Roman Catholic faith. Regarding this plot there is a printed pamphlet, now very scarce, entitled "The narrative of Robert Bolron, of Shippon Hall, Gent., concerning the late Popish plot and conspiracy for the destruction of His Majesty and the Protestant Religion." Bolron, the accuser, was steward at Sir Thomas Gascoigne's coal mines, and dwelt at Shippon Hall. He had been brought up in the reformed faith, but, on taking service under the squire of Barnbow, he became a Roman Catholic, and he seems to have changed his faith as easily as his coat.

of the William who married the daughter and heiress of John de Gawkethorpe, with whom he had the manor of Gawthorpe.

The first residents at Parlington with whom we are acquainted assumed the name of the place, and are known as De Parlyngton, occupying the mansion at the time Falkes de Brecante was at Harewood. They were succeeded by the Despensers.

In 1336 Philip, son of Philip, son of Hugh le Despenser, *le père*, shows that Hugh was in possession of Parlington. Philip, the son, married Margaret, daughter and heiress of Ralph de Gowshill; holding the manor of Parlington, of the King, as of the crown by the fourth part of a knight's fee—(a tenure of lands held by knights on condition of military service). In 1404 a Philip Despenser held the manor by the seizin of half a knight's fee. These Despensers are the men who brought such trouble upon England in the reign of Edward II. In 1424 Roger Wentworth, Esqr., and Margaret his wife, heiress of Sir Philip Despenser and Elizabeth his late wife, held the manor of Parlington.

Before the end of the century the Gascoignes were in possession and intermarried with the Vavasours, of Hazelwood. Dame Ivan Vavasour, widow of Sir Henry, died the 17th of September, 1462. The arms were Gascoigne, *or, in a pale sable, a demi-luce nest couped or.** In the chapel of Hazelwood "by the door lyes a blue marble, about two and half yards long, escutcheoned at corners," beneath which she and her husband are buried.

* *Or*, gold. *Sable*, black. *Demi-luce*, a pike's head. The fourth stage in the life of a pike fish, first a jack, second a pickerel, third a pike, and last a luce, hence the lucys or luces, pikeys. *Couped*, cut off smooth and even.

CHAPTER VII.

Barwick and Aberford Districts.

BY lane or field path, intersected with pleasant little vales falling sharply to the main stream, we reach Barwick, the ancient capital of Elmet. The town stands in the angle—or, more properly speaking, tongue—of land formed by the meeting of Eastdale and the Cock beck. Its situation is naturally strong, being almost surrounded by water—forming a peninsula, the neck of which is only about half a mile across. Thus in the past it was practically encircled by a marsh-forest, which, even in dry seasons, could soon be flooded by damming back the flow of waters. Even at this day the valley on the north side is, in wet seasons, a dangerous morass to traverse, as the late rector, Canon Hope, demonstrated on one occasion in crossing; he floundered deeply and required assistance to be extricated.

High above and commanding the country around, is the 'Barrach' or 'Barugh' (bar and heugh, a prominence in modern north English and Scotch) —see Great and Little Barugh near Malton—a high mound, the stronghold of the Celtic kings of Elmet.* Tradition asserts that this place was also a royal residence of Edwin, the first Anglian king to partly subdue the Britons inhabiting this district. That it is of great antiquity cannot for a moment be disputed. The inner or centre of the system of entrenchments was of old known as the 'Auld How,' now Hall Tower Hill, and is a conical mound enclosed by double trench and rampart. The inner trench closely encircles the base of the mound, which stands about seventy feet above the level; the outer edge of the ditch measures two hundred and seventy yards

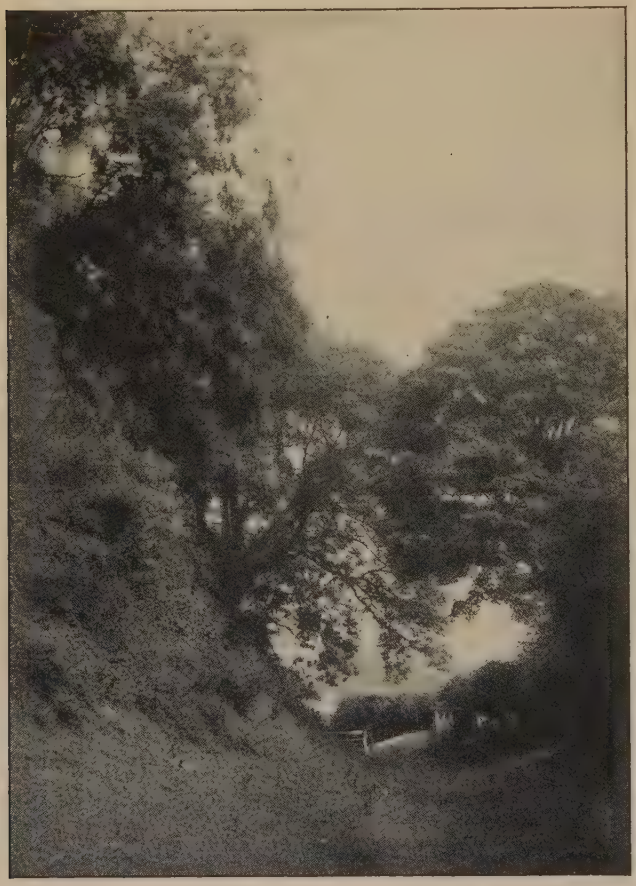
* A British city or stronghold was not what is usually understood by that term. In the first instance, the spot chosen was one difficult of access by nature, river, forest, and swamp intervening, and the large space which took the name of city, surrounded by rampart and ditch, the edge of the latter, strengthened by pointed stakes and a wall timber paling surrounding it. Such was known as an oppidum,—the Latin name for a fortified wood enclosure of the Britons; the Saxon term being a wick, as in Berwick and Barwick—and formed the chief centre of a British tribe.

round; there is a flat three-sided space outside the inner trench, but the rim of the circle is broken on the south, where it comes abruptly in contact with the outer rampart. To the west and north the ground shelves sharply down to Eastdale Beck, or the 'Rakes.' The mound is supposed to have been enclosed by a wall. The outer rampart, when first raised, would be

HALL TOWER HILL AND WENDAL, FROM RAIKES BECK.

twice its present height, and to all intents would have the appearance of a high earthen wall, its exterior defended by a deep trench or hollow way, which encircled the outer edge of the fortifications, still to be distinctly traced. The primary object of this high mound is not fully evident. It has not the appearance of having at any time supported buildings. The space between the inner and outer rampart is ample for the accommodation of a large host. Thus, originally, the mound may have served as a gathering place for spectacular demonstration, either religious, civil, or military.

Professor Phillips supposes the name of the village is derived from the Gaelic word 'barrach'—a high mound, and the centre of an ancient population: thus we have 'bearruc' and the 'bearruc wudu'—a forest, from which name Berkshire has come, and 'bibroci'—a people, from either of which the word may be derived, or Irish and Celtic, 'barrack-ad'—hut or booth, in places a hut or house for soldiers. Again, Hall Tower or Castle Hill points to an ancient tradition, assigning the spot to a royal, or at least a chieftain's residence. And again, its ancient name, 'The Auld Howe,' seems to suggest a tumulus—the burying-place of an ancient race, 'the mighty chiefs of old.' Many similar mounds, though perhaps of less dimensions, have given up their dead, on being excavated.



[*E. Bogg.*

THE OUTER TRENCH, SOUTH SIDE OF HALL TOWER HILL.

There is a tradition in Barwick that the earth needed for the construction of Hall Tower Hill was carried hither in sacks, formed from skins of wild beasts.

Just to the north of the hill, and joining on to the same system of earthworks is Wendel Hill, quite as interesting, and of a much larger area, oval in shape. The trench, in many places, is still sixteen feet in depth,

enclosing several acres. On the north it runs sheer along the high bank, and over two hundred feet below is a deep, marshy hollow—'The Rakes'—erosion by water on this side having formed an almost impassable barrier.

Thoresby quaintly observes, in his description of the place: "I came in quest of the Roman way from Bramham Moor to Barwick, where I found, on the north side of the town, a considerable agger, which is very high and steep on both sides. I traversed about three hundred paces upon the height of it, but there found obstructions that I could not easily surmount in my boots. The high bank, which is somewhat circular and winding, is called the Wendal Hill."*

BARWICK, SHOWING REMAINS OF CROSS.

Within and without the enclosure many relics of the far past have been found, and considerable quantities of human bones, from time to time, have been discovered. The plot of land recently added to the churchyard is thickly strewn with human bones—a funeral barrow of our departed ancestors. Altogether, the prehistoric fortifications existing at, and stretching eastward miles from Barwick, prove this ground to be one of the most remarkable places of antiquity to be found in England. There is a sanctity and veneration that still hovers around these prehistoric foundations stamped with the impress of long ages.

* Query: to what obstruction does the antiquary refer? Thoresby prejudges, and perhaps misleads, by using the Roman word 'agger' (an artificial heap) so frequent in Cæsar's Histories, whereas the original bank is one of natural formation, added and adapted to purposes of defence by the Brito-Celts.

Lingering here, one tries to pierce the shadows and mysteries of other times and learn something of that struggle which took place between rival races, the Briton and his Teutonic adversaries. From the landing of the latter and their settling along the Yorkshire coast, to the partial subjugation of Elmet, at least two hundred years elapsed, proving how long and bitterly the war was waged.

Barwick still retains its Maypole and customs associated therewith; it is renewed every third year. The rearing of the pole is made the scene of great rejoicing and festivity; from city, town, and village, crowds of people pour in and help to swell the tumult and babel. The echoes of the past are reawakened, and Barwick, as of old, is, on these occasions, truly the capital of Elmet. Midway between the high mound and the stately church, the Maypole is upreared; in close proximity stands the base and portion of shaft of the market cross.

A very suggestive superstition clings to this Maypole, though, perhaps, to those in other places as well; this is, during the uprearing, the timber mast (spirally striped in colours symbolic of red blood and white may—the renewal of life) has a baleful quality about it, as it were, the personified evil of a Pagan idol; and whoever is struck by it in the process (needing quite two hundred willing arms) is worse than lamed for life. As a Keswick rustic phrased it, to a friend of the writer, explanatory of an imbecile son, and gravely as of an indisputable truth, "He got knocked at Barwick" (*i.e.*, with the Maypole) "and was silly ever after." "Knocked at Barwick" is a saying for miles around when speaking of a person with weak intellect.

The village is remarkable for its character and charm, yet, strange to say, the writer has met with several intelligent persons who, although no strangers to Barwick, are altogether ignorant of its high mound entrenchments, and the great antiquity pervading it, and even the name of Elmet sounds as foreign and unmeaning to them as far-off Timbuctoo.

The two great churches of Elmet, Barwick and Sherburn, are alike dedicated to All Hallows, thus marking their Pagan source and also the Christianity the Angles received from the Celts upon their first becoming possessors of the old kingdom. Two other churches dedicated to All Hallows are those of Harewood and Otley, which to some extent goes to prove the communal boundaries of the little kingdom.

The church is a commanding perpendicular structure, with massive tower, dominating the village. It is built of two kinds of stone, limestone and sandstone; in the west face are two canopied niches, one containing

the statue of a Vavasour, who gave the stone for building the tower. The inscription reads: "Orate pro Henrico Vavasour, Anno Domini, 1414." The other niche contained the statue of Richard Burnham, a former rector of Barwick, and benefactor, who besides contributing towards the tower also built the Tithe Barn. An inscription on a door lintel in the rectory grounds bears out this. The church underwent a complete renovation in 1856 under the supervision of Geo. Fowler Jones, of York, but in some previous restoration vandalism has evidently run riot, and many objects of archæological interest have been swept away. Only lately the writer, whilst inspecting a small private museum, was shown a "holy water basin" said to have been removed from Barwick Church at the last restoration, probably belonging to one of the side chapels there. The Gascoigne was on the north and the Ellis chapel on the south, the former contains an emblazoned window with the Gascoigne arms, also those of the Vavasours and Ellises.

BARWICK-IN-ELMET CHURCH
(Taken before the last restoration—nearly fifty years ago).
The figures in the foreground are those of the late Rector (the Rev. Canon Hope) and his Curate.

The chancel is the most ancient part of the fabric, and doubtless contains Saxon masonry, bearing a close resemblance to the architecture of that period, particularly to the chancel of the church at Jarrow-on-Tyne. It certainly contains examples of the original pre-Norman church, but the objects which

testify to the antiquity of the fabric are the Runic sculptured stones, which have been removed from the walls under the supervision of the present rector. Who shall say that these venerable relics are not a portion of Thridwulf's Monastery, formerly situated in the wood of Elmet? Two historians, Simeon of Durham, and Roger de Hovedon, state that Eanbald, Archbishop of York, died at this monastery in 796. Burton's Monasticon Eboracense relates that of ten monasteries founded by Scottish monks (of Iona or Culdee training) in Yorkshire, the last of them was founded at Barwick-in-Elmet in 730.

EARLY SCULPTURED STONES IN BARWICK CHURCH.

The carving of the figures on the stones is grotesque and rude, and not by any means the work of an artist who has been taught the ordinary rudiments of sculpture, or attained any knowledge in the Ligurian or continental schools, such knowledge as even the Italian artists of the seventh and eighth centuries possessed, for they were in direct touch with classic masterpieces—thus the carving on the stones is the work of a person who has received no art training, hence the uncouth modelling of the figures.

To definitely locate the site of the Monastery is beyond our power. The site probably rests between Barwick and Potterton. The former has the stronger claim. At the latter place, however, many vestiges found during the nineteenth century point strongly to a religious edifice having formerly existed there.*

The churchyard contains the body of Billy Dawson, the celebrated preacher and a native of Barnbow. Barwick teems with association to, and memories of this worthy, and the beautiful chapel lately erected there is to his memory.

About the middle of last century one Mary Morritt, a woman who it is said was gifted with double sight, used to watch the church at midnight of St. Mark's eve, and she professed to foretell the death of any person in the

* The temporal side of its ecclesiastical position has maintained itself with great constancy at Barwick. The financial worth of its rectory, reflecting all the wealth and benevolence that may have first created it, has kept it one of the prizes of the northern church. According to the returns of 1525 its position stood thus:—

BARWYKE IN ELMETT RECTORY—THOMAS STANLEY, INCUMBENT.

	£	s.	d.
The Rectory, worth in together with the glebe, the tithes of garbs, oblations, and all other profits and emoluments belonging thereto, demised to farm for £30 yearly; the farmer to find a chaplain for the cure and pay him as salary 100s.; in all yearly	35	0	0
Reprises in—			
Money paid yearly in pension . . . to the prebendary in the chapel of the Castle of Pontefract, 25s.; and similarly to the Archbishop "singuli" (for himself individually), 2s. 6d.	1	7	6
The clear yearly worth	£33	12	6
The tenth part thereof	3	7	3

Like Bolton Percy, a fat rectory had an absentee rector. The bitter scorn with which Chaucer had assailed these absentee shepherds a century and a half before, was equally merited in the days when the nation was demanding drastic reform, and, moreover, in a temper to enforce it. It made a great effort, but do the annals of the New-Style Church say that it accomplished its aim?

There was also a well-endowed chantry in the church:—

CHANTRY OF BARWICK IN ELMET—RICHARD ELYS, INCUMBENT.

	£	s.	d.
The chantry is worth, intents and forms of divers closes, viz.—			
One close in the tenure of William Barden, 29s.; of one close called Brounclose, 40s.; of one close in the tenure of William Briggs, 20s.; one close in the tenure of John Jakson, 13s. 4d.; and one close in the tenure of William Diconson, 8s. yearly; in all	5	10	4
In old rent, repaid to our lord the king, issuing from the aforesaid	1	2	6
Clear yearly value	£4	7	10
Tenth part thereof	0	8	9½

parish during the following year, by the flitting of their figures passing into the church during her annual midnight vigil. It is said that the death of her own husband was the last she foretold.

North-east of the church are the sites of former extensive lime quarries; Barwick lime being acknowledged of the best, and it was used by Smeaton in the construction of Eddystone lighthouse. Here the road winds down the steep bank to Potterton Bridge, and the trench connecting Barwick to the earthworks can be traced running along the face of the high bank from Wendel Hill to some hundred paces beyond the road, from hence it falls into the valley, climbs the opposite bank, and in its zigzag course runs along the edge of the hill known as Becca Banks to Aberford.

Here, where the road crosses the beck by bridge in the deep hollow to Potterton, was, in bygone times, the scene of many a flood and washing away of bridges. The present structure was erected about a century ago, and the workmen, in digging for the foundation, came upon another complete structure, probably buried with debris in some great spate, and which succeeding floods and their accumulation had completely hidden. From hence the road winds through a deep hollow to Potterton.

VIEW OF BARWICK FROM THE EAST.

The old way to Kiddle (or Kiddhall) Hall—another case of duplicated terms—from Barwick, the way by which the Ellises wended to and from church, is by the street called Bow Hill, running between the two entrenched positions over the Rakes, by a wooden bridge, thence into a lane locally known as Dark Lane, a deep old hollow road where the pack-horse route crossed before the present Leeds and York turnpike was made. Nowadays we only find vestiges of it here and there. Opposite Potterton it crosses Dark Lane at Copple Syke Spring. Half a century ago five skeletons were unearthed near this spring. As no information could be obtained respecting any burial here, it was supposed by the

late Canon Hope that they were the bodies of those who had committed suicide, since such were formerly buried near to cross roads, and not in consecrated ground.

Beyond Potterton the old hollow road can be traced for some distance towards Tadcaster. A little distance beyond Potterton, on the open moor, stood the house of one Johnny Monks or Manks (his son and grandson were

KIDDALL HALL.

both called Johnny). It was here the pack-horses were changed and left in charge of Manks, while the relay went forward over the moor to the accompaniment of jingling bells fixed on the head of the leader. This 'belling' was a gay custom of old, and not without purport. Was it to warn

of approach, or hearten the beasts to put 'best foot foremost'; or to keep the attendants' courage up after the fashion of the whistling schoolboy of the poet, by dark ways in dark times?

Kiddle Hall is situated by the side of the Leeds and York highway, a little over a mile from Barwick. It is a semi-domestic structure dating from the early fifteenth century, some portions belonging to even an earlier date. From the thirteenth to the eighteenth century the important family of the Ellises flourished here, the last member to reside at the hall being William Ellis, who died in 1725. Before the making of the high road, the house was surrounded by a beautiful park, and wild moor encircled it on three sides, conjoining with the 'white car'—white because of its sheets of silky cotton-grass—and the 'black fen' portions of the Bramham demesne. The map-names alone remain to tell us how the features of this district have unrecognisably changed in a hundred years!

During the Civil War a skirmish took place on Whinmoor between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, which ended in the complete rout of the latter. Fairfax was gradually retreating across Bramham Moor, before a much superior force of Royalists. After crossing Potterton Beck and reaching the next high land, they were suddenly confronted by another body of Royalists who had reached the moor from the north side of Bramham. The enemy attacking both in front and rear, the soldiers of the Parliament fled; many were slain or taken prisoners, whilst Fairfax and the cavalry escaped with difficulty into Leeds.

During alterations at Kiddle a secret room was discovered, in which were found a coat-of-arms and other relics, supposed to have been hidden during the Civil War. Tradition says the place is haunted by one John Ellis, killed by the Parliamentarians previous to the skirmish on the moor, March, 1643; the Roundheads, ransacking all the houses in the vicinity for food and drink, possibly met with opposition from the Ellises, who were staunch Royalists. To this day people tell one the troubled spirit of the slain Ellis cannot rest, and still flits mysteriously around the precincts of its former home. The house, if not imposing, is very picturesque; the peculiarly shaped bay window, added in the first year of the fifteenth century, is full of interest, and on it is the following inscription:

"Orate pro ai-bas Thom Elys et Anna uxoris sue qui istam fenestram fecerunt Anno Dni M.C.C.C.C.C."

Above is a battlemented parapet, with pinnacles adorned with a trailing

pattern of vine leaves and grapes, under which are many symbolic ornaments and devices.*

Land between Kiddal and Hazelwood, seventy or eighty years ago, was unenclosed, and it is still known as Bramham Moor, although now enclosed and cultivated. It was formerly the scene of many highway robberies, and also the abode of numerous ghosts, warlocks, and barguests (or bar-ghaist, literally, bier ghost), who nightly peregrinated, to the terror of women and children. One strange, weird, wild, superstitious belief tells how, at death, the soul in a kind of probational journey must pass over the wild waste of "Whinney Moor." Over the dead body the death-song, a dirge-like lament, was sung. It told that if the person had bestowed alms, and performed other good works in his pilgrimage on earth, there need be no dread of crossing the wild waste of Whinney Moor, but, on the contrary—

"If hosen or shoon thou never gave none,
Every neght and awle,
The whinns shall prick thee to the bare bone,
And Christ receive thy sawle."

Then the soul passes over the "Brig o' Dread" to "Purgatory Fire," and here—

"If ever thou gave either milk or drink,
Every neght and awle,
The fire shall never make thee shrink,
And Christ receive thy sawle."

Around the district also linger many old-world legends and superstitious customs, such as putting the bees into mourning. On the death of a member of the household, the event is announced to the hive, which is draped with crape, and the bees served with biscuits soaked in wine; the ritual is known as 'telling the bees,' and should the practice be neglected, it is firmly believed the bees will die. Striking the door key on the fire shovel is a sure expedient to bring back to the hive a swarm of bees. Death warnings, mysterious signs and omens, etc.:—a swarm of bees alighting on a dead branch is an unlucky omen, and sure sign of death

* In Torre's *Testamentary Burials* several notices occur of this family.—"William Ellis, of Kiddal, Esq., made his Will, proved April, 1515, giving his soul to God Almighty, St. Mary, and All Saints, and his body to be buried within 'Our Lady's quire' of the Church of All Hallows', in Berwick. Wm. Ellis, of Kiddal, Esq., under his Will, proved November, 1573, giving his soul (as above), and his body to be buried on the south side of the chantry 'quire,' of the Parish Church of Berwick-in-Elmet. Mary Ellis, of Berwick-in-Elmet, gentlewoman, made her Will, proved February, 1630, giving her soul (as above), and her body to be buried in the Parish Church of Berwick-in-Elmet, near unto her late husband."

in the family; children born at midnight are supposed to see 'doubly,' that is, have vision in darkness as well as in light, and are known as double or second sighted.*

We now return into the main valley by way of Potterton, the residence of the Wilkinsons. Here, where the three lanes meet, is locally known as Morgan's Cross, and the name of the adjoining croft is Manor Garth. In the hedgerow yew trees flourish, and formerly the valley sloping down towards Barwick had the appearance of a dark, solemn, and mysterious grove, so dense were the large spreading yews.† The yew-tree is a native of the magnesian limestone tract of Yorkshire, but the finest trees were sadly lopped in the days of archery; some large very old ones still exist, however, on the dry wold beyond Bramham, about Oglethorpe.

CUCKOO HATCHED IN TITLARK'S NEST, NEAR SCHOLES.

To the west of Manor Garth is a wood enclosing a double trench and rampart. This, oral tradition supposes to be the site of King Morgan's castle. Who this King Morgan was we cannot determine for certain, yet

* Connected with this district, by a happy chance I am able to give a unique photographic reproduction of a foster-mothered cuckoo, hatched in a titlark's nest (on the railway bank, near Scholes station), having shouldered out (as is the habit of this ungrateful chick) the last rightful nestling. This was in early July of 1901. The foster mother and father did their duty in feeding their wonderling, and, so far as local watchers could make sure, they successfully reared an alien to wing its maiden way over wide leagues of foam to its first spring or second summer in a far-away foreign land.

† A small field at this place is named, to this day, the King's Paddock.

the place is strangely significant of both a church and stronghold,* and here, says one, any native born can inform the stranger that on this site, in olden time, stood a church which was demolished and burnt by the Scots in one of their raids.

The supposed monastery of the most reverend abbot and priest, Thridwulf, Bede states, stood in the wood of Elmet. In support of this story, there were found in Manor Garth during alterations, about the middle of the last century, three stone coffins, one of which may still be seen in the dog kennels adjoining Potterton Hall; and in the gardens, etc., at the latter place, are various bits of church relics in stone, which tradition reports are from Manor Garth.†

Passing from the latter place we wander down the pleasant vale to where the becks meet. A little nearer Barwick the Ass Bridge spans the Cock, and a few paces to the south in the wood and on the edge of the high cliff, is a fine view of Barwick *(see reproduction)*.

This spot is also the scene of the apparition of the cliff lady, a crepuscular spirit, often seen in years gone by. 'Twas said to be the restless ghost of a lady believed to have been murdered at Parlington. A belated traveller relates that, in passing this spot, a carriage emerged from the wood and crossed the road in front of him, and he distinctly saw the white face of a lady, but he heard no sound of horses' feet or crunching of wheels, as the carriage mysteriously glided away. At other times, she has been revealed by the moonlight washing her dress by the beck side. Apart from this apparition, in olden time the Padfoot, with huge saucer eyes and clanking chains, nightly held the bridge, to the terror of the village lads and the continual dread of the superstitious; and the people feared to pass the spot at midnight.

The road from Barwick to Aberford, fringing the beautiful domain of Parlington, is most pleasant; avenues and groves of fine trees, whose umbrageous branches cast lovely shadows, alternating with pretty little dells of sunlight.

* Pelagius, who denied original sin and asserted the doctrine of free-will and the merit of good works (fourth century), and who was the founder of Pelagianism, one of the heresies that crept into the early British Church, was a Briton by birth, and his name, in Celtic, was Morgan; thus it is quite within the bounds of possibility that he may have been connected with a religious house here, and the place, Morgan's Cross, named after him.

† Potterton was formerly noted for the manufacture of a coarse kind of pottery, such as milk bowls, stewpots, etc.

The path by the River Cock is even more charming to those interested in all the wonders of creative nature, luxuriant and beautiful in wildest loveliness, where bee and butterfly love to flit and roam from flower to flower. The bloom of the wild rose, the creamy tint of the elder blossom,

A VIEW OF BARWICK FROM COCK BECK.

and the graceful meadow-sweet, the spikes of the Canterbury bells gleaming in the hedgerows, the chequered flickering of light, imaging the sun's form; while the air is perfumed with the fragrance of flowers and scented with the odour of meadow grass and pine wood.

Wandering through such pastoral scenes we are apt to forget the toil and sorrow of life, yet above us in the woods of Beckhey, twisting and curving with the beck, are the Celtic earthworks carrying the mind back to the stern strife of bygone days!

Crossing the water at Becca Mills, now partly in ruins, we follow the rampart to Aberford. The word Becca, or Becka, has a very much older form in Beckhaugh or hey, making it Norse and probably meaning the hillock at the beck, as the little river is always designated the "Beck." Becca Hall stands on the north bank of the Cock, in a small, yet beautiful park, the residence of A. T. Schreibner, Esq. It was anciently in the possession of the Grammarys. In the seventeenth century it was in the hands of the well-known Carvill family, and from thence passed to the Markhams. Sir Clement Markham, K.C.B., the worthy historian of the Fairfaxes, is a grandson of the Hon. William Markham, of Becca Hall.

THE AVENUE, ON THE ROAD TO ABERFORD.

Aberford—Aber (Celtic), a confluence, with a ford, a passage over a stream or river—hence Aberford. The name has, however, been written variously—Aberforth, Abbeyforth, and Edburforth, the two latter names throwing some suspicion on the derivation of its name from a confluence at the ford. It was undoubtedly an adjunct to the great station at Barwick, both in Celtic

and Angle times, its boundaries reaching to the Norse settlement of Grimston and Kirkby.

Aberford church is dedicated to St. Ricarius or Ricquier, not the English saint of that name living during the thirteenth century, but the St. Ricarius of the seventh century. Although existing in ages so far apart, strange to say, the lives of the two men have much in similarity, both in character and incident. The dedication to St. Ricarius is most interesting. This saint appears to have visited England about the middle of the seventh century, the period when the little Christian kingdom of Elmet was falling from the grasp of the Celt into the hands of the Engle-folk. Why then should we not attribute this church to the memory of the man who may have visited the Celts in Elmet, and preached to them in the great station at Barwick?

The church, with its former traces of vast antiquity, is a fine building, enlarged, and in some degree repaired, in 1821, when the early Norman chancel arch was barbarously used; it was rebuilt in 1861, except the tower and chancel, the former being restored in 1891. The Registers date from 1540. The patronage of the church passed from the Grammarys, who presented it to the knightly family of Walkyngham in 1230. The latter held it until 1331, when it was appropriated to the provost and scholars of the house of St. Mary at Oxford, collegiated in that university, and now Oriel College, to which it still belongs.

The churchyard contains several fragments of antiquity, in shape of stone coffins, etc., and its situation, high above the street, is very beautiful.

Near the south wall rest the remains of "Sammy Hick," the famous blacksmith preacher of Micklefield. The church contains a stained glass window to his memory. The old people still relate a miracle performed by Sammy Hick. Between Hook Moor and the south end of Aberford is a disused old windmill, where the miracle is said to have been performed. There had been a long spell of calm, dry weather, and there was no flour for the seed-bread wanted at the love-feast on the coming Sunday. Sammy had great faith in prayer, feeling certain that the meal would be forthcoming; so he went forth with the wheat to the mill, and began earnestly to pray. Strange to say, his prayers were answered. The sails and millstones began slowly to revolve, until grain sufficient for the purpose was ground. News of the mill in motion soon spread, and other persons with corn to be ground appeared, but for them there was no favouring breeze, for, like St. Thomas, their faith was not even as large as a grain of mustard seed.

SAMMY HICK'S ANVIL.

One John Walton, vicar of Aberford, who died in 1640, attained the remarkable age of one hundred and fifteen years. The parish is healthily situated, which its record of longevity proves. The Register shows that nearly thirty persons have reached upwards of ninety years since 1780, and two persons have died over a hundred years, one reaching one hundred and seven. Amongst the long age records are the names of Helen Hick, who died in 1795, aged ninety, and one Robert Hick, mason, who died in 1845, aged ninety-two.

John Hick (doubtless ancestor of Sammy Hick, the well-known preacher) was a celebrated manufacturer of pins, locally known as a

'pinner.' This John Hick left "£50 to ye poor of ye p'ish of Abbaford, the interest or clear rent whereof (after a purchase made) is to be divided amongst them three times every year for ever."

The following tragic event, in connection with this church, is on record, June 26th, 1347:—"A general sentence against those who entered Aberford Church, and killed John de Byngham, clerk, whilst kneeling before the high altar in prayer."

Strange to say, Aberford is not mentioned in the Domesday Book, although the adjoining manors of Parlington and Hazelwood are recorded.

Aberford has always been favoured for residential purposes. When the Edwards, in succession, for more than a century occupied the throne, and came north on their rounds of war or pleasure, the quiet little town was one of their hunting stations. State documents still exist in connection with this place, enacted by each of these monarchs. From Edward I., in 1302, one of the barons Despencer, then owner, obtained a charter* for a weekly market there on Wednesday, and also a yearly fair on the eve, day, and morrow of the feast of St. Dionis (Denys). The worthy Longshanks knew the place and patronised it on more than one occasion during his war journeys north.

Just on the south of the village are the almshouses, an institution for the aged poor. They were erected in 1844 by Maria Isabella and Elizabeth Gascoigne to the memory of their dearest father, Richard Oliver Gascoigne, and their beloved brothers, Thomas Oliver and Richard Oliver Gascoigne, all of whom were carried off by death within the short space of twelve months. The institution is for eight pensioners, four of each sex, who have been tenants on the Parlington or Lotherton estates, and who are upwards of sixty years old. The hospital is a stately pile of architecture, with a central tower and beautiful Gothic chapel, and, with the woods of Parlington in the background, forms a noble picture.

The Roman Catholic Church, dedicated to St. Wilfrid, contains exquisite old coloured glass windows.

Camden, in his Britannia, says: "We travelled along the bold ridge of the Roman military way to Aberford, a little village by the side of the way, famous for making pins, which are in great request among the ladies. Below this runs the River Coc, called in books Cocker, and in the descent to the river are to be seen the foundations of an old castle called 'Castle

* The first charter for a weekly market and an annual fair was obtained by Henry-le-Grammary about the year 1250.

Carey.'" This castle, probably built by the Normans on an earlier foundation, is also mentioned by other historians. Its site is in the grounds belonging to the residence of Miss Wharton, known locally as Abbey House.

Traditions of a monastery erected in 655 by the Scottish bishops, trained by Columba in Iona, linger around this spot. There is no positive evidence,* yet there are certain vestiges indicative of such a house, which may have been despoiled and burnt by the Danes two centuries later. But what is

[*W. G. Foster.*

PARLINGTON PARK.

absolutely more certain, the spot is the site of a Roman fortification, built to guard the passage of the Cock. It is situated on the tongue of land between the latter beck and the deep ravine, down which filters the little stream rising on the confines of Hook Moor, known as the Crow, or Craw.

* Burton says that the second of the religious houses built by the Scottish monks in 655 was at Abberford, Newton Kyme, or Tadcaster. All places are on the line of the old road, but which place has this honour of sanctity seems uncertain.

That the Normans had a fortification on this site we have undoubted proof, apart from the testimony of Camden and other old historians. As we have observed, in bygone years a good market and fairs were held, but grew less each succeeding year and are now things of the past.

[*Frank Dean.*

ABERFORD FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

The place is unique in appearance and character, and entirely different from other villages in the basin of the Wharfe, and consists chiefly of one long well-built street, rising from the beck to the opposing ridges on each side.

From different points of vantage, interesting landscapes are to be viewed. The church, with its tapering spire, surrounded by umbrageous trees, rising above the house-roofs of the town, forms a very pleasing scene ; the old corn mill, its waterwheel and ivied cottage, and hard by, the slender aspiring poplars ; the valley spreading west through lush meadows, with the twisting stream, and the bold wooded escarpment partly hiding the trenches

of Becca, which bring to mind far-reaching memories—historic scenes which pierce the mists of a remote age.

From the bridge, the view north or south, along the course of the old Roman street, which has oft resounded with the tramp of armies and the rumble of mail-coaches, has features interesting to the antiquary and historian. The old ruined windmill, minus the sails, perched on the hill slope east of the town, silhouetted against a pale blue sky, over which huge pack clouds are sailing westwards, casting deep shadows on the landscape, and two quaint white-walled cottages abutting on the circular structure of the mill, make a striking picture in this hill and dale belvedere; one which probably commands the attention of the tourist more than others, although only a thing of yesterday compared with the antiquity of objects around: notably the great Roman way—the Ermyne Street—running, as we have already observed, from Castleford over Hook Moor, where the high causeway is still in good preservation.

Thence the present road passes along the side of the old road until reaching Aberford. A little distance north of the town, beyond Black Horse Farm, the Roman street bears away to the right of the present road, and here it is a very conspicuous landmark, running over the fields, a high, compact ridge.

Practically cultivation seems to have had little effect in lowering the ridge of this original Roman road. At Nip Scaup, or Nut Hill, by the side of the ridge, is an old farm, where the family of the Noverleys have dwelt for hundreds of years. Report says they came in the train of the first Vavasour, and were huntsmen for that House when most of the land hereabouts was wild moor, fen and forest. A little distance south, where the old and new roads part, formerly stood a cross; Highcross Cottage keeps its memory green. Immediately to the north of this place there is a length of the Roman road remaining. It diverges from the present turnpike and passes over the cultivated fields in the vicinity of Headley Bar; the present road is

on the track of the Roman way. Apart from the high ridge, other proofs of this old road are strongly in evidence. Here in the fields, after the cultivation year by year, a long line, almost of snowy whiteness, is brought to the surface. This annual earth-ghost is due to the upturning of the Roman-way subsoil, chiefly by the plough, but in part by worms, and its subsequent disintegration and bleaching by the weather. Down in the little valley immediately to the west, there is a fine well of water, known as the "Duke of Buckingham's Well." From evidences here there has formerly been a substantial house hereabouts. There is a local tradition which needs no

comment: it says that the Duke of Buckingham, riding from the battle of Towton, fell sick of flux; being advised of the astringent properties of the well, he drank and was cured.

From Windmill Hill we may behold, mentally, the legions of Honorius passing southwards never to return; and picture the natives watching the departure of their imperial masters, to some a source of pleasure, to others of sorrow; emblazoned banners wave, yet the cordon is tightly drawn: Rome calls afar to her sons for help. Thus our thoughts mingle with scenes of far-off days and present times.

A PEEP FROM THE LOTHERTON ROAD.

In coaching days Aberford was a place of some fame. The "Swan" and the "Arabian Horse," with their quaint settles and picturesque interiors are evidences of bygone bustle and far greater prosperity. Sixty or seventy years ago, Bramham Moor, "the home of howling winds," was quite enlivened by the passing to and fro of mail-coaches. Now and again, when the hounds meet at the crossing of roads, the scene partakes of the character and picturesqueness of the past. From one coach named the "True Blue,"

a native of the moor, now fast approaching fourscore, told the writer that as a boy it was his duty to obtain a copy of the "Leeds Mercury," the price of which was sevenpence-halfpenny.

Bramham Moor is said to have been a rendezvous of Nevison, the celebrated highwayman, and the "Black Horse," now a farm, is the place where, report says, he baited his famous mare during his fabled ride on her from London to York.

In our journey down the vale we follow the south bank and note the entrenchments known as the Woodhouse Moor Rein,—rein or rine, a strip or stripe—which extend from Aberford, south east, to Lotherton. Professor Phillips regards them as part of a system of earthworks of an ancient population having its centre at Barwick, but whether raised by Briton or Saxon, he could not be certain. Doubtless this great system of earthworks, so complete in their design and carrying out, are pre-Roman, or were constructed as a barrier against the invasion of the latter people. They are so linked together from Wendel Hill at Barwick to the swampy lands of low-lying Lead, and in some places running on both sides of the river, east and west, and show by their contour a preconceived design. To this day they remain a great monument of that very eventful period to the Briton—the coming of the Romans. Here by the roadside is Mr. Young's small museum of curios and antiquities, many of which have been found in the district: flint implements, Roman coins of Constantinus and Faustina, the famous (and infamous) Empress of Rome.

Hidden in a recess across the road is the old market cross brought hither from Aberford, which formerly stood by the churchyard near the old vicarage. It was removed from there during the time of plague, and the fairs removed hither also, and such was the fear of the plague that the purchase money was placed in a trough containing water, and taken out by the sellers, and here in the hedgerow the old cross still rests. A strange and pathetic interest invests this silent testimony to the fearful plague-time of long past. 'Tis a pity the old stone cannot be removed to its former site, it being a relic around which, to some extent, the history of Aberford centres. The registers of the church tell a fearful and pathetic story of that terrible visitation, when the families of those infected were compelled by force to live with those smitten fatally, and receive, as it were, their certain doom.

Half a mile beyond we turn aside to the right, and a few hundred yards brings us to Lotherton (Lutterington of old). The surroundings of the place are wonderfully picturesque. The antique ivy-clad and gabled house

by the road side, with the large overhanging trees, are typical of the past. But apart from this picture the tiny hamlet contains a little private chapel, belonging to an old manor-house, and not much bigger than the squire's pew in some chapels. Like a jewel in a casket, it is hidden by dense foliage and interwoven with ivy. In the summer time, with the exception of the bell gable, it is completely hidden to the passer-by, and to the casual observer its claims to beauty and antiquity are lost. Yet the little chapel is capable of teaching a most instructive lesson, which the thinking pedestrian cannot afford to neglect. As a relic of an age we are apt to despise as barbarous, it is a striking reproof to modern times and builders. Only when one has passed through the intricate maze of foliage and reached the entrance doorway do we grasp the evidence of its antiquity. The north doorway, now walled up, is decidedly Norman—twelfth century. There is an ancient holy-water stoup of the same age as the arch of the north door. The east window is a small narrow slit. The deeply recessed windows, hidden on the outside by dense foliage, give the interior an air of gloom. The fittings are of the rudest description. Through the cracks in the roof tendrils of ivy have crept and now hang from the roof to the floor of the chapel in clusters! The interior of the building is 54 feet by 21. Needless to say, service is not held in the chapel now. The venerable relic is in a most dilapidated condition, now evidently used as a pigeon cote, and a place for fowls to roost in.

The estate was a part of the Archbishop's barony of Sherburn: hence Sherburn is the mother church—nearly four miles away, while Aberford is little more than a mile. Richard de Lutterington held a knight's fee there, in 1202. In 1251 the manor went to Robert Haget, treasurer of York, and

Gilbert Bernevale, his assign, who died in 1276, leaving daughters, Albreda and Cecily. Albreda had a son, Gilbert Conday; Cecily was married to Gilbert Neville, but it was found that Gilbert Bernevale, before his death, had granted the Lotherton lands to Joan, daughter of Alan Sampson, of York, and had placed her in full seisin of them. Afterwards, however, the Nevilles and Sir Robert Fourneaux seem to have divided the estate. John Neville, of Lotherton, took a prominent part in the disastrous Scottish Wars of Edward II., commanding a portion of the West Riding men who were at Bannockburn.

INTERIOR (LOOKING WEST) LOTHERTON CHAPEL.

After them the Grammarys occupied, and, in 1495, Sir Guy Fairfax confirmed Lutterington and other lands to his son Guy: "Rendering thereof to Sir Guy one red rose yearly, at the Feast of the Nativity of St. John Baptist;" and so it was that the little chapel of Lotherton, where the knight has kept his vigils before starting on his journey to the Holy Wars, told the tale of England's glory from the Crusades to Marston Moor; and from thence Major (now Colonel) Gascoigne rode forth to take part in our late war against the Boers.

A mile further down in the vale is the little Church of Lead, or Lede (another proof of Celtic occupation), erected in the thirteenth century as a

private chapel to Lead Hall: in bygone days a place of some importance, now deserted and falling to ruins. In the early centuries it was the home of the Teyes family, afterwards the Scargills.

About this very ancient domain Leland tells us not a little of what we want to know. He saw it about 1540, and thus reporteth:—"Aberford is a poor thoroughfare on Watling Street. Cock Beck springeth west of it and so runneth through it, and thence, by much turning to Lead, a hamlet where Skargill had a fair manor place of timber. Scargill, late knight, left two daughters to his heirs, whereof Tunstall wedded one, and Gascoyne of Bedfordshire, the other. Cock Beck after crosseth by Saxton and Towton village and fields and forth into Wharfe River, beneath Tadcaster."

NORTH DOORWAY, LOTHERTON CHAPEL.

In its palmy days this fair domain, with its then timber manor-house and outbuildings, as described by Leland, must, indeed, have been a charming spot. In the midst of fertile meadow land stands the church; the ground on either side rising more boldly, encloses the picturesque vale. The eye that loves to rest on quiet scenes, and see the inexhaustible beauties of natural detail, finds much to admire here.

The interior of the chapel is very roughly furnished with a few rude benches, a plain deal communion table, font, and an ancient chest. On the floor are four tombstones, from which the brasses have been removed. The arms on the tombs are a fesse with three mallets; also the names of Margeria, Baldwinius, and Franconis, members of the ancient Teyes family.

Margaret was the daughter of Roger le Teyes and niece and heiress to Walter le Teyes, Baron of Steingrieve, who also owned lands in Yorkshire,

Bedfordshire, Essex, and Buckinghamshire. He was summoned as baron, February 6th, 1298, and fought in the Scotch campaign. He and Henry le Teyes were the two barons who affixed their seals to the letter addressed to the Pope from the Parliament held at Lincoln in 1301, protesting against the Pope's interference with the claims of Edward I. to the crown of Scotland.

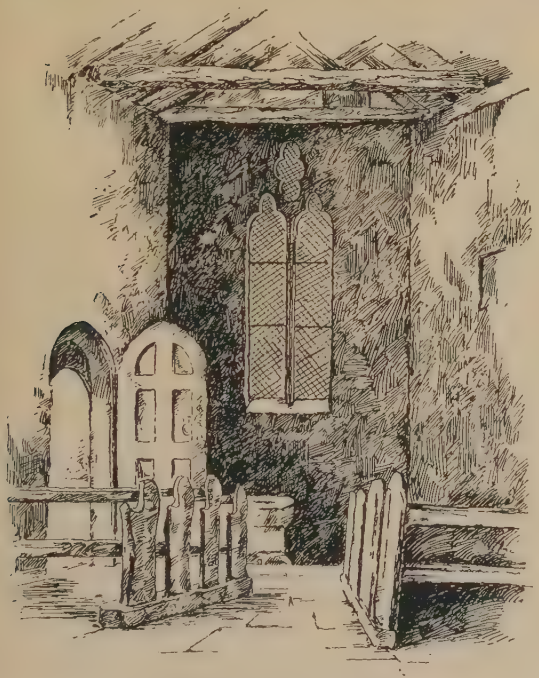
LEAD CHURCH (TREE IN FOREGROUND NOW GONE).

A Franco Tyays, of the county of York, was summoned to come, with horse and arms, to Parliament at Berwick. Walter le Teyes died in the eighteenth year of Edward II.; Margaret, his niece and heiress, being about twenty-six years of age. A representative of this old and important family remains in the person of the Rev. James Tyas, the present Vicar of Padiham.*

* The Tyases held Lede Hall for some generations. In 1278 Franco le Tyays having to answer for free warren and his lands quit of service at Lede and elsewhere, claimed by charter of Henry III., granting to him, Franco, and his heirs free warren in all his domain lands of Lede, Wodchuse, and Farnley. This was to be inquired into with reference to usurped privileges. He did service in person at the county service nearest after Michaelmas, and at the 'trithing' after that feast. The word 'trithing,' or 'tryering,' is obsolete; it meant the sessions whereat the specious 'special pleader' (whence our phrase of to-day) had liberty to say what was—not the truth. The word occurs in one of Alex. Brome's songs, who himself was an attorney, and he makes the versed assertion:—

Chiefly by the efforts of the Vicar of Ryther, Lede Chapel* has lately been put into a state of repair.

For the present, instead of continuing down the vale, let us go by field, path, and hedgerow, up the rising ground, north-west to the fine elevation on which presides the historic hall of the famed Vavasours, Vavasor, or Valvasor. The King's Valvasor was an office of great honour in olden time—a sort of land-valet or steward of the vassals. The massive hall, with embattled frontage and two projecting wings and fine flight of steps built of grey limestone, stands forth in bold relief against a dark background of wood.



INTERIOR, LEAD CHURCH.

This ancestral seat of the Vavasours represents an unbroken tenure, extending even beyond the Conquest, but how long we cannot say. Such evidence as can be obtained on the subject goes to show that this family sprang from one of the Celtic chieftains, who, though subjected to Teutonic rule, have never been dispossessed of all their lands, and in that position were the hereditary rulers of Tadcaster.

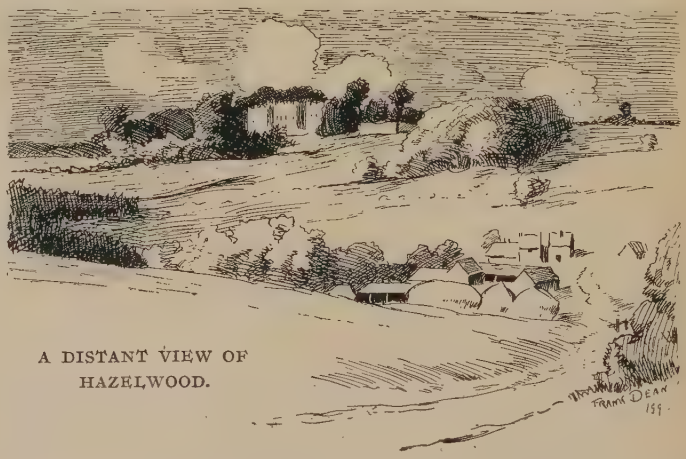
"And shew'd themselves as errant lyars,
As they were 'prentice to the tryers."

At the wapentake of Barkeston and Aggebrigg after that feast, he gave 6s. 4d., wapentake fine, to be quit of all other services, county, trithing, and wapentake. These Tayases were tenants of the De Laci, of whom they had been retainers for more than a century.

* Two services are held in the church yearly. The reason for this singular custom seems to be lost in mists of antiquity. The following is an extract from a Ryther terrier dated July 28, 1853:—"Annexed to the mother church and in the parish is a small chapel called Lead or Lede Hall Chapel where Divine Service is performed by custom on the first Sunday after the Feasts of St. Mark and St. Luke respectively." The Rector of Ryther receives from this chapel, in lieu of tithe, an annual income of £1 18s. 8d., irrespective of any obligation or service held in the chapel.

The prominence of the Vavasours in the early grants of the Percys is a circumstance pointing strongly to that fact. The early machinery of the government of the district with Nigel, the provost at Huddlestone in the first decade of the twelfth century, and with the authority and ownership of the Vavasour, extending west to Addingham, is all in accordance with the permitted rule of a Tributary chief. Their name, Valvasor, was derived from the office and not from the territory.

The inheritor of Haselwood was a Valvasor, not by blood but by position; doubtless the office was hereditary, but all the same the title continued to be that of an officer and not of an inheritor. It was exactly in that position which the Vavasours of Haselwood were when Percy and De Laci had to settle the bounds of their respective fees, for record in the Domesday Survey. The difficulty which presented itself to them arose from the long-permitted rule of the Vavasours. Eventually the territory in the Iselwood and the Saxton (the latter name bespeaking its Saxon and stone-quarry origin) went to the Percy. The lands adjoining, at Towton, went to the De Laci, in the swamps of which extending on both sides of the River Cock the native "Leedes," or Leods, the Celtic people of Elmet—the men bound to the soil—were left to settle.



A DISTANT VIEW OF HAZELWOOD.

At Lead there is still this further peculiarity—that Lead is a chapelry in the parish of Ryther, miles away, while Lotherton, although close to Aberford, is in the Parish of Sherburn, whose Parish Church is also four miles off. The only possible explanation of these peculiarities lies in the old Celtic entrenchments, called, on the east of Aberford, Woodhouse Moor Rein, the Wodchuse of the Charter. West of that are Becca Banks and the Ridge, the whole having been one of the defences of the British Kingdom of Elmet, beyond which Edwin's conquest did not reach.

At Hazelwood, Ryther, and the swampy ground of the Fen district, the local Celtic chieftains have been firmly established. At both places the families evidently there at the time of the first records demonstrate well-settled possession, and many Celtic names and customs.

The old name of Haselwood (Iselwood) establishes the "hall" or "hael" that always implies local government. At least since the days of the Conquest this ancient and noble family have held the lands of Hazelwood, except for a short time in the reign of Henry III., when it was in pawn to Aaron, a Jew at York, for the sum of £350. He made a conveyance of his security to Queen Eleanor, in discharge of a debt due to her, from whom John le Vavasor received it again on payment of the money.

In its feudal aspect, Hazelwood presents the earliest features of a Seat in rank just below the dignity of a baronial Castle. As a stone edifice capable of supporting the operations of war as then known, it had an early beginning. In 1286, King Edward I. gave leave to castellate the mansion, which really means that, by that time, what Mauger had left of the old timber hall of his ancestors had become decrepit by wear and time, and, action being necessary, stone might be used in the erection of a strong and warlike edifice.

The venerable Gothic chapel, founded in that year, gives an evidence of the castellated structure, not externally altered by the present hall, the front of which has been remodelled with some incongruity of taste. The fatal influence of the times, exhibited in the Jacobean architectural alterations inside the chapel, gives some clue to the execution of the present front of the hall.

Sir Thomas Vavasour, the first who dropped the ancestral "le," was knight-marshal of the King's household, and created a baronet in 1628; had he remained a simple knight, the Gothic features of the castellated mansion of Sir Robert le Vavasour would have existed to this present day. The exterior consists of a centre and two wings; unfortunately the effect is marred by the Jacobean work in the approach to the entrance hall—a magnificent room, around which are the shields emblazoned with the family arms. From the battlements an expanse of country spreads before the eye, the battlefield of Towton appearing in the foreground.

The hall stands about midway between Stutton and Aberford, on the high ground, facing a most beautiful park. From the castle is a fine panoramic view of hill and dale, east and north-east the eye roams with pleasure across the rich vales of Mowbray and York, through which can be

seen glimpses of the shining Ouse, passing village, church, hamlet, and the stately towers of York. Far away over this fertile vale eastward stretch the outlines of the Wold hills; northward the heather-clad moors blend their contours sweetly with the clouds. Standing in front of the castellated mansion, the spectator cannot but be impressed by this imposing palace of ancient England. The whole place breathes of mediæval times, and yet not in the same way as the hoary ruin or the dismantled fortress, for it is as perfect as when the Vavasour knights led forth their retainers to the battle-field, or when the loud blast of the horn peopled the park with a grand

HAZELWOOD CASTLE.

array of barons and their ladies going forth, hawk on wrist (for falconry was the sport of the time), to hunt over the wild moor, or to chase the fleet deer through the wide forest. In imagination we hear the trampling of horse and jingle of armour; round the bend in the park appears the best of English chivalry, accoutred in their vestments of war or the chase; above them floats the symbol of the Crusade, under which they fought and won the Holy City from the Infidel. Such are the visions which rise up before our eyes as we look on this stately structure.

The scene changes! It is night: unbounded hospitality prevails. Through the latticed windows we see a numerous throng; the banquet hall

is brilliant with the glare of lights in sconces against the walls, resonant with the greetings of friends and expressions of merriment; servitors and retainers carry savoury dishes; on the walls are a vast number of banners and other trophies of war; goblets of wine are quaffed to the health of the noble host and hostess. The scene grows brighter as some hero recites his adventures in the deathful storm of battle, while the harper sings those inspiring and romantic ballads of love and war, handed down through unbroken generations of a long and distinguished ancestry!

Hazelwood seems deserted now; the mansion is still there, the park, as of old, beautiful; the spacious courtyard and surrounding buildings are perfect, yet how lonely and empty the place seems, the body remaining, but the spirit departed hence. The life to which it was born and dedicated is no longer possible. Hazelwood is a reminiscence!

Standing against the walls of the mansion, and under its protective shade, is the Gothic Chapel, dedicated to St. Leonard, and built by Sir William le Vavasour in the thirteenth century.* For six hundred years, services have been held without intermission in this sanctuary, the only place of Roman Catholic faith not closed during the reign of Elizabeth; so great, it is said, was her esteem for that renowned family. This venerable chapel contains many other memorials of its patrons. Along its north wall a group of statues represent a Vavasour family of the sixteenth century, all in a good state of preservation. On the same wall are two mural recesses containing

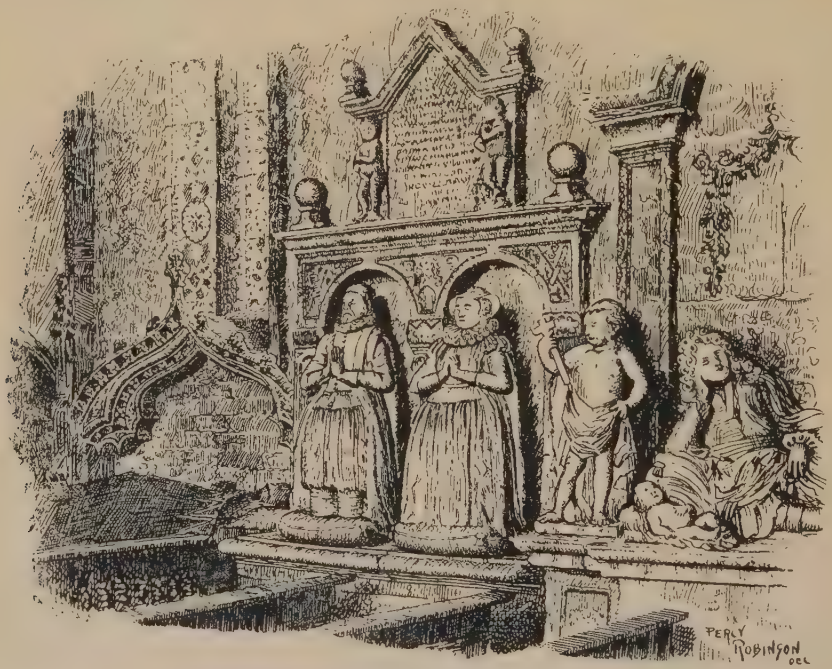
* One very noteworthy feature of the Haselwood Chantry seems to have been missed as to its true import. For all local purposes the chapel has served as a parish church. Yet while its independence in Purpose has been maintained, its subordination to Tadcaster has never been disputed. It is further remarkable that the Vavasours made their private chapel at Weston into a parish church also. These facts go far to support the explanation of their name in the authority of a Celtic chieftain, with which other facts quite agree.

The chantry of St. Leonard's, at Haselwood, being a parish church as they say, and within the precincts of the parish of Tadcaster.

JOHN BEVERLEY, Incumbent.

Founded by the ancestors of Sir William Vavasor, Kt., sans date, to th' extent the said incumbent shall minister all sacraments and sacramentals to all the inhabitants within the Mansion Place of Haselwood aforesaid, and to bury, wedd, and christen within the same chappel, according to the said graunte; which mansion is distant from Tadcaster, which they call the mother church, 2 myles and above; and the said incumbent haith yerely out of the terme of the mylles of Stourton, 8s. for all gross tythes as the incumbent allodgeth; and further, the Incumbent haith over and beside the 8s., all offerings and other petty tythes, with renewe within 11s. 6d. for the said Mansion Place, whereby it should seme the same rather to be a parsonage than a free chappel or chauntry, and payeth tenthes after the rate of £4 16s. 4d. for the said anuitie, tythes, and valet, tenthes deducted £3 8s. 3½d.

recumbent effigies, one of them probably representing Sir William, the founder of the chapel. Both have the appearance of thirteenth-century work; their martial figures repose in complete armour, and tell of siege and war, and the reward of 'the good fight'—the peace which passeth understanding. The north end contains a very undesirable mixture of Gothic and Jacobean architecture. Besides other tombs there are two painted windows, and a beautiful painted altar-piece.



ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL, HAZELWOOD.

The religious splendour contained in the chapel may be seen from the will of the founder, Sir William Vavasour, who died in 1311. "To the six chaplains celebrating in the 'new chapel' of Haselwood during the first year of his decease he leaves thirty marks. To his wife, Nichola Waleys, he leaves all his ploughs and their oxen. He also leaves money to celebrate masses for the souls of his dead father, John, and mother, Alice. He designates the chapel as the new chapel of St. Leonard of Heselwood." His daughter Alice was a nun at Sinyngthwayte. Peter le Vavasour, rector of Staynton, was a kinsman, perhaps brother.

The fine array of blue marble tombs of the Vavasours, who have been buried here since the foundation of the chapel, is the evidence of their succession. The simplest of them, that of the founder, is described by Dodsworth. On the floor lies a flat stone with his coat, Vavasour, impaling a pegasus rampant within a bordure componed argent and vert, and this epitaph: "Orate pro animabus Gulielmi Vavasour, Militis, et Elizabathe consortis ejus,"—the pious invocation of so many generations of our fore-fathers.*

One and not by any means the only effort of Vavasour chivalry will always be remembered by Yorkshiremen. Sir Thomas le Vavasour, the lineal descendant of Sir William le Vavasour (who so distinguished himself in the Scottish wars as to win the praise and high favour of Edward I.), made himself honourably conspicuous by raising forces and equipping vessels for service against the Spanish Armada, 1588. Queen Elizabeth, in reward for his great zeal and energy, and also out of particular regard for one of her maids of honour—a Vavasour, and acknowledged by the Queen as her kinswoman, would never suffer the chapel or service therein to be molested. And so it came to pass that amid all the persecutions directed against the Roman Catholics throughout England, the rites of the ancient faith were allowed to continue at Hazelwood, and so onward to the present time. A striking example which shows there is more true religion in toleration than in the dogmas of all the churches.

* In connection with donation of stone to York Minster by the Vavasours from their quarry in Thevedale, the following is from Drake's History of York. The Robert le Vavasour possessed of Hazelwood in the reign of Henry III., extending from 1216 to 1272, during which interval the south transept was added to the noble structure. "It appears," says the historian, "by a deed that Robert le Vavasour granted to God, St. Peter, and the Church of York, for the health of his own soul, and the souls of his wife Julian and his ancestors, full and free use of his quarry at Tadcaster, in Thevedale; with liberty to take and carry thence a sufficient quantity of stone for the fabric of this church so oft as they had need to repair, re-edify, or enlarge the same. Robert de Percy, lord of Boulton, made a similar grant of his wood at Boulton for roofing the new building. In memory of these two extraordinary benefices, the church thought fit to erect two statues; one represented with a piece of rough unhewn stone in his hands; the other with a similitude of a piece of wrought timber." Camden says, "That near Hesselwood, within twelve miles of York, lyeth a most famous quarry of stone, called Peter's Post, for that with the stones hewed out of it, by the liberal grant of the Vavasours, that stately and sumptuous Church of St. Peter's, at York, was re-edify'd; and some tell us that the property of that stone is such as to be very soft, and consequently more easy for the carvers, when newly taken away, which after hardens the more the longer it is exposed to the air. A stone as if Nature herself had contrived to further on the workmanship."

The present Sir William, although a Catholic, we understand, holds very tolerant views on religious matters. How quiet the pretty little churchyard seems, with its tombstones crumbling from time and exposure, still beseeching all out of their charity to pray for the souls of those who sleep beneath!

Many incidents in song and story are related of this ancient family,* all redounding to the esteem and honour in which they were held in bygone days. The homeless wayfarer and aged labourer, bowed with years of toil, tells with pride, how this hospitable family gave refreshment to the poor, as to the rich.

* There was a Justice, but late in the realme of England, callyd Master Vavesour, a very homely man and rude of condycions, and lovyd, never to spend mych, mych money. This Master Vavesour rode on a tyme in hys cyrceutyee (circuit) in the northe countrey, where he had agreed wyth the sheryf for a certain some of money for hys charges thorowe the shyre, so that at every inne and lodgynge this Master Vavasour payed for his own costys. It fortuned so, that when he cam to a certayn lodgyng he commanded one Turpyn, hys servant to see that he used good husbondry, and to save suche thynges as were left, and to carry it wyth hym to serve hym baytynge. Thys Turpyn, doying his mayster's commandment, take the broken bred, broken mete, and all such tying that was left, and put it in his mayster's cloth sak. The wyf of the hous, perceywing that he toke all such fragmentys and vytayle wyth hym that was left, and put it in the clothe sak, she brought up the podage that was left in the pot; and when Turpyn had turned hys bake a lytyl asyde, she pouryd the podage into the clothe sak whych ran upon hys robe of skarlet and other of hys garmentys, and rayed them very evyll, that they were much hurt therewyth. Thys Turpyn, sodegnly turnying hym, and seeing it, revyled the wyfe, therfore, and ran to hys mayster, and told hym what she had don; wherfore Master Vavesour incontinest, callyd the wyfe, and said to her thus: "Thou drab," quoth he, "what has thou don? Why hast thou pourd the podage in my clothe sak, and marrd my rayment and gere?" "O, sir," quoth the wyfe, "I know wel ye are a judge of the realme, and I perceyve by your mind is to do ryght as to have that is your owen; and your mynd is to have all thyng wyth you that ye have payd for, both broken mete and other thynges that is left, and so it is reson that ye have: and, therefore, because your servant hath taken the broken mete and put it in your cloth sake, I have therin put the podage that be left, because ye have wel and truly payed for them. Yf I shoulde kepe any thynge from you that he hath payed for, per-adventure, ye wold trouble me in the law another tyme." Here ye may se, that he that playeth the niygards so mych, som tyme it torneth hym to hys owne losse.—From "The Hundred Mery Talys."

CHAPTER VIII.

Towton and Saxton.

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS FIGHT.

RETURNING to Lede by way of Newstead (situated half a mile west of the beck, where also is the old stead and signs of early occupation, a unique moated site very indicative of a long history) we now follow the beck to the old mill, known as Lead Mill, although standing in the parish of Saxton.

A twelfth-century deed of Robert Patefin, lord of Towton, to Roger Berkin and Alice his wife (whose first husband was Roger Paytefin), grants them all the town of Towton, yet so that the men of Towton, as they were wont to do, should grind at Paytefin's Mill of Saxton, saving to Roger and Alice, his wife, the "multure of their house quit," for all the life of the same Alice.

In the reign of Edward I. Alice de Laci gave to Margaret Kirkton (daughter of Alexander de Kirkton, sheriff of Yorkshire), her damsel and a great favourite, the bodies and lands (holden in villeinage) of Ralph Brown and George Saxton, both of Lede. The grant says: "I, Alice Laci, have given to Margaret Kirkton, my mayd servant, my manor of Saxton and five score and two acres of arable land in Saxton, wherof twenty acres lie in a place called Towton-dale, and two 'placeas' of pasture lying at Mayden-castell, and the mill of Lede. Witnesses: Sir William Vavasour, Richard Tyas, John Reygate, Gilbert Singleton."

The mill formerly stood further down the beck near to where the bridge crosses the stream, and close by the south shoulder of Mayden Castle Wood.

A breath of antiquity surrounds this old mill. The interior, musty and cobwebbed, seems to groan and creak with the labours and cares of number-

less years. It still retains, dented and crumbled with time, the old multure board, although the custom is now obsolete.

We are now merging on the western fringe of the great battlefield of Towton. A mile or so down the beck from Lede, which hitherto, in many sweeping curves, has run in an easterly direction, here bends more to the north under the dark shadow of Castle Hill and Renshaw Wood, winding through a deep, silent vale, sombre and melancholy as if reflecting on the tragedy of the past. Here can be seen the solitary heron and other wild fowl, a thousand sights in animal and vegetable life arrest our attention, the cry and splash of startled water-hens amongst the rushes. In the hedgerow bloom the bramble and sweet wild-rose from which now and again flits the sportive butterfly. All is strangely quiet in this isolated spot except the hum of insects passing to and fro, the gentle flow of the rivulet, murmuring over slight obstruction, the song of the lark rising higher and higher, and the soft cooing of the ringdove. What a contrast is this quiet spot to the noisy hum of our large towns! Here, a deep and silent vale, through which the ever-restless streamlet laves its course, the scene enclosed by woods and hills; above, the glorious sky and fleecy clouds, and the bright sun smiling down on the peaceful vale. Yet on this spot a tragedy fateful to England was enacted. The dale resounding with the awful clang of arms, the shriek and tumult of men in deadly combat. On the plateau above, a most fearful battle was fought between Englishmen, which, for the dire struggle, carnage, and numbers slain, mark it as one, if not the greatest fight ever witnessed on English soil.

The day before the Battle.

On the Saturday morning, 28th of March, preceding the battle, the Lancastrian army was moving southwards towards Towton. The Yorkists, under the personal command of Edward and Warwick, were encamped at Pontefract, from whence Lord Fitz-Walter, with a body of picked troops, had been despatched to guard the ford at Ferrybridge, the only available crossing place in the district.

News of this detachment coming to the knowledge of Lord Clifford (the bloody Clifford), he, in the early hours of the following morning (Saturday), in charge of the men of Craven, fell like a thunderbolt on the advanced guard holding the ford. Fitz-Walter, hearing the tumult, leaped from his bed, seizing the first available weapon, rushed into the conflict, only to be slain with nearly all his men. It was at this juncture of affairs when the news of this defeat and capture of the ford by Clifford reached

Edward and Warwick. The latter is said to have leaped from his saddle, and, stabbing his charger with his sword, said, "Let him flee that will, for surely I will tarry with him that will tarry with me;" then, holding up the reeking sword by the blade, he kissed the cross formed by the handle.

An attempt to dislodge Clifford at the ford being of no avail, a detachment crossed three miles higher up the Aire, at Castleford, to cut off Clifford from the main body of Lancastrians. Perceiving the ruse, he, however, fell back towards Towton, but not sharp enough to elude the advanced guard of the Yorkists who probably pushed forward by the old Roman way, and

THE BATTLEFIELD OF TOWTON (LOOKING SOUTH).

over Hook Moor, reaching Dintingdale, a small valley running between Saxton and the Ferrybridge and York Road, the way by which Clifford and his staunch men of Craven were retreating. There, in the little valley, a smart skirmish took place; Clifford and the yeomen of the west fought bravely against overpowering numbers; their fate, however, was sealed: few escaped to tell the story of disaster. Clifford, we are told, had taken off his gorget to relieve pressure, and so was slain, pierced in the throat by a headless arrow.

Late on that Saturday, the whole human machinery of war and destruction was in motion, and, in the cold dusk of a March evening, settled down almost within sight and hearing of each other, the lurid flame of watch fires gleaming in the evening sky. The Yorkists occupied the high ridge of land immediately south of Saxton, stretching from Scarthingwell towards the Cock at the 'Crooked Billet.' The Lancastrian divisions

occupied the high land immediately around Towton, having about two miles of front, the left wing spreading south-east of Towton, the right reaching from Towton half a mile or more west, to where the land falls sharply down into the swamp of the Cock at Renshaw Wood, with an outpost to guard the right flank at Castle Hill (the site of Mayden Castle) a few hundred yards nearer Lead Mill. Thus was the disposition of the two armies within sight and hearing of each other, on that fatal eve, the prelude to the carnage and death of the morrow's fight.

LOOKING NORTH OVER SAXTON ON TO THE BATTLEFIELD, RENSHAW WOOD IN THE BACKGROUND.

Battle of Towton Field.

This battle took place on the morning of Palm Sunday, 1461. The Sabbath had only just broken into day, which found the two armies, composed of the best and bravest of England's sons, ready for the coming fight. As they came in full sight of each other they "rent the air with a mighty shout," the challenge and defiance to mortal combat.

The morning was wild and stormy, the heavens overcast, the fierce March wind driving a blinding snowstorm full into the faces of the Lancastrians. The Yorkists, quickly taking advantage of the storm, advanced and sent many furious showers of arrows from their strong bows full into the ranks of the enemy, causing fearful havoc at the first onset. The arrows were shot from the rising ground, after which the archers

retired a few paces into the hollow until the enemy had emptied their quivers. The snowstorm blowing into the faces of the Lancastrians, prevented them from seeing this manœuvre; in turn, their arrows, flying fast and thick against a foe they could not see, fell short of the mark. Several times Edward's archers advanced, each time speeding their arrows full into the faces of their foemen, causing great confusion.*

[*F. Dean.*

TOWTON BRIDGE, NORTH-WEST CORNER OF RENSHAW WOOD.

Nearer and nearer gradually crept the hosts of death. The Lancastrians, perceiving their disadvantage, rushed through the blinding hail and storm of arrows and smote their foes with sword, pike, battleaxe, and bill; and so, nearly the whole of that Sabbath day the battle raged. The huge mass of

* During the Middle Ages, the long bow wielded by sturdy English yeomen proved a terrible weapon of war. On the battlefield of Crecy and Poitiers the English archers won imperishable fame and renown, speeding their cloth yard shaft with a swiftness and force hitherto unknown.

struggling humanity fought like demons; many times during this fatal day did the fortune of war hang in the balance, sometimes the white rose trembling, then the red; "men fought as if the battle was the Gate of Paradise." "For ten hours," says one historian, "the conflict raged with uncertain result;" compared by Shakespeare to the tide of a mighty sea, contending with a strong opposing wind.

The tide of battle at last set against the House of Lancaster by the arrival of five thousand fresh Yorkist troops. No quarter had been given at the battle of Wakefield, where the black-faced Clifford, in cold blood, slew the innocent Rutland; now at Towton Edward commanded that no quarter should be given, and only too well were his orders carried out, for at eventide, upwards of thirty-six thousand of the bravest and noblest of England's sons lay dead or dying on the ghastly field.

The wreck of the vanquished army fled north-west; across their path ran the little River Cock, into whose waters many fell, never to rise again. Dire was the confusion at the bridge, which was choked by a mass of struggling humanity, and which at length gave way beneath the pressure. Over a bridge of bodies fled the remnant of the Lancastrians. Not only at this spot, but for the space of two miles or more, the valley of the Cock became a veritable death-trap to the vanquished. Down the valley ran the blood of the slain, changing the waters of the rivulet and the Wharfe to crimson; even the brown waters of the Ouse, it is said, became tinged with human blood.

A stranger passing over this ground would see nothing to indicate that on this spot was fought the most fierce and deadly battle of ancient or modern times. A few mounds and depressions mark the place where many of the bravest of our land lie in their last sleep. It is said the titled slain are interred in the churchyards of the surrounding district, but with, I believe, a few exceptions, history is silent. No monument marks the site of battle, yet there is one beautiful memorial on the field which the villagers tell us cannot be effaced—above where the warrior sleeps, white and red roses bloom, emblems of the fatal feud. How they came thus is not known, but they do not grow well on other soil than that on which was poured out old England's noblest blood.

"Oh, the red and white rose, upon Towton Moor it grows,
And red and white it blows upon that swarthe for evermore,
In memorial of the slaughter, when the red blood ran like water,
And the victors gave no quarter in the flight from Towton Moor.

"When the banners gay were beaming, and the steel cuirasses gleaming,
And the martial music streaming o'er the wide and lonely heath;
And many a heart was beating that dreamed not of retreating,
Which, ere the sun was setting, lay still and cold in death.

"When the snow that fell at morning lay as a type and warning,
All stained and streaked with crimson, like the roses white and red,
And filled each thirsty furrow with its token of the sorrow
That wailed for many a morrow through the mansions of the dead.

"Now for twice two hundred years, when the month of March appears,
All unchecked by plough or shears spring the roses red and white;
Nor can the hand of mortal close the subterranean portal
That gives to life immortal these emblems of the fight.

"And as if they were enchanted, not a flower may be transplanted
From those fatal precincts, haunted by the spirits of the slain;
For howe'er the root you cherish, it shall fade away and perish,
When removed beyond the marish of Towton's gory plain."

I have somewhere heard it remarked that on one occasion the Iron Duke was asked, by an expert in war, what calculation he made at Waterloo for a retreat, in case of defeat; his answer was, "None!" Be that as it may, it was thus with the leaders of the Lancastrians at Towton heath, otherwise the carnage of that day would not have been nearly so appalling. Their position for fighting, on the high plateau, was even more advantageous than that of the Yorkists; but for the retreat of a large army in confusion, nothing could be more dangerous and deadly: it proved a veritable death-trap.

Immediately to the rear of their position and extending from the site of Mayden Castle, hard by Lead corn mill, to the outlying lands of Grimston (a distance of two miles or more), the ground drops abruptly down to the treacherous, oozy fen-banks of the River Cock, which, if insignificant, were not the less deadly, the latter not more than from seven to twelve feet across, easy enough for an agile man to jump, yet too wide for the vanquished to leap, laden with their armour and wearied with the exertion and turmoil of the day's fight. And even to this day the ground on either bank (in most places), for a hundred yards or more, is a dangerous morass, yet tenfold worse four hundred and fifty years ago, as at that period the length of the valley from Lead Mill to Stutton, or even lower, to where the beck joins the Wharfe, was one continuous mire and swamp, impossible to cross without becoming engulfed. The old Norman bridge which stood at the north-west corner of Renshaw Wood was, at that period, the only available crossing-place.

We make this statement so that the reader can understand the death-trap awaiting the Lancastrians if the battle proved disastrous to their cause. The reader must also remember that the present good road from Towton to Tadcaster was not in existence until three centuries later. The old Norman track turned sharply to the left at Towton town end, passed down the precipitous slope on the north side of Renshaw Wood to Cock Bridge, climbed the opposite ridge, and thence along the west side of Stutton into Tadcaster; such was the ground the beaten army had to retreat by, exhausted. When broken all along the line, they turned and fled down the slippery bank into that sullen water-way of ignoble death: as we have already observed, it was a day of storm.*

RENSHAW WOODSIDE.

With deep pathos, one old writer tells that "All the while it snew," presenting a conflicting element to fierce passions, burning in the hearts of the victors, to kill, without mercy or distinction, every fugitive in their path. The awful carnage which took place in the valley on this day will never be forgotten. The numbers who fell here, on the side of the Lancastrians, were, perhaps, equal to those who fell on the field of battle, with their faces to the foe.

* "So many of them fell into the Cock, as quite filled it up, and the Yorkists went over their backs in pursuit of their brethren . . . over thirty-six thousand Englishmen here fell a sacrifice for their fathers' transgressions; and the wounds of which they died, being made by arrows, battleaxes, pike, and sword, would bleed profusely."

"Men alyve pass'd the ryver upon deade carcasses, and that the greate ryver of Wharfe, the greate sewer of all the water coming from Towton, was coloured with blood."

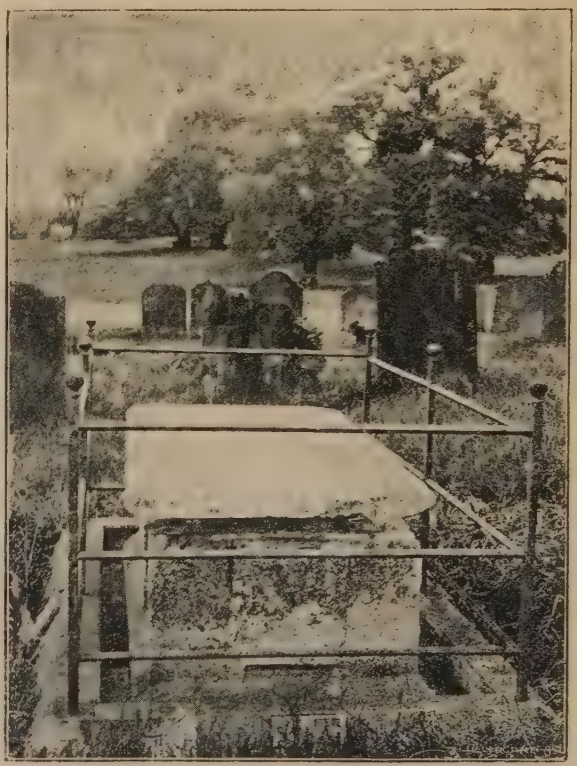
We need feel no surprise concerning the scarcity of relics connected with this battle (found in late years), considering the lapse of time and the nature of the ground on which the main issue of the battle was contested. It was March, the vegetation of the past year on the moor had assimilated with the earth, to make way for the return of spring. Thus the land would be nearly bare of undergrowth, and, doubtless, the greater part of the weapons would be easily found and removed by the victors, and the inhabitants of the villages around, following in their wake, gleaned up most of the remainder, which, during the course of centuries, if not even used again, would be dispersed hither and thither to different parts of the empire; apart from which, antiquaries have been continually calling on the farm men and cotters, and purchasing for a trifle any relic of the battle worth removing. To-day, few weapons, we should say, remain hidden in the soil of the actual battlefield. Middle-aged and elderly men will speak of finding the barbed end of a rusty arrow, the head of axe and pike, or handle of a broken sword, etc.; and one John Hargreaves relates that he has, on different occasions, found barbed arrows in a field known locally as "Nor Acres" (now historic), but the farm men always hark back to the days of their fathers, or even grandfathers, when reporting to us the more important finds.

It may seem strange, yet there is not a single stone or monument (with the exception of Lord Dacre's, in Saxton churchyard), to mark the places where the vast army of dead warriors (thirty-eight thousand) lay in their last long sleep.*

Leland records that "Five pittes yet appearing half a mile by north Saxton fields." The same antiquary also records that a Mr. Hungate, of Saxton, collected a great number of bones, and caused them to be buried in Saxton churchyard; and here the late sexton related to the writer that all along the north side of the church, from Lord Dacre's tomb to the tower, was a vast receptacle of bones of the slain, brought hither from the field of battle.

* In the hedgerow, about four paces from the highway leading from Saxton to Towton, and a little east of the quarries, there is to be seen a stone cross, which may have been placed to mark the site of a grave, or the spot where a noble fell. It is known as Lord Dacre's Cross, and possibly it is a relic of the Chapel at Towton, which Richard III. began to build, but which was never finished, and has now totally disappeared.

In the ings, between the site of May-den (May-dene) Castle and Lead Mill, are three mounds, having the appearance of tumuli, two of which have evidently been disturbed, and we were told a broken sword was found just below the surface of one. On the opposite side of the vale from the north-west corner of Renshaw Wood, is a long mound, bearing the impression of a huge grave. In the field where tradition avers still grow the red and white roses, several graves were formerly to be distinctly traced; now, faintly. Another huge tumulus, thirty-two yards in length by nineteen in width, was formerly to be seen in the field still known as the "graves."



[*E. Bogg,*

LORD DACRE'S TOMB, SAXTON CHURCHYARD.

The peculiar variety of wild white rose, tinged (not streaked) with red, formerly plentiful on the battlefield, has been cut and uprooted until now it is very scarce. There was formerly a large bed in the field known as Towtondale, or bloody vale; here a farmer told the writer that he netted the bed of some thirty yards square, and made it into a sheepfold, which was the means of destroying the plants. The country people attribute the rich red tinge of the roses to the soil being impregnated with blood at that fatal fight. Botanically speaking, Dr. Arnold Lees informs me this cannot be the case. The 'field,' being glacial drift over limestone, is rich in species of wild flowers, four different kinds of roses growing there. The white York rose, a spiny neat-leaved plant, is always creamy-hued. The common dog-rose, the Lancastrian, is a blush pink, more or less deep. The field rose is also white, not very prickly, and easily

destroyed; it has been found with the petals streaked with pink—probably from hybridization—but very rarely. Blood in soil could not cause it until the iron in it had been oxidized. The primrose, however, has been changed into the mauve and red polyanth of the garden by an ironized and blood manure. Iron in solution is a poison to most plants, but in minute quantity, like "pink pills for pale people," it will deepen the colour of tissues. The soil on Towton is, doubtless, very complex, and wild flowers flourish wonderfully hereabouts.

"There still wild roses growing,
Frail tokens of the fray,
And the hedgerow green bears witness
Of Towton field that day."

Far and wide, across highland and lowland, in mud-built cabin or baronial hall, in simple chapel or stately minster, lowly village or thriving city, were to be heard the wailing of sorrow, the continual pealing of muffled bells, and the long, weary vigils of the bereaved widow and the fatherless, the mournful sound of the requiem sung for the repose of the souls of the slain.

Litanies for the departed, sobbing sounds in broken accents, filled the sacred fane! Priests were hired with land and treasure for unceasing intercessory prayer; candles on the altars burn, and clouds of incense veil the Holy Pix, as the sobbing prayers rise from hearts torn with anguish, for the brave hearts that late beat in youthful breast and hoary sire. "Out of the depth of our grief we cry unto Thee! from the morning watch even until night! *Miserere nostri Domine.* May they rest in peace."

From the name of the great battle Towton is known the wide world over. The place is not mentioned in the Domesday Book.

On the parcelling out of land by the Norman, Towton fell into the family of the Pictavenses, or Paytefins, lords of Headingley, who were afterwards great patrons to the monks of Kirkstall. Early in the thirteenth century it came into the possession of Robert Berkin and Alice, his wife; to the latter, as reasonable dower from her former husband, one Robert Paytefin. Late in the thirteenth century the manor passed into the possession of the Stophams, of Weston.

In 1310, Sir William Stopham was ordered to muster his followers at Berwick-on-Tweed for service against the Scots, and in 1316, besides his other possessions, this knight was certified as Lord of the township of

Baildon. His daughter and heiress married Sir John Vavasour, and the name of Stopham ended. A further account of this family will be found in Vol. II. of this work. Towton thence passed to the powerful family of Roos or Ros, and from them to the knightly family of Melton of Aston, representatives of Archbishop Melton. The last of the Meltons who held

[*E. Bogg.*

THE DACRES TOMB, LANERCOST PRIORY.

Towton was John, who died in 1544, when George D'Arcy and the Lady Dorothy, his wife, daughter and heiress of John Melton, obtained possession. For his bravery at the siege of Tournay, George received the distinctive mark of knighthood, and after the delinquency of Thomas, Lord D'Arcy, his father, was restored in blood with the dignity of Baron D'Arcy to himself and his heirs male.

Towton is on the eastern fringe of the Elmet district; it stands on the edge of the high ridge of land, from whence the ground shelves rapidly down into the fenland of the Vale of York.

The village consists of one single street, through which runs the London and Edinburgh highway; there is not anything of more than passing interest, the scenery around is finely diversified, and far-reaching views to the east can be obtained. In a field behind the hall is a site known

as Chapel Garth; nothing remains, but the foundations of a chapel have from time to time been found. On a part of the field "most remote from Saxton," a great chapel was intended to have been built by Richard III., "in token of praier, and for the souls of the men slain at Palme Sunday Field." Stowe says that "Towton village is a mile from Saxton, where a great chapelle was begun by Richard III., but not finished, in which chapelle were buried also many of the men slain at Palm Sunday Fielde."

LORD DACRE'S CROSS, IN THE HEDGEROW (NEAR TO THE FIELD KNOWN AS 'THE GRAVES'), TOWTON.

Nearly a mile south-west of the battlefield, in a gentle hollow, through which flows a wimpling stream, rests the village of Saxton, which, like Towton, is part of the honour of Pontefract. Saxton was granted by Alice de Laci to her handmaiden, Margaret de Kirkton. When Henry de Laci, Alice's son and Earl of Lincoln, was lord of the honour, Saxton was in the possession of Sir Roger de Saxton, who founded a chapel there in 1292, dedicated to St. Mary.

The parish church is dedicated to All Saints', and in the reign of Edward III. belonged to the hospital of St. Leonard of York. The chancel arch is late Norman; there are also two ancient windows. On the walls and floor of the chancel are many memorials to the Hungate family, of whom one, William Hungate, founded the grammar school at Sherburn, and did many other benevolent things; the last one reads:—

"Interred the Body of Sir Charles Hungate,
of Hudleston Hall, Br.,
The Last Male Heir
of that Antient Family, Nov. 6th, 1749,
Aged 63."

At the latter end of the fifteenth century the estates of the ancient family of St. Ley, or generally Sallay, fell into the hands of William Hungate, through his marriage with Olive, daughter of William Sallay, the last male representative of a house which had been settled at Saxton for several centuries.

William Hungate was the son of William Hungate, of Borneby; his marriage is likely to have occurred not long after the battle of Towton, for Leland tells that it was he who gathered together the bodies of the slain and caused them to be buried in Saxton churchyard. William Hungate died about the accession of Henry VIII., in the first year of whose reign, William Hungate, the son, paid relief for his lands and succeeded thereto. This second William married Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Gower, of Stitenham, illustrious as of the family of the eminent poet, "the morall Gower," to whom Chaucer dedicated his "Troilus and Cressida." From this period the family of the Hungates rose in reputation and wealth, allying itself with its neighbours, the Vavasours of Hazelwood, of the first rank of the feudal nobility. William Hungate seems to have passed an uneventful life. By his will, dated June 26th, 1547, proved April 19th, 1548, he orders his body to be buried in Saxton church. He was succeeded by his son William Hungate, who married Audria, daughter of John Saltmarshe, Esq., of Saltmarshe. The line of the Hungates terminated in 1710 by the death of Sir Francis Hungate, Bart., who is buried at Saxton.

Some twenty-six years ago Saxton Church was restored, when many memorials were destroyed or lost. Under the pulpit are the tombs of the Hammonds and Widdringtons, date 1671—one requests, "Gentill reeders and hearers hereof of ye charatie pray ffor ye soule of Anthony Hamond, Esquier, who departed oute of this missarable worlde ye iio of August, in ye yere of our Lorde God, MCCCCCLXIII, and lieth buride under this stone, whose soule it may please God to p'don."

Teresa Sempson, who died about forty years ago, at a great age, was the last female who did penance in this church; with a white sheet thrown over her shoulders, she silently walked the aisle during part of the service, as a punishment for her misdeeds. Near to the porch is a stone with the following quaint inscription :—

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF RICHARD
FLETCHER, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
YE 8TH OF APRIL, 1739, AGED 63 YRS.,
WHO LEFT THE USE OF TEN POUD TO YE WIDOWS OF SAXTON.

On the north side, in the God's-acre, is the tomb to the memory of Lord Dacre, who fell on the adjoining battlefield.* Along the whole length of the north side, some few feet below the surface, are immense quantities of bones, supposed to be part of the slain from the battlefield. The late sexton told the writer that he had seen them when digging some years ago, several feet in thickness. It is now understood that this part of the burial ground remains undisturbed.

In the meadows east of the church are distinct traces of an encampment, near to which, in the midst of a fine park, stood the mansion of the Sallays, and later of the Hungates, surrounded by many large trees. Their crest is

A PEEP OF SAXTON, FROM DINTINGDALE.

still to be seen over the front of the manor-house. In the adjoining field, west of this house, and near to the village street, is an eminence, enclosed by a double trench; whether raised by Saxon, Dane, or Norman we know not; but we should imagine, from the many signs left on the surface of the earth, that a great struggle took place on this spot centuries before the fatal fight

* Local tradition says that Lord Dacre and his charger were interred in one grave, which may account for the skull of a horse being found when the tomb was restored, a few years ago. Lord Dacre's skeleton was found in an upright position.

on Towton heath. Saxton, apart from its association with the great battlefield, around which memory mournfully lingers, is a pleasant and rural village, where many signs of the 'Merrie England' of old remain.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Hungates were nearly always involved in continual trouble and in lawsuits with their neighbours. The line of this ancient family ended in the death of Sir Charles Hungate, 1749, and by the marriage of Mary, daughter of Sir Francis Hungate, to Sir Edward Gascoigne, the estates of the Hungates came into the hands of the Gascoignes. There appears to have been another branch of the Hungates, between whom and the Gascoignes a trial took place in 1833. The Register Book at Saxton says:—

"In chancery, 19th April, 1833, between William Hungate, otherwise Wm. Anning Hungate, complainant, and Richard Oliver Gascoigne, Thomas Oliver Gascoigne, and Richard Oliver Gascoigne the younger, defendants. At the execution of a commission for the examination of witnesses in the cause, this book was produced and shewn to the Rev. John Carter, a witness sworn and examined, and by him deposed unto at the time of his examination on behalf of the defendants. Signed, Thomas W. Totty, G. S. Rowles, Robert Spencer, R. Bailley."

This William Anning Hungate was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and in great favour with William IV.; for him, however, the trial was of little avail: the Gascoignes still possess the estate. Many years ago the late sexton (with almost melancholy sadness) told the writer of the visits made by this branch of the Hungates to Saxton, telling how, in his younger days, both he and his father visited the church in the company of this Hungate claimant, and how reverently the latter examined the tombs and registers of his family, and also inquired about certain relics that were then missing, etc., requesting them, if possible, to restore the same, as the Hungates would be returning to claim their lost heritage. A dream of his never to be realized! possession is nine points of the law.

The Hungates were staunch Roman Catholics, and many of their kin appear in the list of Recusants compiled in 1604. Among the latter is the following account of a secret marriage:

"Richard Chomley, Esquier, maryed with Mary Hungate (a daughter of William Hungate, of Saxton), in the presence of John Wilson, William Martin, Huge Hope, and Christopher Danyell, in a 'fell' with a Popish priest."

A 'fell' is not only a mountain side, but, in archaic early English language, meant any uninclosed place in the open air, secluded, but without many trees.

The record of this marriage is most interesting. The lovers dare not marry in the hall of the Hungates at Saxton, for fear of spies, so an arrangement with a priest and witnesses is made to meet at some solitary and

secluded spot, where the marriage ceremony is performed and the wedding party scatter and return home without discovery. Such scenes would be common during the period of Roman Catholic persecution in England, showing the oppression and bigotry the Catholics of this age were the subjects of.

Anent the adjoining battlefield, there are many side-lights and touches of oral tradition, handed down from sire to son. It is told how

[*F. Dean.*

SHERBURN, FROM THE NORTH.

Lord Clifford, nicknamed "the butcher," was slain by a headless arrow in Dintingdale, some few hundred yards east of Saxton Church, and the spot where the "bur-tree-bush" stood in "Nor acres," from whence the lad shot Lord Dacre, can still be pointed out. This is about the centre of the battle-field, where the brunt of the fighting took place: how the boy could hide

in the midst of sixty thousand men in the fierce struggle of war is more than we can understand. One hears, too, of a vast white sheet of snow that fell unceasingly all through that fatal day, and how both morn and even-song were over at Saxton Church before the worshippers were aware that the fight had taken place—

> "Palm Sunday chimes were chiming
> All gladsome through the air,
> And village churls and maidens
> Knelt in the church at prayer."

An utter impossibility—the noisy fiend of war would only be too palpable to the terror-stricken villagers, all through Saturday night and Sunday, to even admit of any service being held.

Dintingdale, east of Saxton, down which a little brook meanders towards Scarthingdale, is interesting from the skirmish which took place in it on the eve of the battle. From hence, by fieldpath and hedgerow, pranked with wild flowers, we pass to Sherburn,—its church showing out prominently in the landscape before us. In our way there is much to interest. From the moor, now enclosed, we drop into a deep valley, which in olden time cut off access to Saxton from Sherburn, and thence following the footpath over the green pastures, we climb up the steep ascent to the church.

CHAPTER IX.

Round about Sherburn-in-Elmet,

NAMED from the shire-burn, was the capital of the eastern frontier of the kingdom of Elmet: a division, the edge or boundary of a kingdom, the eastern limit of Elmet Setna, the last fringe of inhabitable land on this side. The region beyond, to the north and east, was interminable marsh, forest, and 'fell'—a wilderness, wild and desolate, the silence broken only by the howl of wild beasts, and the cry and flight of innumerable birds, among which were the long-lost bustard and thick-knee plover, on the drier land, and the 'hollow-sounding butter bump,' or bittern, among the reed beds.

Sherburn, doubtless, registers a Christianity dating back to Celtic time. Here was a church previous to Athelstan's reign, and a list of the "Utensilia," date about 900, still extant, mentions a peal of six bells and four hanging bells. Nearly every vestige of this church has disappeared, and so has King Athelstan's palace, later the Archbishop's. The site, however, is to be seen on the north slope of the hill, with part of the moat which enclosed it on the west and north.

In celebration of the victory at Brunanburgh, Athelstan presented the house to the see of York, as a thank-offering to the Almighty for his great victory; and as a palace of the Archbishop's it remained for over three hundred years. The Archbishop held his court at Sherburn, and the knights of the barony did their service until about the middle of the fourteenth century, when Cawood, having become more suitable for a residence of the Archbishop, the palace at Sherburn was dismantled and the material dispersed.

After the disaster to the English, at Myton, the Scots raided Wharfedale, causing fearful havoc and loss to the inhabitants. Amongst other

places they destroyed were the manors of Ripon, Otley, and Sherburn. During this shameful state of things, when the government of the kingdom suddenly fell into a strange state of impotency, a few daring spirits relieved this monotony of wretchedness: Robert de Ryther and John de Vavasour were distinguished for their great zeal and activity. It was one of the Vavasours, with the assistance of Henry de Scargill and others, in 1322, harried Parlington—"turned out the king's favourite, Hugh le Despencer, le pere, and pulled his house down about his ears." Soon after the disaster at Myton, the Archbishop, in a letter dated at Cawood, writes to the rural Dean of Sherburn that, whereas many of his tenants had been slain in the battle, the Dean was to take care and have their effects properly administered to.

Since those stirring scenes enacted during the Civil Wars, Sherburn has settled down into a quiet, regular state of existence. Once the capital of the surrounding district, it takes a pride in the evidences of its vanished importance, former homes of kings and princes still remaining within its bounds to testify to its passed greatness.

The town is a most interesting study. In the grandeur and massive proportions of the Norman Church, and the emblazoned scroll, telling of knightly fame and glory, decorating its west window, the historian and antiquary can each find inspiration and delight; and the diversity of its landscape views, the sweetness of its orchards, hedgerows, and pasture land, the rusticity of its winding lanes, the charming outlook over the Fenland, stretching from its doors to the Wolds, are so combined as to give those in quest of health and pleasure ample reward for their visit. The towers and spires of minster, abbey, and church appearing in the middle distance, with the smiling cornfields and meadows we now gaze over, is the reward of many centuries of toil by the descendants of the Angle and wild Norseman, who steered their galleys up the tawny waters of the Ouse and its tributaries, and made their settlements on the banks thereof. 'A History of England' in little, the Sherburn domain happily epitomizes.

As a structure, the church of All Saints, in which the works of at least eight bygone centuries survive, is a type of superior dignity and imperishable endurance. Within its now existing walls the voice of Aldred, the last Archbishop of the Saxon race, and also the first Archbishop of the Norman regime, has resounded, and we need not doubt that the men who looked the haughty Norman in the face as the battle raged at

Senlac (when the noble patrimony was wrested by William from the ill-fated Harold) knelt in prayer for the success of their king and the safety of their wives and little ones on the same spot as the wives and little ones kneel in prayer to-day. Here, within the old church at Sherburn, has been witnessed the consummation of the highest ambition of chivalric enterprise, and all the pomp and circumstance attending the great victory of Athelstan at Brunanburgh. Here, during the prosecution of the Papists, lights, we

SHERBURN CHURCH.

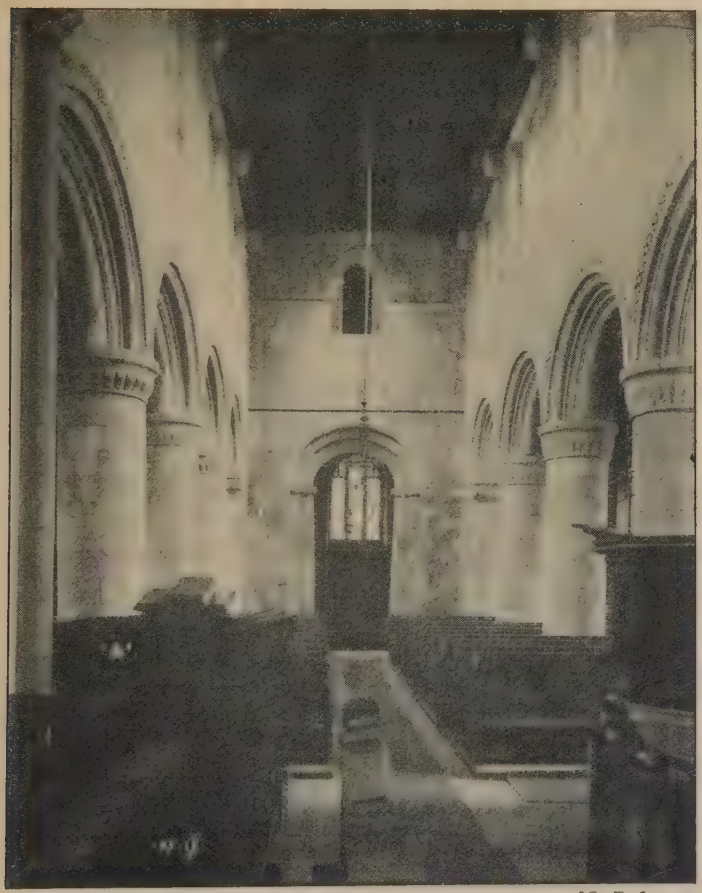
are told, were oft seen burning on the high altar, during the silence and solitude of night. Hither came the Hungates and others to worship in secret; how they obtained admission was beyond the knowledge of human ken, yet tradition mysteriously whispered of certain underground passages which led from their halls hither.

Within the precincts of this sacred edifice, in the year 1321, a most memorable incident in English history took place; foregone events demanded the private conclave, the outcome of troublous times and the misgovernment

of Edward II. Weak and vacillating, the very antithesis of his father, whose advice and memory he so disregarded by recalling Piers Gaveston and making a prime favourite of him whom the great king had exiled, and who, just previous to his death, had exacted from his son a solemn oath that he should never be allowed to set foot in England again. Neither before nor since that convocation of churchmen and barons on that momentous midsummer Sunday, have the streets of Sherburn resounded to such a tramp as was heard in the old *ville* on that day. The Archbishop, the Bishops of Durham and Carlisle, and the Abbots from near and far, the Earls of Lancaster and Hereford, many Barons, Baronets, and Knights, with their attendants, assembled in the church of Sherburn-in-Elmet. To this assembly Sir John de Bek, a belted knight, read out the Articles Lancaster and his adherents intended to insist upon. The first one struck especially at the evil counsels of the less worthy ministers of the king, the Chancellor, the Justicier (who ought to be constituted by election), the misrule of the king's favourites, the younger and elder Hugh le Despenser, "who are the main causes of the new evils and oppressions by which the people are excessively aggravated."

Thus we see the meeting was one advocating the most radical reform; its bold and trenchant demands, however, took the prelates by surprise, they could not answer instantly and requested a short adjournment. This being agreed to, copies of the Articles were supplied and they retired "to the manse of the rector" (probably the old palace). The result of their deliberations was futile, as after events testified, still the convocation was a starting point in history, its Principle more popular government and Justice to the people, which only came to pass in after generations.

What an impressive scene this great gathering of churchmen (men of peace) and mailed warriors must have been! But there was treason in the camp. The headsman's axe soon became busy. Fearful tragedies, now in Time's dim distance, flit before our mental view. The shadowy figures of Lancaster, Harcla, and other great men, headless, are seen passing from the block. Never since the Conquest had the scaffold been deluged with such torrents of noble English blood. Ever so in working out the charter and freedom of a great nation such things must be witnessed.



[*G. F. Jones.*

NORMAN NAVE, SHERBURN CHURCH.

The church at Sherburn is capable of teaching this most powerful lesson; while time after time the old order has given place to the new, this church has remained true to its purpose, and is capable of remaining so for centuries to come. It has undergone many alterations and repairs, and was restored in 1857, but not with that judicious reverence and care for the work of past

masters the architect ought to have taken, which is much to be deplored, especially in the restoration of the chancel. Previous to the Reformation this church must have been architecturally a priceless work of art. An undying care for the fabric of their churches was ever the virtue of the great body of the Romish priesthood. Would that we could say the same of their successors when the grand old parish churches came under their control.

The church consisted of nave, notable for massiveness and grand simplicity, two aisles, formerly with chapels at the end of each, chancel, tower, porch, and a mortuary chapel. Whittaker attributes part of the structure to Saxon work. The tower, arches, and inner walling may be of that era, the arcading of the nave, from the height of the pillars and narrow arches, gives it somewhat this character, and seems to warrant this conclusion. The carved capitals and enriched arch mouldings are fine examples of early Norman work. The clerestory windows, of three lights, are late perpendicular, as well as the outer casing of the tower, with the large buttresses required for its support. The arch of the porch was originally transitional, with chevron moulding and shafts, now much altered by rebuilding. The west or tower window, with many fragments of rare old glass, is specially interesting to one versed in heraldry. The south aisle contains a rare Janus cross, which has rather a curious history. It was found in the ruins of a small chapel, at the south-east corner of the churchyard. This chapel was dedicated to the "Honour of St. Mary and the Holy Angels," and is said by Wheater to have been a sumptuously furnished shrine.

Less than a century ago, one of the churchwardens, a boor, with little veneration for the past, thought it would adorn the walls of his residence, but this robber of relics was not allowed by the parishioners to remove it without a protest beyond words. The feud was finally compromised by some wise Solomon of the rival parties. The cross was sawn vertically into two parts and one side awarded to each. After this wanton act of vandalism half the cross was removed to Steeton Hall, where it long adorned a niche over a doorway there. The writer has in his possession a photograph taken by G. Fowler Jones, showing half of the trophy in that position. Happily the cross has been restored to its original state, and is to be seen in the south aisle of the church and is possibly now the only relic left of the Chapel of St. Mary and the Holy Angels. The date of the cross is late fourteenth century or early fifteenth.

The town of Sherburn contains many antique and interesting features of bygone times. In the main street is the old courthouse, and the Grammar School, built by Robert Hungate, 1656. From nearly any point the massive church tower, uprearing high above the roofs, from its prominent position, with the red and white roofed houses and varied patches of colour intervening, forms a picture of more than ordinary interest.*

[*G. F. Jones.*

JANUS CROSS AT SHERBURN.

The villages and hamlets surrounding Sherburn are nearly all of importance in local history of old. The heads of these families played conspicuous parts in the Court world of their time as the ruins and relics of their manor-houses still testify, and striking and very varied phases of life and vicissitudes of fortune do these manor-houses expose. Many a story, more startling than romance, might be told anent the old houses, once the resting-place of kings, and the former home of minstrelsy and chivalry; their names and deeds are emblazoned on the scroll of history.

* There were several skirmishes hereabouts, during the Civil War, and history says Lord Digby was surprised and defeated in the war between the King and Parliament, at Sherburn; but the place where his coach was captured, and where the slain in the action were interred, is pointed out by tradition at Milford, about a mile distant from the Parish Church.

We will commence with the manor of Huddleston—old-time Hudereston, or Huderston. It is in the parish of Sherburn, and about one and a half miles south-west from that place, and stands in a most secluded valley. Here, at the Domesday survey, dwelt one Hunchel or Huddor, a Saxon, from whence it has been said the place received its name; but 'hudr' or 'huddel' in old English meant a heap—an abundant accumulation of anything; and it is quite as likely that the place-name (like that of others about), and the Domesday dweller there, alike derived their cognomens from the fact of stone being so plentiful, and in early days so easily got at, and of such quality, that the quarries once opened have been delved into fame, as the source of many an imposing tower and pile throughout the county of broadacres, and farther afield as well. In the wood adjoining, called Huddleston Old Wood, are the remains of a double trench, and on the moor, in the direction of Newthorpe, are traces of similar entrenchments, evidently salient points in the vast system of entrenchments beginning at Barwick, and stretching hither, more or less, a distance of eight miles, guarding, in pre-Norman times, the only approach north between the Ouse and the Aire valleys.

HUDDLESTON FROM THE MOAT.

The Hunchils are supposed to have been settled here generations previous to the Conquest, but they fled before the scourge and devastation of the Conqueror, returning to their old home some time after and becoming

tenants of the De Laci. This family evidently soon rose into position and dignity. About the year 1110, one Nigel de Huddleston presented lands to the monastery of Selby, and, being weary of the sinful ways of the wicked world, entered that establishment as a monk. Again, in 1296, one Sir Richard de Huddleston, by license from Dean Sewal de Bovill, had leave to attach a chapel to his manor-house, "To hear divine service, this year in my chapel, kept in my court of Hodelston, yet so that on chief feast days I am to repair to the mother church of Sherburn." Richard, the last of the male line to dwell at the hall, died here early in the fourteenth century; the estate then went by marriage to John de Melsa. A Sir John Huddleston, however, established the old name in Cumberland, where it lasted until 1774, when his estate passed by marriage of Elizabeth, his heiress, to Sir Hedworth Williams, who, in turn, sold it to the Lowthers.

HUDDLESTON QUARRY.

This family appear to have been ever brave soldiers on the battlefield; a Sir Richard Huddleston was made a knight banneret at the hands of Henry V., on the field of Agincourt; Johan de Odelstone was with Edward I. at the siege of Caerlaverock. One Ferdinand was a staunch cavalier, who took to wife Jane (daughter of Sir Ralph Grey of Chillingham), who bore him nine sons, all of whom became officers, and fought in the cause of King Charles. William, the eldest, was made a knight banneret by Charles for his gallant effort in recapturing the royal standard at the battle of Edgehill. His brother Richard, a lieutenant colonel, was slain at York during the sortie and repulse of the Roundheads, Sunday, June 17th, 1644. His body was buried in the Minster the day following.

The old hall has a wonderful chain of unbroken history stretching over a thousand years, before which it is speculative. It is now a farmhouse, and, although much altered, still retains features picturesque and quaint. The shell of the chapel, built in the thirteenth century, is still remaining, but not used for religious purposes.

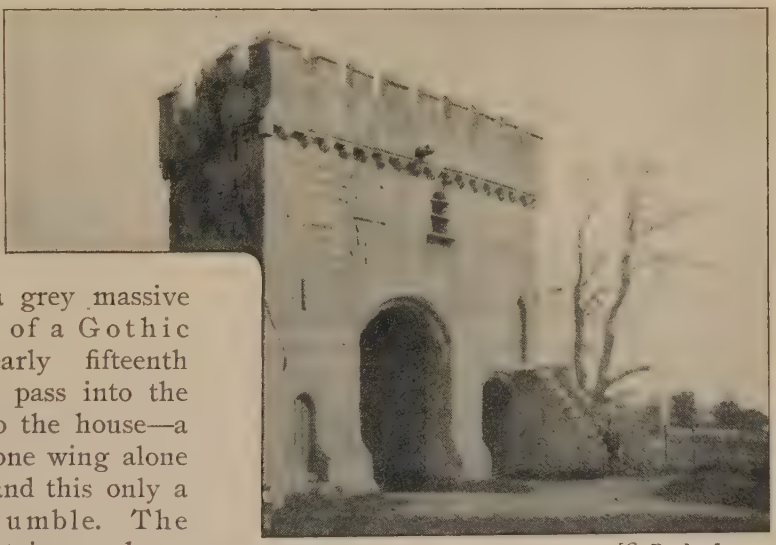
Huddleston is also interesting by reason of its great limestone quarry, famed for building purposes—the best and most durable in Yorkshire—whence the great use of this stone in the construction of cathedrals, castles, and the surrounding churches and manor-houses. Thoresby says: "The quarry at Huddleston is also a delicate stone and has this peculiarity in it, that when the stone is new dug out it is so soft that it may be cut or wrought with a knife, but afterwards hardens by exposure to the air, the colour is also pure white, so that not only chimney pieces, but monuments in churches are made; it is little inferior to marble." The antiquary's description is to the point, Huddleston quarries (Celtic: *ceraig*, rock) can easily be detected by their hardness and silvery whiteness. Tradition reports that Bishop Dyke, reaching from Sherburn to Cawood, was made deeper and wider and its course cut straight by the Archbishops, so that stone from this quarry might be floated down on rafts to Cawood and from thence by boat to York. In 1358 the Dean and Chapter of York took 'Huddleston delph' on a lease for a period of eighty years and afterwards for another period of nineteen years. This quarry is said to have been known and used by the Romans.

One and a half miles south-east of this place, by the path leading over waste (of old a wild forest region), is Newthorpe (Norse—the new settlement). It lies between Milford and Micklefield, about a mile from the latter. Here, whilst removing surface 'bearings' in 1881, trenches running east and west, and north and south, and V-shaped, about six feet deep, were

discovered, the outer belt of earthwork having been thrown up round the crest of the hill; these trenches were probably part of the same system as those already mentioned as existing in Huddleston old wood beyond. Near the trench was found the upper half of a hand millstone. Newthorpe, standing on the edge of a small vale, is a most primitive spot. From hence we pass to Steeton, one and a half miles away; the land, as we go, gradually changing from limestone to sandstone, is gently undulating, and though all is now enclosed some part of the surface still bears signs of its primitive wildness.

Steeton Hall.

Steeton stands on a plateau rising from a small valley which runs down to Milford. From evidences still remaining it has been a fair and stately structure in the 'brave days of old.' It is now a farmhouse, and a mere cantle of its former size.



[*G. Fowler Jones.*

GATEWAY, STEETON HALL.

Under a grey massive specimen of a Gothic gateway, early fifteenth century, we pass into the courtyard to the house—a centre and one wing alone remaining, and this only a confused jumble. The interior contains a huge fireplace, and in the wall of what is now used as a dining room is a piscina, suggesting this part of the house to have been the chapel built by the "Wilghbys" early in the thirteenth century. From the above family Steeton came into the hands of the Reygates, and from them by marriage to the Foljambes. The chapel formerly at the end of the south aisle in Sherburn Church, belonging to this family, was known as the Steeton Chapel.

On the outer wall of the dining room, or supposed chapel, of the 'Hall' farm runs a tabular corbelled course, on which are a number of old shields and sculptured crests. The one most prominent, in the centre, seems to represent the Paschal Lamb, and is known, locally, as the "Steeton Rackett" (or Reckitt), connecting a ghost story to the hall, which has been repeated from father to son for generations.

[*G Fowler Jones.*

STEETON HALL, SHEWING FORMER POSITION OF HALF OF JANUS CROSS.

The story of the Reckett or Reckling—the smallest or weakest of a brood, be it lamb, kitten, or whelp, in the folk-speech of the north—is variously described: one version reports that it was brought hither from the quarry, during the building of the Hall, with the last load of stones; and its effigy, to be seen on the corbelled table, and known as the "Steeton Rackett," is thought to be the outward and visible sign of its having actually existed, now doomed for ever to wander around the Hall for good or evil. This uncanny sprite is of a peaceable nature except when interfered with; then its rage is noisy and fearsome: whence we say, to kick up a 'racket.'

Black spleenwort—a fern, nowhere else to be found in such quantity within twelve miles of Leeds—is to be found flourishing on the interior walls, and also on the wall of an outbuilding. Originally, there were four gateway towers—one on each side of the walled square surrounding the house. Foundations of these outer walls are in many places to be traced, enclosing a

goodly plot of land. In its palmy days, it has, indeed, been a fair and stately structure, with its battlemented walls and towers.

Standing before the old gateway, imagination can easily picture the events and fill in the shadows of other days. The old tower is now the sole survivor of the pomp and pageantry which in mediæval times passed through its portal.

A mile or so over the fields rests, peacefully slumbering, the hamlet of Lumby, picturesque with its old nooks and corners, farm buildings, ivy-clad walls and thatched cots.

To the east, crossing the great North Road, Monk Fryston is soon reached, a village with many picturesque features and touches of old-worldism; it is, however, outside our limit, so we return by way of Milford, a place of Angle origin—"The ford at the mill." It possesses no distinct characteristic feature. The Domesday record says:

> "In Mileforde (Milford) Ulfstan had two carucates of land to be taxed, where there may be one plough. Turften now has it of Ilbert. There are there four villanes and five bordars, but they do not plough. Value in King Edward's time ten shillings, now ten shillings."

Like Sherburn it lay right in the track of the Conqueror when on his work of retribution and revenge, but at neither place do we find the ominous words "it is waste" appended to the record.

Here we obtain a proof of William's clemency to Archbishop Aldred, or "Ealdred," the man from whose hands he had received the crown of England at Westminster, and who at that ceremonial exacted from the king a solemn promise to protect his Saxon subjects, which doubtless in good faith he intended to do had not circumstances altered the tenor of his resolution.

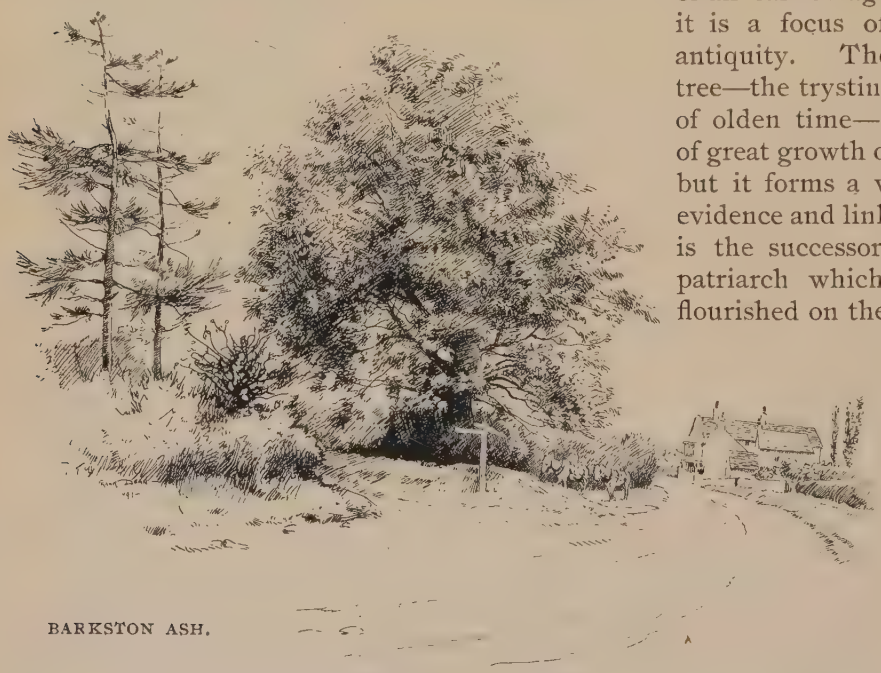
From the south side, looking over the roofs of the village, with its admixture of orchard, garden, and old farmsteads (some of the latter still retaining the quaint thatched outbuildings), the place is very interesting and suggestive of olden time. We take a glance at Bondbridge Farm with its antique kraal-like outbuildings. Just beyond is the little double-arched stone bridge marking the division of the two parishes, South Milford and Sherburn. Here in the pool the ducks and geese disport, and the little glen down which the stream flows is very delightful.

Just over the meadow, on the north side of the brook, is the old water-mill; though much nearer Milford it is in the parish of Sherburn. How poetical the spot appears as one lingers in the sombre twilight, listening to the plash of falling water, and watching the shadows deepen around the ancient mill.

Following a branch of the great North Road from Milford through the long street of Sherburn, past the 'Red Bear' (reminiscent of coaching days), a mile or so from the latter place we reach Barkston. Barkston Ash is the head of a Wapentake of nearly one hundred thousand acres.

> "In Barcheston (Barkston) Saxulf had one carucate of land to be taxed. Land to half a plough. Ilbert has now there one sokeman with one plough. Value in King Edward's time, ten shillings; the same now."

There is not much of importance architecturally in the place. A stranger might find much to interest and charm around the farm buildings of an earlier age; yet it is a focus of vast antiquity. The ash tree—the trysting spot of olden time—is not of great growth or age, but it forms a visible evidence and link, and is the successor of a patriarch which once flourished on the same



BARKSTON ASH.

spot, pointing to institutions and customs belonging to the far past. The hamlet gave its name to a knightly family, the De Barkeston, who held lands here for four centuries, but who have been long extinct.

Scarthingwell Hall adjoins Barkeston. The mansion stands in the centre of a beautiful park, well timbered and adorned with stretches of water, grassy dell and woodland glade. It is a natural aviary for birds, amongst which are to be seen a few rare visitants.

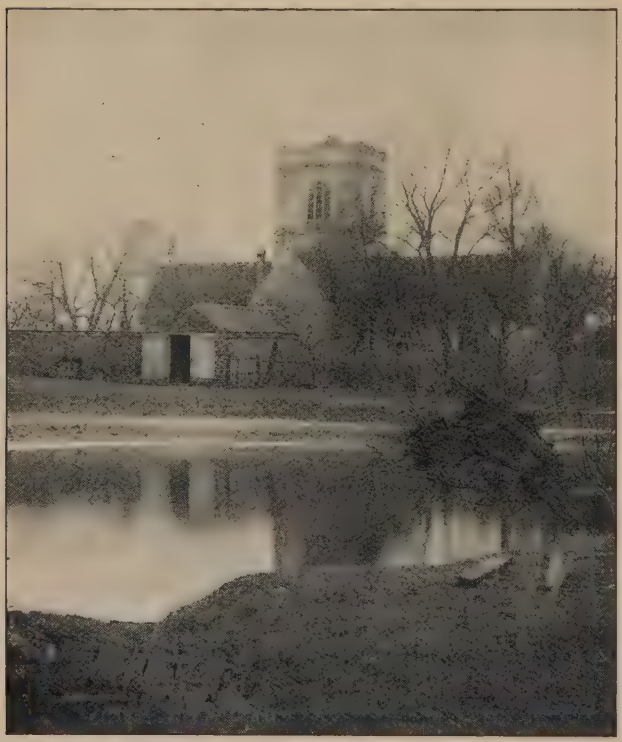
From the higher ground beyond, the outlook over the Fen district, when light and shadow play across the wide expanse, is ever changing—now a flickering sunbeam, then shade. A soft, diffused silver-grey hue, like a shimmering veil, at times shrouds the landscape. Through this film a church or abbey tower looms strongly, or a glimmer of sunlight locates the red-tiled roofs of a fen village, and in the middle distance the Minster towers of York reveal the position of the old city.

Not a little of the history of Lower Wharfedale has been moulded by the extent of its flat lands and vast water patches. For instance, if we glance at the great military position of Barwick, we find the chief obstacle which contributed mainly to its strength was the several reaches of river and fen which nearly surrounded it in the past, the retreat and refuge of the vanquished Celt. The forcing of the swampy line of the River Cock at Aberford was a work of no small difficulty to the Roman, and the natural strength of the position defended is still very obvious. The same difficulty occurred later to the Angles and Normans, but not to the Norsemen and Danes for they were 'shipmen'; a life on the water was theirs by nature, to them the surging of the sea was like the sweetest music, and they found a convenient passage for their keels along the River Ouse and its tributaries. Thus they gained a foothold into the fenland and river valleys and turned the flank of the position where preceding invaders had been brought to a halt. Hence it is from the swamps of the Don to York we find Norse names indicating the majority of settlements, and from the mouth of the Wharfe westward and northward we find such names predominating.

Men of fourscore years tell us how greatly the flats have changed since their youth, vast reaches of swamp and uncultivated land existed between Ryther, Ulleskelf, Fenton, and Sherburn, tenanted by flocks of wild fowl. It is now nearly all reclaimed and the farmer seems to be a fairly prosperous individual hereabouts.

A thousand or twelve hundred years ago the state of the fenland, between the course of the lower Aire and Wharfe, was strangely different. There hung a wilderness, wild, lonesome, and desolate, darkened by fog and rolling mist, through which the rivers sullenly crept; even at this time in winter the long stretches of lowland wears an uninteresting and gloomy aspect. The Romans had done something in their day by dyke and drain to improve the state of things, and one Roman relates about a curious and strange people who dwelt in the fens partly swimming and partly wading. Another historian tells how vast flocks of wild fowl nearly

darkened the fens; here congregated swans, herons, storks, geese, bitterns, curlews, snipe, ruffs, plovers, godwits, moor buzzards, water crakes and coots, widgeon, teal, sheldrake, pintailed duck, and a host of other birds, many of which have now become extinct or disappeared on the breaking up of the land.



E. Bogg.

FENTON CHURCH FROM THE NORTH.

Church, or Kirk, Fenton, about one and a half miles from Barkston, in pre-railway days lay fairly off the beaten track; to-day it is connected with the busy centres by a good train service.

On every hand, in our walk, we note the evidence of a vast amount of labour performed by yeomen in reclaiming the land. The chartulary of the priory of Helaugh, to which a large portion of the lands of Fenton were given, throws some light on the early history of this place. It was late in the thirteenth century before very much reclamation had taken place, and the church then was very incomplete. About that time Nicholas de Percy, of Fenton, when William, the chaplain, was vicar, gave a rent of one penny out of a toft to find a light to burn before the image of the Blessed Virgin; perhaps there seems no great splendour in such a gift, nor can we ascribe a very high development to the Fenton of that day. The place from which the rent was derived is, however, interesting. It is the homestead of William, son of Gamel, at Biggan, a township which in after years the Canons of

Helaugh always speak of as "New Biggying." The land about the church was called the "Aldfeld" (Oldfield), and there the parson was located, dwelling about the "head landis." We find such names as a John de Brunne, a Robert de Wextow, Henry de Huk, and a Robert Golyff, etc.

Seen from many points the church makes a striking feature in the Fen landscape. Originally a Norman church, it has been added to and considerably altered from time to time, and its architecture is thus varied from transitional to decorated and perpendicular. It consists of nave, one aisle,

FENTON CHURCH FROM THE SOUTH.

transepts, chancel, and square tower in the centre resting on four massive early English columns. The lancet windows and transitional arches are noticeable features. In the floor of the chapel, south transept, there were found, at the last restoration, two stone coffins, one containing the bones of an adult, and the other the remains of a child. The walls of this transept contain an ogee canopied recess, which formerly held the effigy of a lady, now to be seen on the chancel floor; the costume is that of late fourteenth century, the symbolical device at her feet represents a lion and some foul fiend in deadly combat; and here also are two altar slabs bearing the five crosses, and also an early English piscina. One relic denotes the existence of a Norman church, the bowl of the original font resting on the sill of the window at the west end.

Fenton forms a most interesting study; around it linger curious survivals, and primitive ideas and customs still tenaciously cling to it. The rustic porch covered with woodbine, red brick walls, tiled roofs of the same hue resting amidst green surroundings—the footpaths over meadow and cornfield, over which the lark floods the air with melody, and wild flowers grow, the undisturbed antiquity and beauty around the churchyard. Only a small remnant of what has been the village green, locally the "green hill," on slightly rising ground, remains.

A portion of what appears to have been a market cross is still left standing in the centre of the former market-place*; on the opposite side of the street of old stood a substantial hall (in the Subsidy Roll taken 1379 there is mention of one Isabella, at ye Halle, by this we obtain evidence of the existence of the house at that early date); about half of the moat which enclosed a large plot of land, in which the house stood, still exists, to the south of which the fenland for some distance is still known locally as the 'oad pake' (park). During the demolition of the old house a piscina and other relics were discovered in the walls, the latter were of extraordinary thickness. A few other antique features, a font, etc., are in the garden, and the above, with the remains of the moat, are the only mementoes of the old hall.

Around the aged walls of the farm adjoining the churchyard, lingers all that peculiar charm and old-time peacefulness and rusticity; the duck pond is a survival of the moat which formerly surrounded it. Here the ducks and geese disport, birds sing in the trees and hedgerows, the turkey-cock (whose name—Turk—is no misnomer) gabbles defiantly at our intrusion, a swarm of crows wheel and circle high above the roofs and weather-beaten tower, even the implements, strewn about in random confusion amongst the nettles and other weeds, are all characteristic of old time.

Vine Cottage, situated at the east end of straggling Fenton, is another interesting and picturesque feature: a rough-hewn timbered structure, retaining its thatched roof, overhanging eaves, and leaded-paned windows. The grape, from whence it receives its name, ripens under its eaves; trailing plants, fruiting ivy, woodbine, and old English flowers, cling tenaciously about the crevices of its walls. In springtime, when sunlight gilds and shadows flicker, birds trill their sweetest lays, and flowers shed delicious fragrance, 'tis, indeed, a charming old-world picture. The structure has undergone slight alterations; the original building dates from Tudor

* There appears to be no account of a market held here.

days, evidences of a moat which, in the past, surrounded it can still be traced. The interior, with ingle nook, and primitive posts, beams, and joists, is replete with age and imagery; every object the eye rests upon, in the farmstead and large orchard adjoining, is full of rustic beauty and old-world sleepiness. The weather-beaten gnarled trees, twisting hedgerows, and the obsolete farm domestic utensils, thrown carelessly into such picturesque grouping, are all pregnant with an odour of the past; apart from which is that sweet commingling of vocal sound from bird and fowl, arousing pleasant reminiscences of other homesteads and days gone by.

VINE COTTAGE, CHURCH FENTON.

A mile or so south-east of Church Fenton is Little Fenton, a small hamlet; Hall Garth, a moated site, is, perhaps, the only remaining vestige here of other days. The village folk say there are ghosts still existing hereabouts: at the house yonder in the fields some unearthly visitant, whose spirit cannot rest, wanders in the lonely hours between night and morning; uncanny noises are heard, pots are at times banged about, doors flung open, and window blinds unwind without visible aid, mysteriously—so the credulous womenfolk assert and firmly believe.

Onward, through fen and dyke-land, down wide green lanes, shut in by deep ditches on either hand, and past swampy patches of unreclaimed ground, where aged trunks of gnarled willows stand forth in the twilight, gaunt and spectre-like, here, by the wayside, is Fenton Grange, built in 1766, on the site of a more ancient structure. Beyond is Fenton Lodge, a very old foundation. Half a mile east we reach Biggin Grange: here we obtain many glimpses and touches of a past age. The house is of two periods, the new portion dates back a little over a century, the

other to the Tudor period. This Grange is also famed for its ghost, in form of a mysterious lady, attired in the costume of the seventeenth century —rich brocaded silk—which, an occupant informed us, could ofttimes be distinctly heard rustling, as the spirit wandered to and fro in the silent hours of night. We were shown into the room where this eerie visitant was usually heard, who, if not disturbed whilst wandering, caused very little commotion; on the contrary, if interfered with, the ghost 'takes on' and raves about (for a benighted spirit) most strangely. Many years ago, the farmer then dwelling at the Grange returned home late from Cawood, in a rather jocular mood, having taken a 'wee drappie too much speerit,' and, being thus full of courage, began to mock and imitate the unearthly visitant, but he was so furiously assailed that he never again ventured to disturb the wanderings of the uncanny one.

The township of Biggan is nearly midway between Sherburn and Cawood, and on the north-west side of the Bishopdyke. Biggan—to build (a shelter)—one of the outposts of Teutonic cultivation—in the parlance of the Cânons of Helaugh, the 'newbiggyng,' and possibly its beginning does not reach far beyond the Conquest era, as there is no mention of the place in Domesday.

Hereabouts the land is very slightly elevated above the general level of the fens, and here were several homesteads as early as the thirteenth century, as the mention of some of the persons located at Biggan testify:—"William-Fitz-Gamel," whose name bespeaks Norse descent, "Alan-de-Newebiggyng," "Peter-de-Brugge," and "Roger-the-Dyker;" also one Robert-del-le-Dyke, of Stokbrigg, gave lands to Healaugh Priory. So we find the settlement at Biggan in the thirteenth and succeeding centuries, and in those early days the hardy pioneers were busy dyking, banking, draining, planting, and gradually reclaiming and raising, and bringing all the low watery swamp wastes and desolate fen, between Barkston and Cawood, under cultivation, whilst Bishopdyke has relieved the land of its surplus of waters, and extinguished the eerie flame of the once frequent will-o'-the-wisp. In the dark months of winter when the winds are abroad and the storm howls, the fens are still eerie and desolate, but to-day a garden compared with the sterile region those patient yeomen of old had to wrestle with. In pre-railway times, a road ran past Biggan to the ferry at Nunnappleton, and from thence to York. It is now disused.

A little distance from Biggan, and adjoining the Bishop's Dyke, stands Mattram Hall, a moated site. Wheater supposes this to have been a hospital, built in honour of St. Mary Magdalene, and endowed by the

Vavasours, celebrated for the foundation of other cells in remote places, where the roads were dangerous, and the district bleak and wild. The place has evidently been of some pretension, but its characteristic features are lost.*

TOWER AND GATEWAY, CAWOOD, FROM THE NORTH.

* Away south two hills, notable for their isolation, being conspicuous objects for miles around, loom on the horizon, namely, Brayton Barp and Hambleton Haugh. These conical eminences form a guiding point both for landsmen and sailors ascending the Humber.

Here we cross Bishopdyke and enter the road which runs by the side of the dyke to Cawood. The land immediately to the south of Bishop's Dyke is known by the name of 'Rust,' or 'Rest' Park. It was enclosed for a hunting seat by Archbishop Walter de Grey, in the early years of the thirteenth century. The eastern fringe of the park forms the boundary of the 'liberty' of Cawood, Wistow, and Otley. Within the limits of the park are two entrenched positions, but of which scarcely a shred of history remains.

Half a mile south of Mattram Hall is a strongly-moated site, called Manor Garth. The house is supposed to have been built and fortified by Archbishop Alexander Nevill, who received a licence from the king to fortify and make a fortress of his 'manor of rest.' The park is now apportioned into farms.

Bishop Wood is immediately to the right of the road leading from Sherburn to Cawood. By the old people it is known as 'Cow-ud Forest,' and they still tell us of bears, wild boar, and wolves, which formerly infested it, as if the thing had only happened in the days of their grandsires. At the present time the extent is not half of that originally planted by the Archbishops. Many a grand hunting scene has been witnessed here; a few of the smaller wild animals still survive, such as the weasel, polecat, and pine martin: the latter, though very scarce, has been seen in this district by the writer, lately. Here, also, frequented a plover, known as the ruffle or ruff, and sixty years ago the forest was quite a hotbed of hag worms or snakes.

CHAPTER X.

Cawood.

THIS town is situated on the south bank of the Ouse, a few hundred yards below the mouth of the Wharfe, yet much of the parish lies in the basin of the latter river. The local pronunciation of the place-name—'Cow-ud'—still preserves its meaning: the original settlement of Celtic founding in their 'coed'—a wood, as in Bettws-y-coed. Here, we imagine, some of the old British race, on being ousted from the eastern side of Elmet by the invading Angle, have taken up their abode in this inhospitable marsh and forest of fenland; and here, no doubt, they were left unmolested until the advent of the Dane, who, in the ninth and succeeding centuries, formed settlements all along the river vales.

In imagination we see a vast forest, full of fens, stagnant water, and marshy wastes. The rude dwellings of our remote ancestors stood on the highest ground adjoining the tawny waters of the Ouse, around which was a strong enclosure to protect them, as well from the swords and spears of men, as from the wild beasts of the forest, at that time numerous. As time rolls by, we see passing, the galleys of Imperial Rome, that richly decorated vessel, probably containing Constantine, Emperor of the world, gliding along the bosom of the Ouse to York, the beautiful city of old, and the home of Emperors one thousand eight hundred years ago. Merchants from the East sailed hither, bringing bales of Oriental goods. Great military roads opened communication throughout Britain, and land that had only been waste and dreary brought forth fruit in abundance. When the Romans left Britain, a great change came o'er the scene: ruin, havoc, and desolation in the place of former peace and prosperity. Vessels, filled with Pagans in quest of empire and plunder, arrived from old Saxony, and their descendants are still pressing southward, westward, and eastward in quest of wealth and empire.

The Coming of the Saxon.

An ancient writer says—"The whelps of the 'Barbarian Lioness' arrived in three ships of largest size at the bidding of an ill-omened tyrant. They were soon afterwards joined by a much larger brood, who professed themselves ready to meet any perils for the sake of their worthy hosts, for which they required that certain supplies should be furnished them; these being provided for a time, stopped the 'dog's mouth,' but the strangers, anxious for a quarrel, demanded larger supplies than could be given, which, not forthcoming, the war of centuries between Saxon and Celt commenced."

Over these miseries we pass to the frightful invasion of piratical hordes from Skania, who sailed up the Ouse in their war-galleys, leaving ruin and devastation on all sides. Then along the riversides might be seen the plunder of churches and the glare of burning town and city.

Cawood, standing by the ever-flowing riverway, received its full share of disaster, but from the time of the first Wulstan the castle and town gradually rose to great importance. The last invasion of the Sea Kings was in 1066. Entering the Humber and thence passing up the Ouse, they landed at Riccall, near Cawood, from which place they swept the country around, leaving such havoc and ruin that a century was needed to repair, and to this day the old people of the district tell many a legend about their ancestors fighting the savage Dene, evidently being entirely unconscious of the fact that they are the Denes' descendants.*

Two events render Cawood renowned in history: one for sheltering, in his adversity, that great ambitious churchman, Wolsey; also the place where the most celebrated banquet was given by Archbishop George Neville, the brother of Warwick, the king-maker. The first mention of the place is about 935, after Athelstan's celebrated victory over the invaders at the battle of Brunanburgh. Cawood, like Sherburn, was given by the victorious king to the see of York, as a home for the northern prelates. A very fine specimen of ancient gateway and tower of the castle still remain, and early English windows are still prominent features in the adjoining farm buildings.

* Trade has apparently given Cawood a fair by prescription. For the towns of his other manor-houses Archbishop Walter de Grey obtained a little concession. On the 23rd August, 1239, King Henry III. grants the Archbishop a yearly fair at his Manor of Ottele for two days, on the vigil and day of St. Mary Magdalene, 22nd of July, and a weekly market on the Monday. At Sherburn a two days' fair also, on the vigil and day of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, 14th September, and a weekly market on the Friday.

The meadow in front is yet called the 'Bishop's Close.' Around the meadow are distinct traces of the moat. What a series of historic scenes arise as we ponder over the history of this castle!

"Visions of days departed, shadowy phantoms, fill my brain,
They who live in history seem to walk the earth again."

From the twelfth to the sixteenth century this castle was the home or shelter of many of the noblest in church and camp. Henry III. and his Queen rested here awhile when journeying to Scotland to visit their daughter Margaret, wife of Alexander III. Here dwelt Marguerite of France, second wife of Edward I. During the time this old warrior was fighting the Scotch, and when the storm and noise of war was hushed, we can fancy the

A BIT OF CAWOOD FROM THE BRIDGE.

monarch hastening to Cawood, to the society of his beautiful young bride. From this time the castle rose to its greatest height of feudal grandeur. Here gathered around the gallant king were the crusading knights of many an ancient house, who had withstood the shock of arms when fighting the Saracens on the plains of Palestine, and shared in all the dangers of the last great Crusade, and afterwards followed the banner of Edward into the wilds of Scotland.

The old tower now looks desolate and mournfully isolated, debased by the company of farm buildings, but let the screen of five centuries roll away, and the Windsor of the North stands forth in all its majesty. The walls are thick, and, in time of war, strongly guarded: he who comes in peace or war passes over a strong drawbridge,* and thence, through the watch tower,

* Foundations of both can still be detected.

to the castle. Men-at-arms guard the massive gate day and night, the deep moat, full of stagnant water (its traces still to be seen), embraced two sides of the castle or palace, on the other side Bishopdyke and the brown waters of the Ouse formed a natural protection.

Within this area is ample space for the accommodation of king, archbishop, baron, knight and squire, men-at-arms, retainers, cooks, scullions, and every attendant necessary to uphold the dignity of a castle in the days of feudalism. Here would be held many a brilliant tournament, when earl and baron, knight and squire assembled from all parts to join in the honours of the tilting ring. The sound of baying of hounds, and the trampling of horses, proclaim the king is chasing deer in Bishopwood, at that time a forest of great extent, in which roamed herds of roebuck, and smaller animals. 'Tis the evening of the chase, the banquet room is made brilliant with large torches, and the favourite guests of the king are assembled; the jesters, clad in fantastic garments, and minstrels make the hall resound with song and story. Thus, in varied rounds of pleasure or clash of arms, the ever-changing scenes roll by.

[G. T. L.

GOTHIC WINDOW IN FARMYARD.

Edward II. and his Queen made Cawood their home on several occasions. After the disaster to the English at Bannockburn, the victors burst over Yorkshire with the fury of a whirlwind, carrying war and retribution to the very gates of York.

In 1319, Queen Isabella, being the guest of the Archbishop at Cawood, two renowned Scottish knights, Douglas and Randolph, with a chosen body

of troops, lightly armed, and mounted on small but active horses, by a swift march burst through Yorkshire, with the hopes of making the Queen their prisoner, but by a fortunate accident a Scot fell into the hands of the English, and from him they received warning of the projected attack on Cawood. Hurriedly collecting the force York could muster for protection, the Queen was apprised of her danger and brought to York, and sent thence to Nottingham for greater security, to the disappointment of the Black Douglas and Randolph.

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye."

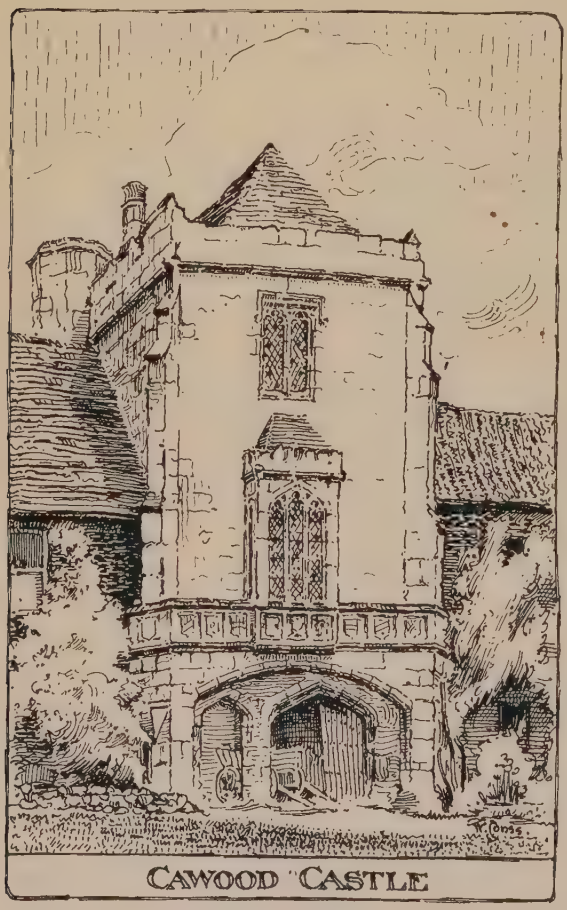
In 1464, George Neville, brother of the great Earl of Warwick, last of the barons and king-maker, was elevated to the See of York, and it being customary for every incoming prelate to give a feast, Neville gave at Cawood the most varied and sumptuous banquet ever recorded in history. In the preparation of it nearly 2,000 people were employed. The contents of the bill of fare were as follows :—

"104 oxen, 1,000 sheep, over 500 stags, bucks, and does, 400 swans, 2,000 geese, 1,000 capons, 200 pheasants, 500 partridges, 400 woodcocks, 100 curlews, 400 plovers, 2,000 chickens, 4,000 mallards and teals, 4,000 pigeons, 1,500 hot pasties of venison, 4,000 cold ditto, 2,000 hot custards, 3,000 cold ditto, besides some hundreds of tuns of ale and wine, with spices and delicacies, etc., etc."

Some time afterwards, Neville was stripped of all his estates, arrested, and cast into prison; thus the great banquet would in after years be food for his serious reflection.

Here Wolsey, most famous of churchmen and prince of cardinals, found a home in his adversity. The story of his rise to the highest honours and dignities in the state, and his downfall, is a most instructive lesson in English history. Having incurred the displeasure of the king, he was constrained to deliver up the great seal of office, and ordered to his archiepiscopal residence at Cawood, where he arrived in the autumn of 1530, being received by the people most enthusiastically. By his courtesy and kindness he soon became a great favourite in the neighbourhood. After the work of putting the palace into repair he began to make arrangements for his enthronement in the cathedral at York, a ceremony the performance of which had been delayed by his previous living and ambitious projects about the court. From the summit of his palace he could see the shrine where he hoped to be enthroned, rising in stately splendour above the old city. What visions of future labour and memories of the past would leap

before his gaze. Only three days previous to his intended installation he was suddenly arrested on a charge of high treason by the Earl of Northumberland, and forced to set out for London. So great a favourite had he become that the servants and country people would willingly have defended him, but resistance was useless. He was taken from Cawood, which he had learned to love, and, falling sick by the way, he died at Leicester Abbey. A few hours before his death he addressed those ever memorable words to Sir William Kingston, "If I had served God as diligently as I have done the King, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs; however, this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains; that I may have to do him service only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty."



SOUTH GATEWAY.

In 1628, George Montaign, son of a farmer at Cawood, had the greatest honours of the Church conferred upon him, being made Archbishop of York, and dwelling in the castle of his native town. There is a memorial to him on the south wall of the church. Fuller says he was chaplain to the Earl of Essex, whom he attended on his voyage to Calais. He was a man of such personal valour, that out of his gown he would turn his back to no man, and was afterwards made Dean of Westminster, then successively Bishop of Lincoln and London. Whilst residing in the latter place he

would often pleasantly say that of himself the proverb would be verified, "Lincoln was, and London is, and York shall be," which came to pass accordingly. He appears to have been an inveterate punster. The see of York being vacant, the King was at a loss for a fit person to succeed to that exalted position, and asked Bishop Mountayne's opinion, whose wit, his best friend through life, did not desert him at that critical moment. Upon hearing the King's question, the doctor replied, "Hadst thou faith as a grain of mustard seed, thou would'st say to this mountain" (at the same time laying his hand upon his breast) "be removed into that see." His Majesty is said to have laughed immoderately, and forthwith conferred the preferment upon the facetious prelate.

During the Civil War, the town, castle, and surrounding parts were the scene of some skirmishing. In 1644, the castle was captured by Lord Fairfax. In 1646, the House of Commons decreed that the Castle of Cawood should be made untenable, and no garrison in future maintained there. After gradually falling into decay, some of its timber and stones were used in the building of the Palace of Bishopthorpe, now the residence of the Archbishop of York.

With the exception of the gateway and tower, and remnants of Norman Gothic windows in the farm buildings, little now remains of the stately palace, the abode of the Primates in the days of feudalism; yet the exact area of the walled and moated enclosure can still be distinctly traced out. The large, lofty barn on the south of the gateway (with its beautiful Edwardian windows in the old brick walls) still remains; it formerly contained an upper floor, and was the banqueting hall of the Archbishop. In this place, where kings and queens have dwelt, lowly cattle are now stabled, and where in former times were held sumptuous feasts, amid rich scenes of magnificence, corn is now garnered and threshed. Such are a few of the incidents of the town and castle, and the shadowy figures of great men. It is well to linger here and consider the changes time has wrought. Yet, though the old baronial days may be rich in story and tradition, let us hope Cawood's future will be brighter than its past.*

* Archbishop Bowett (1407-26) was a generous guardian of the fabric; it was he who built the wall and the great hall. He not only kept the fabric of the castle in good repair, but was especially commended for his unbounded hospitality: "And, truly," as Drake quaintly remarks, "if the consumption of fourscore tuns of claret, which is said to have been yearly spent in his several palaces, can make us guess at the lesser matters, it must argue beef and ale in abundance." To this purpose he built the great hall in the castle of

"Where have ye gone, ye statesmen great,
That have left your home so desolate?
Where have ye vanished, king and peer,
And left what ye liv'd for lying here?
Sin can follow where gold may not,
Pictures and books the damp may rot;
And creepers hang frail lines of flowers,
Down the crevices of ancient towers;
But what hath passed from the soul of mortal,
Be it thought or word of pride,
Hath gone with him through the dim, low portal,
And waiteth by his side."

In 1872 a fine iron bridge was built across the Ouse—a great boon to the inhabitants of this district. Previous to its erection the following incident occurred:—One night the carrier's waggon from York to Cawood was crossing the river by the ferry at the latter place, the usual mode up to that time. The night being wild and stormy, the wind blowing with great force on the cover of the waggon caused the ferryboat to become unmanageable, forcing it down the river, where, coming in contact with a barge, the waggon full of people was upset into the river; fortunately only one life was lost, viz., the carrier, who by giving up his last chance of life saved his wife's. A boatman came to the rescue of two people, the driver and his wife, Bessie, struggling in the river. Leaning over the side of his boat he got hold of both of them, but being unable to save the two, finding his strength unequal to the task, he said, "Ah can only save yan, which 'es it te be?" "Save Bessie," was the noble answer from the drowning carrier, as he fell from the grasp of the boatman into the dark waters of the river; which, if I mistake not, never gave back his body. Nearly thirty years have passed since this sad accident happened, and Bessie Pilmer is still alive and resides in the James Hospital, erected for four poor people according to the will of William James, in the early years of the eighteenth century.

Although to a great extent the charm of Cawood lies in the memories which linger around its castle, yet the town, with its deep-toned brick dwellings and red-tiled roofs, uneven of contour, is full of quaint little pictures; and by way of contrast the buildings are intermixed with portions of finely-chiselled stones from the Huddleston quarries, brought hither in the

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Cawood, and his manor-house at Otley. His grave was opened in the seventeenth century and a ring found in the coffin bearing the inscription: "*Honneur et Joye*".—"A most appropriate motto," says Wheater, "for one who was probably like Jovinian." The chapel attached to the castle, often mentioned in deeds, stood about midway between the old gateway and river; fragments of this chapel existed in memory of men now living.

first instance for the uprearing of the castle. Time has only given additional hardness and durability to this stone, and also tinted it with a soft silvery grey. So, fragments of the castle can be detected all about the village outskirts and in many an out-of-the-way corner; even the latest new glaring red-bricked structure by the church shows one block of famous Huddleston stone in its walls. Cawood was the port from which the stone from the Huddleston quarries was shipped to York. Various means were adopted in transporting the stone to Cawood—by wains, sledding or floating on punts down Bishopdyke to the Ouse.

[*F. Dean.*

CAWOOD CASTLE AND VILLAGE, FROM THE RIVER.

Like Boroughbridge and other old places, Cawood possesses quite a number of ancient hostelries, whose quaint interiors, oak-panelled rooms, and ingle nooks are the joy of the tired traveller.

The mediæval splendour depicted on the gateway of the castle, its rich oriel windows, and the beautiful specimens of transition (early English and Tudor) work, displayed in the farm buildings, are too well known for further description.

Wistowgate possesses several pleasing types of domestic architecture, of the Elizabethan period, with picturesque gables. The excellent quality of the brickwork testifies to the care of the builder. Here are evidences of the fairly prosperous condition of the yeoman. There are four interesting granges, of the late Tudor period, in the town, although now shorn to some extent of their old-time features. The Grange, Wistowgate, the residence of the Nicholsons, whose ancestors have dwelt here in direct succession for three centuries, formerly had a fine Tudor roof. There is still a very pretty porch with heavy oaken door well studded with nails, two panelled rooms, and rare bits of furniture. In the garden are several cannon balls, Cromwellian period, found on the land about here, and under the colonnade are life-sized figures of the four evangelists, partly mutilated. These were found at a restoration of the church, buried face downwards by the walls of Cawood chapel. What a dignity and splendour these richly sculptured figures, with other images of saints, would give to Cawood Church of olden times. There are other old features noticeable—the wall surrounding the garden, and the row of aged pollard willows. In the meadows opposite the Grange stands a fragment of Keysbury Hall, belonging to the Lady of the Manor. Here a Court Leet is held every three years to collect

[*E. Bogg.*

A PEEP INTO BISHOPDYKE, NEAR THE SITE OF THE 'OLD SOKE MILL.'

fines for copyhold property.* The land on the south bank of the Wharfe hereabouts is a rich, loamy soil, suited for almost all kinds of vegetable produce, the seed-time and harvest of which finds employment for numerous women workers.

The bridge is the rendezvous for all able-bodied men out of employment, who, with hands deep in trousers pockets, perambulate that quarter; ever and again scanning the river as if expecting some Danish war-prame or the stately barge of the prelates of old, to sweep round the curve of the stream; or, perhaps, hoping for some rich prize to fall to their lot without toiling for it.

In conversation with one of these bridge strollers (an old native) he, with a sigh drawn from far down the aisles of the past, said, "Ay, they had monny rum doin's doon at yon castle. They allus mede their feeasts last 'em for monny a day, and I've heerd it tell't that ya dinner yance lasted oll t' year. Ay, bud them wor rare taimes, ya could eat and drink as mich as ivver ya liked for nowt. They mun hae been rich folks, for when I wur a lad 'ave heerd oad men say, that 'eaps o' gold and silver wor buried on this river side, and a can tak' ye ta a spot where a hide chuck full o' gold lies hid, if onnybody 'ull tak t' trouble ta dig for 't"!

Cawood has not been without interesting characters in the humbler walks of life. There was one John Fowler, or commonly 'Jacky' (*alias* Lord Milton, or Milton Fowler), of whom are told many wonderful stories. Then there was the good-natured and easy-going old miller, who is still

* Court Leet.—The view of frank-pledge, which is a court of record, held once in a year, and not oftener, within a particular hundred, township, or manor, before the steward of the leet; being the King's court, granted by charter to the lords of certain hundreds and manors. Its original intent was to view the frank-pledges, that is, the freemen within the liberty; besides this the preservation of the peace and the chastisement of divers minute offences against the public good are the objects both of the court leet and the Sheriff's town, which have exactly the same jurisdiction, one being only a larger species of the other; extending over more territory, but not over more causes. All freeholders within the precinct are obliged to attend them, and all persons cormorant, *i.e.*, lying therein. But persons under twelve and above sixty years old, peers, clergymen, women, and the Crown's tenant in ancient demesne, are excused from attendance, all others being bound to attend upon the jury if required, and make their due presentments.

It was also anciently the custom to summon all the King's subjects, as they respectively grew to the age of discretion and strength, to come to the court-leet, and there take the oath of allegiance. The other general business of the leet and town was to present by jury all crimes whatsoever that happened within their jurisdiction. Both the town and leet have been for a long time in a declining way, and latterly have fallen into almost total desuetude, and their business has gradually devolved upon the quarter sessions.

kindly remembered, though the original 'Soke Mill,' of Cawood, has long since fallen into disuse. But if the miller was easy-going and careless, his wife was greedy of gain and grain. Scene—Miller's wife to the miller: "Has' ta mootur'd (multured) that corn?" "Ay, lass." "Wha, thoo hesen't auf mootur'd it, a'll mooture it agean." Such is the pith of the story told us by the site of the old Soke Mill. Then there is our worthy friend 'Pepper,' whose eighty-seven years still sit lightly on him, and whose definition of place-names is somewhat original and startling. To him the connection between Acaster Selby, and the mother church of Selby, evidently has no existence, for he told us, with some show of pride, how the name originated from vessels sailing past up the Ouse to York, hence Sail-by (Selby). Many and varied are the stories he told whilst driving us about with his favourite steed 'Violet'—whose colour was white. Of noblemen, the late Lord Wenlock is the one he loves to dilate upon most; from his description, a gentleman by birth and nature alike. For many years 'Pepper' was engaged in salmon fishing, and astounding captures in the past are recounted. He also took part in the celebrated Election between Lord Milton and Wilberforce, which happened over seventy years ago.*

STREET VIEW, CAWOOD.

* A few years ago, an incident occurred just inside this village that goes far to prove the devotion and attachment of dumb animals to one another. The doctor of the place owned a favourite pony, used for visiting district patients. His two dogs, a retriever and a

Let us now wander along the curve of the Ouse, to where the grey tower of the church stands as a sentinel over the tawny water, as it has stood nigh seven hundred years. Near it was a paved ford over the river, and here also stood the tithe barn, now demolished.* The position of the church is admirable, situated on the bank of a tidal river winding about in graceful curves, and everything around contributes to one's sense of peace, pastoral enjoyment and settled content. Our description of the fabric, although a fascinating theme, must be brief. The only portion of the original twelfth-century church remaining is the western doorway and part of the wall adjoining it. The clustered shafts of the south arcade are remarkable for

[*E. Bogg.*

FONT USED AS A PUMP TROUGH, IN COTTAGE HOSPITAL GARDEN.

* Doubtless the old chapel (originally a small structure) was erected, in the first instance, near an ancient paved ford, which can still be located at low water. This church was either rebuilt or thoroughly restored about the middle of the twelfth century. The west doorway of the north aisle and bowl of the font are all that remain of this Norman church.

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greyhound, were the especial friends of the pony; the three being inseparable companions either abroad or in the stable. One afternoon, as the doctor was returning from his visits, the pony dropped dead not far from the village. It was dragged into an adjoining field, but nothing could induce the dogs to quit the dead pony through the long, cold, late autumn night. The following day the body was buried deep in the earth. Still, strange to say, the faithful animals refused to leave the spot, scratching a bed in the soil, and for two days and nights kept watch and ward over the grave. Mr. Warrington, who saw them early on the second morning, told the writer the devoted animals were shaking from intense cold.

their slender proportions, and this airy lightness is very pleasing and effective. The two lancet windows and doorway in the south wall of the chancel are very interesting examples of architecture. Part of the dismembered effigy, a memorial of Archbishop George Montaigne, seen in a chest on a former visit, has been restored; the other part is no doubt in existence, and the whole figure ought to have been restored. Allen, in his history of the county of York, written in 1826, says: "Archbishop Mountain is interred in this church and has a handsome tomb." We have a feeling, almost amounting to adoration, for these old effigies, as we stand before them and ponder on the time when they who now sleep trod these very aisles, or knelt in prayer at the altar! Broken tombs, monuments, and effigies are the links that indissolubly bind the past to the present. Another very interesting relic, namely, the bowl of an early English font, now degraded to the use of a pump trough *(see picture)*, is in the garden of the cottage hospital adjoining; this relic of the original church should be removed back into the church from whence it was thrown out some sixty years ago. Outside the east end of the churchyard wall is a panel bearing the impaled arms of the Cawoods of Cawood, and Accloms of Morbey. This site, now unbuilt on, south side of the choir wall and east end of the south aisle, was formerly known as the Cawood Chapel, and it was

CAWOOD CHURCH.

here in the ground, buried face downwards, that the life-sized figures in stone of the four evangelists were found, some years ago; they are now to be seen under the colonnade of the Grange, Wistowgate. The question which naturally arises is: Have the figures been hidden at the Reformation, or during the Civil War, to protect them from destruction at the hands of the Ironsides. The Smiths, Morritts, Nicholsons, Wormalds, Warringtons, and Mountains still reside at Cawood.

Before passing into the Ainsty district, it would be well for us to take a glance at Wistow, the Wykestow of the old nomenclature. In our path through sandy, alluvial, garden-like land, we notice just off the wayside a huge and lightning-blasted oak, standing with gaunt arms extending like some bleached skeleton. This is the haunted oak, or 'Goblin Tree,' and stout of heart were they who at nightfall passed it formerly without fear and trembling. It has weathered the storms of many centuries, and is the sole survivor of its former brethren hereabouts. To fully realise the scenery around Wistow, the place should be visited at two seasons—when the July sun has ripened the fruits of the earth—the potato harvest in full swing on the broad arable—and given splendid frondage to the trees and dressed the wayside hedgerows in plenitude of loveliness; and by way of startling contrast, to fully understand the inhospitable aspect of winter, make a visit in the dark, dreary month of December, when the wide dun fields lie bare beneath a dark grey dome of sky.*

When Wistow was the Wykestow (the name denotes a watery situation) it stood at a very sharp angle of the River Ouse, which has since cut its way through the neck of the loop. The village is now a mile from the river, but the former way of the stream is still visible. Over this old course the

* Some eighty years ago, Cawood and the villages around were infested with hordes of gipsies, whose king was one Largee Young, a man of immense strength. A terror to the neighbourhood, his profession was poaching and thieving. So afraid were the inhabitants of offending him, that for several years he defied the laws with impunity. Being a practised horse thief, he was one night seen by a farmer leading a horse from his stable. Following and overtaking the gipsy in the fields near Hebden farm, the farmer demanded his horse. The gipsy with fearful oaths swore he would murder him. A terrible fight took place, which would probably have ended in the death of the farmer, but fortunately the noise of the strife brought Hebden to the rescue, armed with a large hatchet. The two men proved more than a match for the gipsy king. Young was tried at the Castle; tribes of gipsies from far and near attended the trial; every means possible were adopted by the wanderers to induce the farmers to withdraw from the prosecution, but in vain. Amongst other things offered, as a native quaintly told the writer, was "a quairt pot chuck up wi' gold." The gipsy king was exported beyond seas. The farmer who captured him was for his courage presented with a silver tankard, which, lately kept at an inn in these parts, enabled thirsty ones to drink, while the innkeeper related the story of the capture.

Vikings have steered their high-prowed flat-bottomed 'prames,' for such were the vessels on which the adventurous Northmen—holding life lightly—invaded England. Here just beyond Wistow is the Garman-carr—the Ga-maen: Maen, a boundary—that the Celt and Dane and all others had to respect, the limiting line made for Athelston's Liberty of Cawood, Wistow and Otley. To the rear is the black fen and Boggart Brigg, where Peg Fife skinned a man alive, so the natives still say. The Black Fen is the fountain and origin of the bad fiend—Will-o'-the-wisp—and all that is evil, and the Elf Holes, from whence the elves come tripping lightly in the moonlight, the fount of light and gladness. Thoroughly Celtic in its garmaen, its goblins, boggarts, elf holes, and spark haggs, and the curious, old-world incidents of man-skinning done at the boundary of the Liberty.

The maypole is said to have been a bequest of the fairies, and here the little buxom lasses, sighing anxiously for their loves, were wont to dance a ringhey or reel. Fiends and fairies were deeply interwoven in the minds of the people hereabouts. The scenery among which a child has been reared has a great effect in moulding his after character. Here, cradled and brought-up amongst the fens, it became identified with his everyday life. Seated by the peat fire on a winter's night, when the wind moaned and shrieked mysteriously, he heard the oral tradition repeated from sire to son. And so the belief in fiends, ghosts, and fairies became deeply identified with the penal tradition of the people. Wistow is still a place of old-world stories, fancies, habits, and appearances.*

* It was at Scalm Park, in the parish of Wistow, where William Storr, farmer, dwelt in the early years of the eighteenth century. He was a man of quick intelligence for his station in life, and from the journal he kept we find a great fund of information respecting Wistow and the surrounding district, two hundred years ago. The following are two items—of 'Highwayes' he says: "When my father came to Scalme the roadway to Cawood and Wistow was thorow the woods and out at a gate at the garth side of the new hagg for Cawood, and to Wistow out at a gate near the farr end of Mosker Hagg, and so was for twenty years after, but the woods growing so great we was forst to take down Mosker Hagg, being the way to Selby." He also tells us of 'Floods'—"There hath been severall great floods, but one is remarkable because it hapened in summer. It began to rain the 13th of July and continued till Wednesday at noon, and the flood was at its height at Wistow on Setterday at noon. It swam load pikes of hay in the hallings, and I lost there and in the Common Ings fifty load of hay, and the weather was so hott after it that dust flew in the roads very sore, and it did rott the gras upon the ground with the heat of the sun, soe that it was a very loathsome smell to feell all over the lordship, and there was abundance of hay and corn lost in the lordship, and the ground would not keep above half the stock the next year, I mean on low grounds, and because the gras was so rotted away it caused abundance of the Ings to be plowed which never was before. I lost with that flood near upon £100. It was in the year 1706 that the sumer flood hapned at Wistow." Descendants of the Storrs still dwell in the district.—*Yorkshire Archæological Society's Journal.*

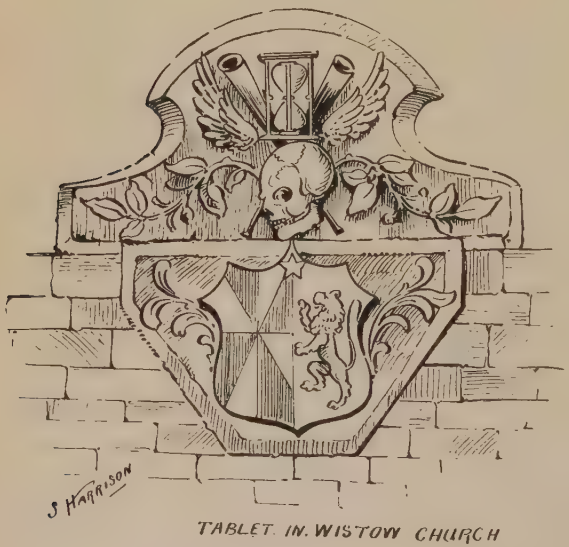
There is no mention of a church at Wistow in the 'Domesday' survey. The structure is early thirteenth century foundation; the tower, a conspicuous object seen above the roofs and orchard trees. It has been thoroughly restored with great skill and care. Within the chancel lies the effigy of a lady and two smaller figures, supposed to represent her children; the epitaph referring to the above is in Norman French; translated it reads, "You who

WISTOW CHURCH.

pass this way, pray for the soul of Dame Margery; Margery who lies here, for you may Jesus cry mercy." There is a curious memorial—'the End of All'—in the north wall, a skull supporting an hour-glass, and underneath is a coat-of-arms; there are a few incised slabs, bearing every sign of antiquity, and several other features of interest. Wheater says that in 1474 there stood in

the churchyard of Wistow, but not attached to the church, a chapel called St. Hilda's Chapel, and the Bishop's report states that it was in a dilapidated condition, although the Prebendary of Wistow ought to have kept it in a proper state of repair. The principal image, they state, had been withdrawn from the church, and that they have neglected the very ancient custom of strewing the church with straw. This little chapel of St. Hilda may have been a very old foundation, and its dedication to the great Scandinavian Saint speaks strongly as to the origin of the inhabitants of Wistow.*

Away to the west is Olive House and Olive Bush. These points of the once dark and drear fenland seem to tell of the Norseman Olaf, the St. Olaf, and the long train of dark days and drear nights of ague-racked agony to be endured for generations before the swamp-covered land became the paradise of cultivation it now is, and the terrors of olden times became mere sounding names.



TABLET IN WISTOW CHURCH

Just beyond the sleepy village is Boggart Bridge, and some two miles away over the low-lying meadow and root-land, the chief feature in the landscape etched forth is the tower of Selby Abbey, architecturally a church producing a wondrous charm, and inevitably impressing the mind of the traveller, who gazes on it, with its superb west front and massive early Gothic work. Around this monastery the little market town of Selby has gradually arisen. A few words must suffice for description. The spirit of the beautiful is instinct in everything here. The massiveness and dignified grandeur of the Norman, Gothic, and Transitional nave, the enriched character of the decorated choir, contrasting with the heavy Norman work; the pleasing variety of the triforium and clerestory, and the exquisite, pointed

* The four parcels of land within the manor of Wistow are:—Hornington Hagg, Pile Hagg, Westall Hagg, Paulden Hagg. Statute measure, 976 acres : 1 : 9.

and graceful early English—blend architectural styles into pleasing harmony. Even the chequered gleam and shadow on the pavement is sublimely beautiful within this "solemn temple." We glance at the Jesse window, with its wondrous story, gem-like in colour and luminous conception; let us tread softly the pavement worn by the "noiseless foot" of sandalled monks, lest we awaken their long sleep, as we silently contemplate the ornate beauty and massive grandeur, the graven stones and monuments, stored with undying thought, appealing to all who really love and venerate their country's shrines—and Selby Abbey is indeed truly one of the most magnificent and beautiful.

The Missionary Benedict, whose coming to England in the 'Conquest' era led to the foundation of this Abbey of Selby, has left a fine word-picture of this sylvan scene. Perambulating the district which included the first possessions of Selby and speaking with the freshness of the actual landscape before his view, he describes it as "a most pleasant place, covered as well with frequent groves as crowned with an ample tidal river, like an earthly paradise. Situated on the bank of the Ouse at the southern quarter of the city of York and (as to Selby) only some ten miles distant from it, the intervening windings of the river are covered on every side with woods and groves, which provide much beauty in a pleasant place; among these many big groves,

C. F. Jones.

WEST DOORWAY, SELBY ABBEY.

excellent in quality, properly lie near and belong to this domain. In the profits of the water, this vicinity furnishes much; the lakes and dams abounding in fishes." How delightful to have the lines of such a picture fixed by a poet's eye! Its charm in the vista, he adds, including his own home. "In the meantime, a monastery as fair as notable, sits in its revered mass. . . . . The tower of the church, far off from those walking, can be seen on the public roads from every part, and with it the roofs of the offices arising beside it as in steps, appear and are pointed out; and also whatever is brought to York by ships from parts beyond the seas, or carried away from it to other parts of England, is wont to pass before the gates of the monastery of Selby," just as they must pass before the tower of the Archbishop's palace at Cawood. More than eight hundred years have passed since that description was penned, yet it can still be applied, word for word, to the district then referred to. Somnolence is one of the grand features of the Ouse and lower Wharfe; its aspect, its serenity, its landscape, are the enduring marks of self-sufficient existence. What is, was, and, let us hope, will henceforth continue to be.

We are wandering over historic ground, and by a river rendered famous in the Sagas of old. Here is Wistow Lordship: the large number of shapely-dressed stones from the Huddleston quarries prove the place to be of ancient foundation; Monks Lane, an old-time way, passing through the Haggs to Wistow, tells of a time when the spiritual brethren were predominant in this district. Yonder to the east, just beyond the banks of the Ouse, the substantial tower of Riccall Church rises high and square above the roofs of the lowly village, blending finely with the rich green frondage of elm and ash, in which it is embowered. This wide stretch of lowland is remarkable for its noble temples, whose grand towers, romantic and beautiful, rise out of the landscape like island-peaks in the ocean; but it is not of the church we would speak, nor the ornate beauty and noble grandeur of its Norman-Gothic entrance portal, with its four ranges of moulding springing from shafts with capitals ornamented with grotesque figures; and with its wondrous symbolism of Christianity triumphing over Paganism.*

Riccall – the Richehal, Ric-hael—the hall of government, is a place of unmistakable antiquity. It was here in the Ouse that Hardrada, the

* In Riccall churchyard still flourishes a mulberry tree, nigh three hundred years old, its planting marking an order made by King James I.—faddist in many things, unpractical and before his time in others—his idea being to encourage the propagation of silkworms and the manufacture of silk by such means.

renowned king of Norway, moored his five hundred ships which had borne his vast army of Norsemen from the wilds of Scandinavia and the Orkneys to the conquest of England. A beck enters the Ouse between Wheel Hall —(wheel is often used in connection with Yorkshire rivers, meaning an expansion or backwater)—and Riccall, and, from its wide river vale aspect, has formerly been an arm of the Ouse, deep and wide enough at the flow of tide for vessels of small draught to enter, and in this indent, the natives

[*Valentine & Sons.*

THE CHOIR, SELBY ABBEY.

(the very descendants of the Danes) tell us—the 'Deanes'—Norsemen, moored their war keels. From thence they marched overland through the great forest of Ouse and Derwent to York. The Saxon army of defenders met the invaders at Fulford and thus barred their entry into the city, and there, says one writer, where the smooth green turf now covers the ings with its delicious sward, Saxons and Danes faced each other in mortal strife; but at nightfall the famous banner, the land ravager of the Norsemen, floated

triumphant over the field of battle. Marching on to York the victors took possession of it, but hearing that Harold was advancing to the rescue, they retreated, choosing their position on the Derwent at Stamford Bridge, where on the 25th of September, 1066, Harold, on whose prowess rested Saxon England, came in sight of the invading hosts of Scandinavia. The contest was fierce and terrible, both sides doing deeds of undoubted valour: around the bridge long raged the keenest fury of the battle. A giant Swede* for some time defended it with the power of his single arm, but was at length slain by a spear thrust from beneath the bridge. The old wooden bridge stood a little higher up the river than the present structure, its former position can still be determined. After performing prodigies of valour, the Norwegian king and Tosti were slain, with thousands of their army.

Many memorials of this famous battle have been found: swords, battle-axes, pikes and other armour. The remains of a half-circular trench joining on to the river at both extremities shows the entrenched position the Norsemen occupied west of the river at the onset of the battle. Danes Garth and Danes Well, battle flats and evident signs of earthworks on the east side of the river, are all suggestive of this great struggle. And again on the west bank, by Chapel or Chantry Field, is a raised earthwork, sixty yards long by eight or nine feet high, and said by the villagers to be a burying place of the slain from the battlefield.† Stamford Bridge is a spot

* This giant Norwegian—the northern Horatius—who defended the bridge, was one of the warriors who had accompanied Harold Sigurd to the Greek capital on the Mediterranean coast, and had shared in all his great Eastern victories by sea and land, and his mighty sword had helped to carve a path through the infidel host to the walls of Jerusalem, where he had worshipped before the Holy Sepulchre, and afterwards washed in the waters of Jordan. The old wooden bridge which he so long defended was standing until near the middle of the eighteenth century.

† Previous to the battle, King Harold sent an envoy and twenty horsemen, both men and horses completely mailed, to try and win over his brother, and so split up the invaders. Coming into the presence of Tosti, the spokesman said: "Harold, thy brother, sends thee greeting, and the promise of peace, also that thou shalt have the whole of Northumbria; and rather than thou shouldst become his enemy, he will share the third part of the kingdom with thee." "And what," answered Tosti, "if I accept this offer, will be given to Harold Hardrada?" The trooper replied: "He has, indeed, said what he would grant him of England's soil, seven feet space, but as men say he is a giant he shall have eight." Then replied Tosti, "Go and tell your king to prepare to fight, for no man shall ever say that Tosti, son of Godwin, broke faith with Harold, son of Sigurd, and joined the ranks of his foes." Both sides prepared for combat, the invaders being composed of adventurers from many nations and climes; but the troops mainly to be relied on were the warriors the giant king had often led to victory, he being the greatest warrior of his age. Mounted on a magnificent black charger, his gigantic figure enveloped in armour of burnished steel,

where the antiquary will love to linger. The village, with its clustered roofs, is not uninteresting: the Derwent flowing in the foreground, and away in the background are the white chalk roads winding across the brow of the Wold Hills. But we are diverging from our subject, let us return over the many miles which intervene between Stamford and Riccall. The fighting and chase continued, numbers were drowned in the Derwent and Ouse. The Saxon chronicle says that "The English from behind hotly smote them until they came to their ships, some were drowned and others also burned, and thus in divers ways they perished, so that few were left to carry back to Norway the dismal story."* In this hour of victory Harold graciously allowed the remnant of the army to return on condition they would for ever observe peace and friendship to this land. Thus of a fleet of five hundred prames bearing a mighty host of warriors who proudly entered the Humber a few days previous 'burning with high hope,' only twenty-four ships were needed to take back the survivors. Deep was the sorrow and loud the wailing amongst the Norsemen for the loss of their brave king and the destruction of his army. Even the flapping sails and creaking of masts sounded like a funeral dirge, as the few vessels crept slowly and mournfully down the Ouse and out of the Humber, and thence homeward across the wild North Sea, to spread the dismal story of evil omen and death. For generations after, the sad story was told by fathers to sons, of that fearful fight and carnage at Stamford, where the blood of a kindred race, Angle and Norse, changed the clear waters of the old Ouse and Derwent to crimson.

Here on the banks of the Ouse and lower Wharfe we are in Danesland. The Danes never rested until the North-Humber country was

* While the immense fleet was in preparation, many vague previsions of gloom pervaded the Viking host. "One man dreamed that the fleet had sailed, that he saw flocks of crows and vultures perched on the masts and sails, and that a witch-wife, seated on an island, holding a drawn sword in her hand, cried out to the birds: 'Go, and go without fear; ye shall have plenty to eat, for I go with you.' Another man dreamt that he saw his comrades landed in England, that they were in presence of an English army, and that a woman of gigantic stature rode on a wolf, to which she gave human bodies, which it held in its jaws and devoured one after another. Hardrada dreamed that he saw his brother, St. Olaf, and that the warrior-saint warned him, in vague words, that the expedition would terminate in disaster."

picture him! with his grizzly warriors, the sea kings, around him, and the famous standard, "The Land Ravager," floating o'er them. Towering above his army he sang his famous war song, telling of great victories won by the Norsemen; and as he sang of the mighty deeds of Rolla and chiefs of old, the blood mantled his cheeks, and ere he had ended his battle-song the wild enthusiasm of the Norsemen was beyond control.

conquered. The ship was the Norseman's pride; up the riverways they sailed, fought, plundered and settled along the banks, as the range of place-names yet testify, and to-day the Norse element in this district is predominant. To these wild sea rovers we, to a great extent, owe our love of liberty. The admixture of Norse blood still flows strong in our veins, their language in our speech.

In our journey to Ryther let us follow the bank of the sinuous Ouse, with its rich undergrowth and umbrageous foliage, past slumberous Kellfield and all that remains of its former castellated and moated manor-house. It would be as well to mention in passing along the bank of the Ouse that curious phenomena, the eagre or sea tempest: the tidal inrush of water up the estuaries. The highest, and consequently the most dangerous, is that nearest to the new moon, to autumnal or vernal equinox. At neap, low tide, the inflow of water can only be slightly marked. On the level stretch of river, between Cawood and Kellfield, the whole body of springtide water sweeps in one large wave, followed by a succession of smaller ones, and meeting the descending river rises like a wall of water to the height of six or seven feet, and travels upwards at the rate of seven to eight miles an hour. Boats and keels are, at times, washed from their moorings, and persons fishing peaceably by the river are often caught unawares and immersed

[*E. Bogg.*

A BEND OF THE OUSE AT CAWOOD.

up to the middle by the rapid influx of water—hence the shout of warning when the wave is seen swiftly approaching. At Cawood the men call out: 'War aigre—war (ware) oot, it's coming, look out!' whilst the lads playing by the river shout on its approach, 'War oot for t' worly aigre' (whirling, from the succession of waves). The word is pronounced variously, as 'eygre,' 'eagre,' and 'eager,' Anglo-Saxon 'eagor,' 'egor'—the sea water. We can easily understand the feeling of awe the sight of this body of moving water, surging up the estuaries of certain rivers would have on the minds of the half-wild men from the land of Scania; and we can also understand how this spirit of the water and sea-giant of old became the Ægir or Sea God of the Norsemen, and that strange, unaccountable feeling of awe and mystery (we might say worship), which it produced lingered in the minds of the people dwelling by the banks of the Ouse and Trent far into the years of the last century. At Cawood we cross by the bridge to the south side of the river and turn in to the old 'Commercial' for refreshments, an excellent inn, typical of old days. We rest in the ingle nook, have a pleasant chat with the landlord on bygone times and things; then leaving Cawood, with thoughts of its past history still in mind, we take the road to Ryther, through the flat lands, to some perhaps monotonous, yet affording fine views of a lowland river winding deep under overhanging willows. In the middle distance a red brick or whitewashed farm stands out to relieve the miles of flatness. In the far distance a tower or spire and tapering poplars, with the roofs of Fenton and other villages, complete the scene.

Hereabouts in the loose sandy subsoil the mole, which is often of a creamy colour, proves very troublesome to the farmers. Under the molehill are three chambers, the bottom-most being the home or nest, the upper chambers are generally stocked with headless worms, a provision of the sagacious mole against a rainy day. This maiming of the worm does not destroy life, but deprives it of the power to creep away, hence the mole generally retains in its larder a fresh supply of live food. We are told by an authority that the mole lives almost wholly upon the red earthworm of the fields. It has been seen to refuse to touch hard-skinned creatures like the beetle or armoured wood louse, although the softer-skinned grub or maggot of flies is devoured when chance allows. As we have observed, the mole's 'fortress' consists of an upper gallery and a chamber, or 'keep,' in which it ordinarily lives when at rest. There is a third and larger chamber, which is placed where two runs meet at some little distance from the 'fortress.' Here the mother mole rears her young. The upper

excavation, or top chamber, from its domed, tunnel-like character, if not intended for the purpose, is nevertheless a sort of trap for worms, which, wriggling their way as is their habit through the soil, and bringing up fine earth to the surface by night, or after rain, tend to break through and congregate in the gallery, balling themselves, as is also their habit, as one by one they happen to strike. Once in the smooth-walled receptacle, they cannot escape except by the 'run' of the mole. Such as do follow the line of the least resistance are almost sure to make a meal for the blind burrower. The old mole-catcher here is quite a character and familiar figure in his well-worn velvet coat. The damp and fogs of the fenland have, however, marked him for a victim, for he rather jocularly told how "Yance ah went weel eneaf ah twa sticks (legs), but noo ah ev te hev foure."

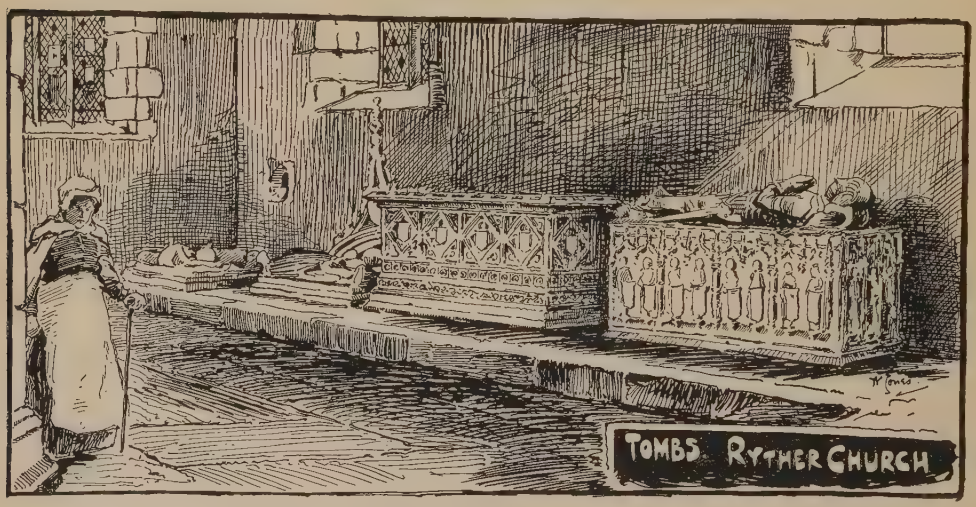
VIEW ON THE OUSE BETWEEN CAWOOD AND RICCALL.

CHAPTER XI.

WANDERING along, we soon obtain a glimpse, nestling amongst trees in the meadows, of Ryther's ancient church, in whose peaceful aisles rest mailed knight, crusader, and nun, their embellished tombs telling of warfare in the battlefield, or the more saintly fight of the just. Ryther, now a secluded and very uneventful village, was a place of some importance in "the days when the earth was young," and Tubal Cain was a man of might. We do not suppose Tubal dwelt at Ryther, nor does he belong to this story. The place-name is perhaps a disguise of the Celtic word "Rhayader," a cataract or waterfall, and suggestive of this are the two streams which fall into the Wharfe from either bank opposite the village. But the more probable derivation is from the Norse "Riodr," a settlement in a forest-clearance; and a few remains of the old oak forest of the Percys may be seen over the river. The earliest associations of the place are with long settlement and its consequent stability. Its church of pre-Conquest foundation and dedicated to "All Hallows" was the only one between the Wharfe and Brayton. The antiquity of its territorial family cannot be estimated from the effects of the Norman conquest. Their heraldic badge, three crescents, is said to be a mark of distinguished conduct, won during the Crusades. The place is doubtless of Norse origin, and here the Viking fleet, in armour glittering with barbaric embellishments, the Raven Standard fluttering in the breeze, have often passed up and down by the riverway. The place-names from the mouth of the Wharfe to Hubberholm in its upper reaches, bear out the story of the supremacy of the Dane in this river vale.

The church stands on slightly rising ground some two hundred paces from the river; opposite, on the northern bank, stands Nunappleton. Just to the west of the church are fragments of a well-defined moat, enclosing the site of the former castle of the Rythers, and parallel with the moat on

the west is a fen dyke—"the Fleet," which on reaching the precincts of the village expands into a wide-flowing estuary. The road to Cawood skirts this expansion of water for some little distance. The water-mark on the line of posts, erected to guide people at flood-time and on the dark nights of winter, gives the village quite a Dutch aspect and adds a distinctive charm and character to the place. The homes of the cotters are all to the west of the beck hollow, which cuts the connection between the church, Hallgarth and the village. A high raised causeway, the stones laid so as to shed water readily, gave sole access to the church, and is another quaint feature of interest telling its own story, and a strange eventful one too,



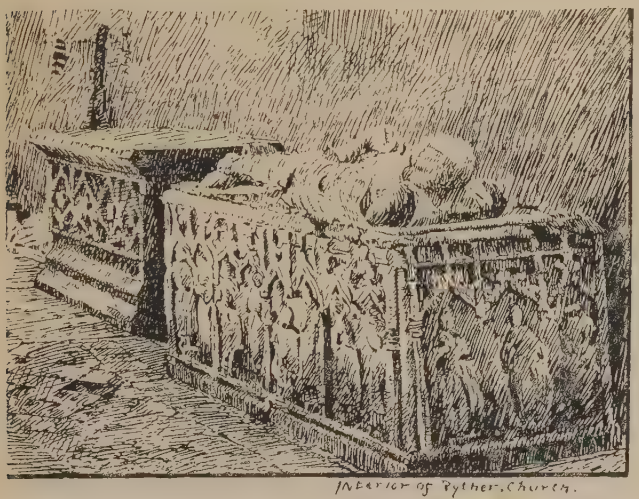
AFTER THE RESTORATION.

reaching over the centuries; of the happy bride led to the altar, or grief-stricken mourners bearing all that is mortal of friend or kin to the tomb, in days and at times when such passage was not without its moving incidents by flood and field.

Ryther Church.

Architecturally a treasured shrine of historic remains, the delightful simplicity observed within the interior harmonizing quaintly with the charm of its surroundings. Here the most unimpressionable cannot fail to be arrested by the venerable form and the prevailing antiquity, as it were, blending tradition and romantic story, and themes sufficient to rouse the

least fertile imagination into active interest. It consists of entrance porch, nave, south aisle, and chancel; the solid simplicity of the chancel arch, devoid of ornament, shows the rude character of the semi-barbarous early Gothic work. The first Danish or Saxon church, possibly erected not later than the ninth century, has been a very lowly edifice, including chancel and about half the length of the present nave. The chancel arch and two rude round-headed windows built in the north wall are relics of the early structure. The growth of the church is very apparent: the lengthening of the early English nave, and the after addition of the early-decorative south aisle, which required the introduction of the hagioscope in the old arch, so arranged that the Ryther family, seated in this aisle, could witness the Elevation of the Host; also the difference in character of the two piscinas: the one in the north or original wall—Norman; the other in the south wall—early decorated. Built into the outside walls are fragments of an earlier church, specimens of diaper work, and other antique features illustrative of the growth of this church and the reason of its varied styles of architecture.



INTERIOR OF RYTHER CHURCH BEFORE THE RESTORATION.

It is very rarely one finds such a display of tombs and effigies of warriors and ladies as are to be seen here, reaching the entire length of the south aisle; and although much of their history is forgotten, maybe they still rest on from century to century. How hushed and solemn is the hallowed spot as we linger by these monuments of the dead, shafts of glimmering sunlight gilding the effigies with an almost ethereal radiance! The first is a fine tomb of fine alabaster, on which reposes the sculptured figure of a knight in plate mail; a helmet, minus the crest, is on his head, and a hound lies at his feet. The collar round the neck represents the 'sun in splendour'—a

badge for distinguished conduct given by Edward IV. At each end of the tomb are arcaded canopies, in which are the figures of three knights in armour and three ladies; on the side are four spaces with canopied enrichments containing four knights and four ladies. There are various suggestions as to whom this tomb may commemorate: I think it is the Dean of York, the Rev. A. P. Purey-Cust, who weaves quite a romance around it. It most probably represents a knight of the Ryther family, slain at Towton fight; it is, indeed, a chaste and stately monument, and

[*E. Bogg.*

SAXON CHANCEL ARCH AND HAGIOSCOPE, RYTHER CHURCH.

goes far to prove the importance of the Ryther family in "the brave days of old." The next tomb of Portland marble, decorated with tracery and bunches of grapes, is fine in detail and finish; around the edge of the cover have been inserted ribbons of metals and also shields, enamelled in heraldic colours, but which have been ruthlessly removed by the hands of the despoiler: this is supposed to be the tomb of Sir Ralph de Ryther. Resting on the floor, near an ogee arch in the church wall, is the figure of a lady in the costume worn during the latter part of the thirteenth century; her hands, resting on her breast, clasp a heart, which she seems

to be in the act of presenting to the church. At the extreme end of the aisle is the time-worn effigy of a Crusader in chain armour; by the side of the warrior rests his lady, wearing a wimple, her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer—

"Full seemly her wimple y'pinched was."

A William de Ridre, whom the effigy is supposed to represent, was a celebrated warrior in the time of Edward I.; he manfully assisted that monarch in the Crusades and Scotch Wars. The hardship and cost of these long campaigns seem to have brought the family into rather straitened circumstances, for, in 1308, Sir William de Ridre, Knight, acknowledges that he owes one William, a clerk, forty shillings, which, in default of payment, may be levied on his goods and chattels. The poem on the siege of Caerlaverock says—

"William de Ridre was there,
Who a blue banner did bear,
The crescents of gold so radiant."

John de Ridre, his son, was also a great favourite with Edward II. He was the king's constable of Skipton Castle during the great raid of the Scots under Randolph and the "Doughty Douglas," and he seems to have continued his active military career; in 1321 he was constable of Corfe Castle, a royal appointment of value, and a year or two later we still find him constable of the castle and honour of Skipton, and also keeper of Purbeck Chase.*

John de Rithre's services were equally accepted by Edward III. on the 16th July, 1327, in an order to Thomas Deyvill to deliver to John de Rithre the issues received by him from the manor of Scarthecroft during the time when he had the custody thereof, as the manor was taken into the king's hands by reason of the quarrel of Thomas, late Earl of Lancaster; and not to meddle further with the said manor, which was held of John by Robert de Rithre, deceased. On 5th July, 1327, is an order to the exchequer to cause Matilda, late wife of Robert de Rithre, to whom the king committed the custody of two parts of Robert's lands, in his hands by reason of the heir's minority, of the extent of the manor of Scarthecroft, charging her with the extent of the manor of Rithre, the escheator being ordered not to intermeddle further with the manor of Scarthecroft, and to restore the issues thereof, retaining in the king's hands the manor of Rithre, because it was

* The change of d to th, and the converse, is a common one in vulgar folk-speech; so in this case, if the place-name has a Norse derivation, the present-day spelling is the least correct.

found by inquisition taken by the escheator that Robert held at his death the manor of Rithre of the king as of the honour of Pontefract, and that he held the manor of Scarthecroft of John de Rithre by the service of a quarter of a knight's fee, and that William, son of the said Robert, is his next heir, aged twelve years.*

There are other features worthy of notice. The window in the east end of the south aisle, interspersed with fragments of old glass, containing the arms of the Rythers; noticeably the three crescents or, on a field azure with three cushions, argent and ermine, has an historic importance. On the floor of this aisle are inscribed stones and brasses to the memory of John Robinson, of Ryther, and his descendants. The five stone altar slabs and the Norman font are features to muse over. An inscribed stone within the chancel reads: "Here lies the body of Idonea de Gainsbro', prioress of Nun Appleton; she died in 1334." In the fields near Bolton Percy a large tombstone of another prioress was some years ago found, at the time of its discovery serving as a cover for the head of a drain. It is now to be seen on the floor at the west end of Bolton Percy Church. Great credit is due to the architect and Rector for the skill and care exercised in the judicious restoration of this ancient fabric of Ryther.

The family castle has long ago been dispersed; fragments of the deep moat are still seen and the impress of the hall in the cultivated fields and gardens fully attest that the castle of the old knightly family who took their name from the village stood here. The field west of the church is to this day called "Hall Garth," or Castle Field. An aged man, near fourscore years, who pathetically said, "Ahm t' last o' me breed," still recalls how in his time the foundations of the castle were used as a quarry for the surrounding district until barely a stone remained to tell the story of former greatness. The meadow east of Hall Garth and north of the church is called Coney Garth, and in it great quantities of bones have been unearthed. Regarding the above name, Coney, there is a letter extant, in which a Sir William Ryther writes to a friend requesting him to send some coneys as he is making a coney garth to his hall at Rither. As an evidence of the antiquity and importance of this family, a Ryther of Ryther witnessed the foundation charter of Appleton Nunnery over the river in 1154.

* April 3rd, 1361, Archbishop Thoresby paid Robert Ryther, Lord of Ryther, twenty pounds sterling, being the price of twenty four oaks bought of him for the use of restoring the cathedral.

Sir William de Aldburgh, of Harewood, dying without issue, the castle and lands came into possession of his two sisters. Elizabeth married Sir Richard Redman, knight, of Westmorland; Sybill, Sir William Ryther of Ryther; and it is rather singular that these two families and their descendants inhabited Harewood Castle jointly for several generations; the last to reside there was a Sir Robert Ryther, towards the close of the fifteenth century, and he was interred in Ryther Church. A Sir William Ryther, born 1405, married Isabella, daughter of Sir William Gascoyne, of Gawthorpe, son of the renowned judge.

The family of Ryther appear to have died out early in the eighteenth century. The present Earl of Harrowby is supposed to be the nearest representative. In the matter of economy the Rythers do not appear to have been a prudent family, thus, gradually, they became dispossessed of their lands. Of this fact one Robert Ryther, of Belton, bears witness, for in his will proved May, 1696, he devised and settled his estates upon his sixth cousin —John Ryther of Scarcroft — upon failure of his own issue, and gives his reason for so doing—"To preserve the lands in our ancient family, which is now very inconsiderable in comparison of the great estates heretofore enjoyed in the counties of York, Lincoln, and elsewhere, by our extravagant ancestors."

[*E. Bogg.*

THE FERRY, RYTHER.

Space forbids further description of this interesting village. Passing the ferry and the fine curve in the river we reach Ozendyke, an old foundation, its name expressive of the situation: it is a small hamlet between Ryther and Ulleskelf. The wild hop clambering luxuriantly in the hedgerows is worthy of notice. Let us follow the bank of the river. The charm of such a walk is the perfect peace and solitude: we wander through a profusion of tall grass, wild flowers, and giant hemlock, the high banks winding in great curves like incoming waves, the river rolling slowly onward in its deep bed so solitary and silent, as if weary with its long journey: musing thus we reach Ulleskelf. The vulgar pronunciation—Uskell—appears more meaningful than the later refined name.

When the early English work in York Minster was being executed, Uskell was the point where the stone was shipped. At that time the village was held by a family bearing the territorial name, who appear to have done no more to immortalize themselves than to give freely of their lands to the Hospital of St. Peter at York, a deed for which the generous donors have a right to receive full credit. There is an antiquity about the place reaching backward to Celtic days. Bronze and flint implements of warfare and fragments of ancient pottery have been unearthed hereabouts from time to time. The settlement, however, is chiefly due to Norsemen.

The village does not present any particular attraction. The Hall, formerly the home of the Shillito family, who were lords of the manor, has, of late years, been often tenantless; consequently, an air of fallen dignity clings around it. For the first word-photograph of this somnolently luxuriant place we have to trust to the invaluable John Leland, his report being very acceptable:—"From Towton to Uskelf village, about a mile, where is a goodly house longing to a Prebend in York, and a goodly orchard, with ornamental walks. The ground about Uskelf is somewhat low and meadowish, as toward the fall of waters about Nunappleton. The parish of Ryder is but a mile from Uskelf. From Uskelf to Tadcaster three miles by good corn and pasture ground and some wood." Those who are not used to walking will consider John Leland's miles very long ones. This village possesses two inns, where the fishermen who resort here from Leeds and other towns find suitable refreshment.

Instead of taking the very inviting road to Grimston, with its leafy avenue and the undulating lands in front, well wooded with fine trees, from which peep mansion, church, and tower, the other path might be taken leading across the fields, by the side of the river. From these meadows,

in the eventide, Ulleskelf makes a charming picture. The village is seen through the intervening orchards, with the smoke rising, as it were, from amongst the trees; all jarring contrasts of colour being softened into rest and harmony. After a mile's walk by the side of the river Grimston church will be noticed; as seen from the bank it is indeed a most pleasant picture for the eye to rest upon.

[*W. G. Foster.*

A BEND OF THE WHARFE AT ULLESKELF.

Standing on this spot when the sun had drooped below the western sky, and just before night spread her mantle over the light, the beauty of the scene was beyond description; some two miles away in the distance the ancient town of Tadcaster appeared like a fairy city in the after-glow. The waters of the Wharfe seem dreary as they near the end of their journey, flowing on sluggishly and melancholy; but on this night even the

river shone resplendent from luminous light in the evening sky. Turning from the river, we look across the meadows, where no sound is to be heard save that of sleek cattle cropping the dewy grass. We see the old church tower, with the small but pretty village of Kirkby in front; behind, on the gently undulating lands, is the noble park of Grimston, where gigantic trees fling their shade over many a grassy dell. Above the park on this night spread a rift of purple cloud, along whose edge, and westward, trailed a rippling fleece of vapour, the beautiful harmony of whose colour required the brush of a Turner to delineate. Against this background, church tower, graceful poplar, and the more spreading tree, stood out clear and distinct, every leaf, twig, and branch showing out their wondrous grace and beauty of form.

GRIMSTON AND KIRKBY WHARFE.

The distinction belonging to Grimston and Kirkby Wharfe, including Ulleskelf and Ryther, is that they are about the only settlements south of the Wharfe made by Norsemen. Grim, the founder, whose name means "the man with the helmet," was, no doubt, a warrior of the usual proclivities—taking all he could get hold of. The old hall, where the Viking brood of this ancient rover found shelter, was the predecessor of the one burnt down in the lifetime of William Grimston, who was born in 1640; the

latter being succeeded by another on a more eligible site. The original mansion was moated and of timber, no doubt. Although Grimston House is a worthy mansion, and has been the seat of nobility and the resting-place of kings, it is by no means a representative of mansional dignity. The charm of the place is sylvan, its dignity is derived from the early English church. The mediæval features of Kirkby Wharfe have been somewhat neglected, although they are of high interest. The manor belonged to the family of Ryther of Ryther and Scarcroft, from whom it descended to the Ashes, and, during the reign of Elizabeth, was purchased by the Plumptons of Plumpton.

The church is a rectory belonging to the Prebend of Wetwang, who pays an annual pension of five marks of silver to the Vicar. The vicarage being of the patronage of the Prebendary is endowed only with the whole altarage of the place and of the tithes of the curtilages therein, in the name of the vicarage. In 1561-2 an augmentation of £20 yearly was made to the vicarage out of the fruits of the prebend of Wetwang. The first fruits of the vicarage in the King's Books, 1525, are £4 16s. 8d., tenths, 9s. 8d.

CHURCH TOWER, KIRKBY WHARFE.

The surroundings of the church standing just within the boundary of the park are extremely beautiful. A picturesque village green, magnificent groves of trees, antique farm buildings, lovely gardens, lawn, and sweet lush meadows all around. The interior has undergone judicious restoration and it possesses many evidences of undoubted antiquity. There are a few specimens of old glass, Dutch school, sixteenth century, and very curious. The Londesborough Chapel contains a sculptured panel (subject, "Adoration of the Magi"), fifteenth century marble. The carved work of the screen is modern and is a good example of the florid Flemish renaissance style. Some of the modern glass, especially the east, windows are very poor indeed. There are two fonts—the Norman and one of recent date. Apart from the old font, the most interesting remains are

fragments of two very curious crosses found under the floor of the church, on which are carved rude representations of our first parents. Art was only in its infancy, or just awakening from long slumber, when these stones were fashioned; they also point to the fact that a church has stood on this spot since British times. The country around was at that date one vast forest. In the meadows near, enormous trees have been laid bare several feet below the surface when draining, pointing to a former lower level of the land. The name, Old Street, which led hither from Tadcaster, suggests a Roman occupation of this place.

[*E. Bogg.*

ANGLO-DANISH CROSS, KIRKBY WHARFE.

The churchyard contains small stone coffins and a tomb cover emblazoned with crest and arms.

Grimston House, on the rising ground to the west, was formerly one of the seats of Lord Londesborough, previous to which it was a residence of Lord Howden: now the home of J. Fielden, Esq. Half a mile from the mansion brings us into the London highway, the great coaching road of the first half of the eighteenth century. A few hundred yards away, in the vale below, the little river Cock winds its way through willow garths and joins the Wharfe near Grimston Grange.*

* The Testamentary Burials are especially instructive, especially that recording the devotion to the ancient faith of this family of Leedes, of North Milford (a small hamlet adjoining Kirkby Wharfe). In it we have a picture of the great change too rare and striking to be passed over with unheeding lightness:—

27th April, 1540, Christopher Cattall, vicar of Kirkby-super-Wharf, made his will, whereby he commended his soul to God Almighty, the Virgin Mary, and all saints in heaven, and gave his body to be buried in the quire of the p.c. of K.

23rd September, 1459, Nicholas Leedes, parson in the Cathedral Church of York, made his will, proved 21st December, 1459, and bequeathed his soul, *ut supra*, and his body to be buried in the quire of the p.c. of K.

3rd May, 1546, Thomas Leedes, of N. Milford, gent., made his will, proved 5th March, 1546, giving his soul, *ut supra*, and his body to be buried in the high quire of the p.c.

18th April, 1602, Thomas Leedes, of N. Milford, Esq., made his will, proved 6th July, 1602, whereby he commended his soul to God Almighty, his Creator and Redeemer, to V. Mary and all Saints, and gave his body to be buried in the p.c. of K., within the queare where his brother Leedes lyeth buried. Reserving out of his lands in Pocklethorp and Nafferton the yearly rent of £3 6s. 8d. unto the Catholic prisoners which shall remain from time to time in the Castle of York, for the Catholic faith and for their conscience; and if it shall please God to restore the Catholic service to His church as it was in King Henry 8th's days, and in the last four years of Queen Mary, then his will is that the said rent shall be divided between two honest Catholic priests for ever, the one to celebrate divine service in the p.c. of Kirkby-upon-Wharf, and the other in the p.c. of Kepaxe, and that they may for ever pray for the souls of Anne, his late wife, of his father and of his mother, John Brandesky and Robert Henneage.

7th March, 1678, George Stanhope, of K.W., gent., made his will, proved —— whereby he bequeathed his soul to God Almighty, his Creator, hoping in Jesus Xt. his Redeemer for salvation, and his body to be buried in the p.c. of K.W., near his deceased ancestors.

2nd March, 1477, Thomas Grenehill, vicar of Kirkby-super-Wharfe, dying intestate, administration of his goods granted to Robert Hawley, gent., of Ruston parish.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF ELMETE.

BY F. ARNOLD LEES, M.R.C.S.

THE "FLORA," as the various kinds in the aggregate are called, of Elmete is neither meagre nor without instruction and interest, even for the non-botanist. Because all plants depend somewhat for their variety upon the sort of soil they grow in, those of Elmete are mainly of one type—limestone-likers, technically calcicoles; owing, of course, to the fact that the area of the district, in the main the shallow river basin of the Cock beck, is one with underlying magnesian limestone strata, obscured only here and there by what is known as glacial drift—the mingled stone, gravel, and clayey detritus which the ice-age left as a legacy to the arid stony slopes its glaciers overpassed in their slow, grinding course, south-by-east, down the vale of York to the Humber sea. This geologic fact it is which makes the wild flowers of 'the little kingdom' of one kind or type. Limestone flowers are not the less but the more interesting on that account to the wanderer in search of them. For example take the glossy gamboge-coloured goldilocks —an early buttercup of the copses and hedge-bottoms, not of the meads; it is very common, and as pretty as variable in hue of bloom and cutting of leaf, all over Elmete; yet in walking north-east from Leeds, say, or north from Castleford, or south-west from York, this goldilocks would not be seen

shaking out its yellow tresses until the lime tract of Elmete had been set foot upon near Roundhay limehills, or Ledstone, or Towton-field. So even a common wayside flower has an added charm from restriction and environment.

Keeping our 'marches' in mind, the bounds within which we may best set the floral gems of Elmete are those eternal and unvarying ones of season. In Spring, Summer, Autumn, and ay! even Winter, there is something characteristic, vegetally, in Elmete; that is, something not found in the same salience elsewhere in the serpentine stripe of Wharfeland, which, be it known, is nearly five hundred square miles in extent.

To begin with Winter, the season of rest and recuperation, but in which much hidden growth is being made, and next year's leaves are in process of formation within the scales of the buds of many and many a twig. Often, ere February impends, its 'fair maid' the snowdrop will flake (or fleck) with pure but living snow the glades of beechwood and elm holt from Grimston and Hazelwood to Aberford and Ledsham; divergent rainbows of green leaf-blade—promise of brighter glories in the same places later on—to right and left of its slender flower stem. With Lent will come the wild daffodil in many a coppice and spinney. But long ere then the orange and rose-pink fruit of the spindletree, "that in our winter woodland looks a flower," as Tennyson, with the poet's eye, put it, will have gone the same way as the crimson yew berries of Oglethorpe, and the black bunches of privet grapes, and the glassy red mezereon and Wayfaring-Gueldre bush fruit; that is to say, down bird's throats, and so into the leaf mould below the bare twig perch, in good time to germinate, and, unnoticed, but surely for all that, as moons wax and wane, as seasons come and go, renew the verdure, reproduce the leafing, flowering, fruiting item that makes the bosky woodland and the hedgerow what each veritably is—'a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever.' Does anybody object that berries are not wild flowers, it were good to remind them that the 'flower,' although oftentimes much the least showy, always precedes the fruit, and that what excites our admiration, for its shape or colour, is also often the least essential part of the blossom. Holly trees and, one season in three, holly berries are not wanting in the hedges of Elmete to give force of character to that marly bank or that hanging wood, in shade from May to October, but neither the Holly, nor the Whin dedicated to the kiss because one or other of its species is in fashion for bloom nigh all the year round; nor the opulent Broom—none of these, though occurring here and there in coverts, are either so fine or so comparatively plentiful as in

other sandier or more grit-stony parts of Wharfeland beyond the boundaries of what may be, in the Irish sense, loosely termed 'the barony' of Elmete.

In spring, when it merges into summer almost, is Elmete's natural "Floralia," its revel of form and tint of faery. Then is it that lily o' the valley carpets the beech groves of Becca by Aberford. Then, when sky and earth have ceased to meet at the feast of bluebells where some spinney slopes steeply to the stream of Cock, the chequered snake's-head fritillary will modestly, with hanging head, obtrude itself among the parkland at Hazelwood. Grimstone's demesne will reveal the purple martagon lily in its sylvan shades; and, most beautiful of all, in many a wood from Micklefield at one extreme to Bramham at the other, the stately 'dovetower,' or columbine in variety of colour from pale lavender to deepest purple-shot blue, will be found displaying at the summit of its softly green and downy shafts a coronal of perching culvers. Later on yet a little, and "high-taper," the flannel-leaved mullein, will, in the same or stonier spots, such as are afforded by the numerous long-since-worked quarries; now overgrown with treillage of travellers' joy and bryony vine the "mandrake" of the herborists; uprear its wands of chrome flowers. In shady groves, in fifty spots, careful search among the dog's mercury covering the ground with its grey-green palmy plumes, will reveal the herb Paris or true lover's knot, most singular of wild flowers, and in its colours, a clear grass green almost unique. Picture four green leaves topping a bare stem, over this a green cross, superimposed and alternating with the arms of which is another green cross; the last two sets being narrow, for they are the flower envelopes, not leaves although green; within these crosses, at the hub of the spoked wheel as it were, eight stamens (male organs) cruciately alternate with the spokes, and are yellow-green likewise; the centre of all is what looks like a pointed green button, the ovary, which in early autumn, when the green rosette has almost faded, becomes a blue-bloomed berry. Not unpretty, this Herb of equal parts (*par*, *paris* is the Latin for it) is a most singular one, and, more singular still, the cross of true leaves, normally four, is occasionally made up of three, triangularly set; sometimes, again, there are *five* leaves; not very rarely six; quite rarely seven: so does it set botanic Adams at defiance, and try to belie its name! Possibly true-lover's Knots can be tied in a variety of ways also.

The other two *green* flowers of Elmete are the tiny moschatel of leaf-mouldy hedge-bottoms, an inconspicuous spring wilding; and the green hellebore with fan-fingered glossy leaves and a pallid green-buttercup blossom, which flourishes in the garth-fence by Kidhall, and has been known there

since Blackstone peregrinated about 1746. It, too, grows at 'Beck-ha' banks, Aberford, again above the famous and fatal rivulet of Cock. Not broad but swiftly running, at times between steep banks, at Towton ford it accounted for the lives and deaths of many brave men.

As summer comes up the flowers of Elmete keep pace with it, and in bewildering variety of beauty prank alike its highways and byways. First there are the roses, white of York, excessively spiny, forming impassable thickets in places, a low branching bush with profuse creamy blossoms, never a tinge of Lancasterian red on their velvety petals—a rose whose motto might well have been that of its County-men: "Touch me not" *(Nemo me impune lacessit)*. It is abundant at Towton, although also found in many other parts: it is no calcifuge as is the foxglove (quite a rare flower in Elmete), for it will grow and spread on seashore sand, but it clearly has a preference for the dry soil that mostly prevails above limestone rock. Still, in Elmete, the downy red rose of Lancaster (scientifically *Rosa tomentosa*) is not unfrequent, with the paler open-blowing and pink-flushed dog-rose, and all three sorts grow on Towton Field; but the folk-lore conception that the mingled blood of the combatants is typified in the mingled hues of the rose-bloom is, of course, botanically a fable. The rustic clock of midsummer day is the Elder or burtree blossom. In Elmete, as elsewhere, a little before the woodbine and after the roses most years, its heavy-scented blossom, small individually but large in mass, begins to set ghostly pale-faces in their frames of hedgerow verdure towards dusk of the days between the 21st and 24th of June. Then summer has well come, and it is not long before the green black-briony berries begin to turn red, and their halberd or heart-shaped leaves a coppery bronzy purple. The great Bindweed, likewise, now ramps over the sloe hedges, and sets its silver trumpets of blossom at intervals, spirally, up its leaf-wreathed arms. A week later and the great Throatwort has rung its watchet to white bells in a mute carillon in the damper woods and hedgebanks from Parlington to Bramham. The waysides are gay now with the bedstraws, the 'great white' and the 'ladies' yellow,' massed and contrasting finely with the rose-purple basil, the madder marjoram, and last but not least that handsome ditch-bank flower the Fleabane, whose cottony crinkled leaves, and gold-disked, yellow-hair fringed flowers are said, on the 'principle of signatures,' exploded herborist fancy, to be the sovereign preventive against one insect torment at least. This flower of Elmete is not everywhere, but is particularly common about Barwick, and on the ancient 'way' from Wendel Hill to Kidhall. One rare flowering plant of Kippax Park must here have

mention because it grows nowhere else in Elmete. This is the baneberry *(Actæa spicata)*, a neat fresh green cut-leaf bush, with pyramids of pretty white bloom, not unlike the *Spiræa* of home-pot fame and the late spring flower-market. It is plentiful in places by the shady foot-road from Kippax to Allerton.

Then, again, the singular Bee orchis grows near the beacon in Ledstone Park, and at Bramham and Huddlestone, and is properly a guest of full summer, with the great white butterfly orchis: the botanic eye, however, is needed to detect the vegetable mimic among the bent. The Twayblade, too, so often miscalled the green-man orchis from the shape and stem-stringing of its amber marionettes, is both curious and not rare.

Comes Autumn, and what flowers are there? They are none so numerous, yet some are of striking mien. First in point of time there are two orchises: the bastard Helleborine, with broad ribbed leaves and dull purple and amber spikes of flowers, that grows in clumps or singly in the semi-wooded quarries that long ago yielded the building stone for York Minster, and many another storied edifice; and the lowly Chesterfield-spired ladies'-tresses Orchis, which, with its spirally-twisted plait of blossoms, each set on the stem at a different angle, lives to reward sharp eyes in the open quarries and stonier pastures of Barwick's Tower Hill itself. There is also the orange-flowered gentian or Yellow-wort, affecting similar bare broken ground, and even more commonly the bitter Felwort or autumnal gentian with lavender to purple tubes of blossom. Though not conspicuous this item in the flower sum of the year, coming to hand when all colours but yellows are on the wane, is neat and acceptable enough. And there is yet another flower-face of distinct physiognomy: almost without warning in the close-cropped pastures about Aberford, Barwick, and Parlington, and perhaps in other fields of the 'barony' as well, we seem (to the initiate) to be back or to have leapt forward to spring and crocus time! There, jutting from the damp turf, is the naked-flowering Colchicum, its oval crocus-like bloom of clear pale puce on a soft silvery stem without a leaf-blade to guard it from the shivery equinoctial winds! Its leaves are produced in spring, its flowers now; and it comes from the mould a surprise, first and last, like the armed men that grew from Jason's teeth, as mythology tells, a real yearly reminder of Towton fight, for it grows on the classic field; and, to keep up the similitude, though it shows bravely at an inclement time above ground, yet keeps its reproductive receptacle subterraneously, and perfects its seeds safe and snug away from the killing influence of cold!

In very late autumn, last of the year's proper blooms, more or less over all Elmete there is the 'mantling ivy,' Dickens' favourite flower, and another green one, so valued from the decorative aspect; the heavy tods of which, crowning some ruin of dead wood or stone, are begemmed with globular honeyed thyrsi, dear indeed to starved hybernating mothdom, that, fire-eyed, crowd to the feast on shiny opaline nights of October, when, as disembodied spirits are supposed to do, for a brief space, they 'revisit the glimpses of the moon.'

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THE AINSTY OF YORK.

CHAPTER XII.

A DISTRICT framed in by the rivers Nidd, Wharfe, and Ouse. Its outbounds to the west stretch within two miles or so of Wetherby, to the neck of land where the two rivers, Wharfe and Nidd, approach to within four miles of each other. From thence by the east bank of the river Wharfe, past Tadcaster to its confluence with the Ouse, and thence following the latter river on its west bank, northwards past the old city to the meeting of the Ouse and Nidd. Now bending west and following the south bank of the Nidd to Wilstrop and Tockwith, and across the Rudgate past Bickerton, and so north of Walton and Thorparch, our starting place. This includes the whole of the Ainsty, its circumference being about thirty-two miles.

A PEEP OF TADCASTER CHURCH FROM THE AINSTY.

Camden supposes its name, Ainsty, is derived from the German *anstossen*—a bound or against. Other writers from *Ancientcy*—its antiquity; Drake, from the old word *anent*—opposite or contiguous; others from *Hean—Stige* — high pathway; Isaac Taylor, from *Ain*—one, *sti*—enclosure, a place set apart. In our opinion the derivation of the word comes from a different source. The low-lying and formerly swampy lands of the Ainsty

are divided (or cut into two portions) by a range of hills—flanks of the Pennines, whose dwindling offshoots, on which Bilbrough is situated, extend their roots to the walls of York. The district from the banks of the Aire to the Ouse was in Anglo-Danish time a wild, trackless forest region—fenland and swamp—through which, the Norman chronicler says, ran a path so narrow that it could only be penetrated in single file. During William's journey north in 1068, a knight named Lois-de-Montiers, having with him a chosen escort, was sent forward from the main army on a reconnaissance. It was the rainy season, and he found the country most inhospitable and desolate (this condition is easily accounted for by the havoc of war and the death-roll of the husbandmen in battle during the preceding three years). At length, having crossed the river, his journey became even more difficult and dangerous. He and his escort had to traverse marshes and penetrate forests by a path so narrow that it would not permit of two riding abreast. The Norse word 'Ana—Ein-stigi—stee' (yan-stee), meaning one path, and a narrow, difficult one, that would not admit of two persons riding abreast. In this manner they reached the environs of York. Doubtless the Norman historian, in his description of this ride, refers to the region lying between the Aire and Ouse, and from the secret exploration of this simple knight, Lois-de-Montiers, and the difficulty he found in traversing the almost wild waste - in the speech then current, the 'Ana—Ein-stigi' —a stee (one path), which has been modified during the centuries—we probably arrive at the true definition of the word Ainsty.

Six hundred years had intervened between the departure of the Romans and the march of the Norman army north to York, and all through the centuries this district had been more or less steeped in the anarchy of war. Can we wonder then, that which the Romans had left a fruitful garden should have become a wilderness, wild and desolate, and the good road which the Romans formed had fallen into such a crumbled state of disrepair and ruin, that in many cases it could not even be traced? Here, perhaps, it would be well to cite Leland's remarks anent another part of the Ainsty, which have some bearing on our previous remarks on this district. "The great causeway from Skip Bridge towards York hath nineteen bridges on it for avoiding and overpassing cars coming out of the moors thereby. One Blakeburn, that was twice Mayor of York, made this causeway, and another one without the suburbs of York." *

* This Blakburn hath a solemn yearly service in the Minster, and a chantry at Richmond. He had very unthrifty children, wherefore he made eight chantries at York.

For a century and a half after this very noticeable ride of the Norman knight, the Ainsty was mainly morass and forest, and even to-day if nature had her course the district would soon revert to its original condition of dense scrub and forest. It was deforested by a charter of Richard I., in favour of the Abbot of St. Mary's, York, and the men of the Ainsty, the King receiving £19 os. 11d. for the concession. It was afterwards found that Richard's charter was not elastic enough, for in the first year of John's reign, the Abbot and the men of Heinisti gave this king further moneys and three palfreys, that all the men of the whole Wapentake of the Heinisti may be quit of all forestage.

[*E. Bogg.*

A REACH OF THE WHARFE, NEAR TADCASTER.

During the reign of Edward I., the Mayor and bailiffs of the city were summoned to answer the King by what right they held the Wapentake of Ainsty. It was then found that the charter of John's was invalid, and they lost their cause. In 1448-9, Henry VI. annexed it by charter to the county of the city which Charles I. confirmed, and so it remained wholly under the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor and those members of the Corporation who are by charter magistrates of the city. The citizens have asserted their right to this district on several occasions by attending the Kings of England in their journeys north or south, to and from the middle of Tadcaster bridge, the centre of this bridge being the utmost bounds of their liberty on the West. King James I., journeying south for kingdom and crown, left York on the third day of his stay, passed out of the city by

Micklegate towards Grimston (the house of Sir Edward Stanhope), where he stayed overnight. His Majesty was accompanied by the Earl of Cumberland bearing the sword, and the Lord Mayor the mace. At the utmost parts of the Liberties of the city (the middle of Tadcaster bridge), the sword was handed back to the Mayor by the Earl; then the Mayor alighted from his horse and, kneeling, took his leave of the King, and the King, pulling off his glove, took the Mayor by the hand and gave him thanks. His Majesty then rode towards Grimston attended by the Sheriffs.

If we consider agriculture as the basis of worth, the Ainsty is not by any means the least important part of Wharfedale. Unlike the upper dale endowed with strong lineaments marked on the rock where the snowflake reposes, the Ainsty is more suggestive of smiling ease and plenty; "a garden of roses," says one writer. The western part is diversified and broken by gently rising hills and little dells, the soil is of rich cultivation. To the east, between the Wharfe and Ouse, it is almost flat, which might, with justice, be termed the fat lands, abounding in excellent pasture. If not wildly picturesque, yet from the hill ground of the Ainsty beautiful landscapes, fruitful of corn and grass, recede over the vale of York to the Humber on the one side and to the Hambletons on the other. In its sylvan touches, its meadows, woods, hedgerows and homesteads, it cannot be excelled.

We will commence our wanderings in Ainsty on the south, the land lying between the old Roman causeway and the Wharfe. Passing Oxton and Steeton Grange we reach Steeton, one of the original homes of the earlier Fairfaxes. Situated some three miles east of Tadcaster and less than a mile from the York road is Steeton Hall, now a farmhouse. In the Norman time the place was called Stiveton, and previous to it passing to the Fairfaxes it was held by a family of the above name. A William Wilks de Stiveton gave to the nunnery at Appleton one oxgang of land here, with half a toft and croft.

This embattled residence was built by Sir Guy Fairfax during the Wars of the Roses. He married Isabella Ryther, of Ryther, granddaughter of Chief Justice Gascoigne. Sir Guy and Isabella were grandparents to Sir William, of romantic marriage fame, from which union sprang those terrible Fairfaxes—'Fighting Tom,' etc., of whom the aged peasants relate such wonderful tales. What a strange story might be written concerning the career of those early Fairfaxes! Even the wooing and home-coming of their brides, daughters of the surrounding magnates,

would in itself form a fine subject. The grandson of the founder of Steeton waxed so rich in lands and chattels that on his death two Fairfax families sprang into existence. His eldest son received Denton and Nunappleton, besides property in York. Gabriel, the younger, inherited Steeton and Bilbrough. Sir William was carried to the grave by fourteen poor men in black gowns, lighted by fourteen torches. He sleeps by the side of his dear wife Isabella, in the choir of Bolton Percy Church.

With other relics, the old chapel, which stood on the east front of the house and consecrated by Archbishop Rotheram, 1473, is entirely swept away; the ground it occupied is now a garden. The old house has been much altered, it formerly consisted of a centre and two wings, the centre alone remains. Just inside the hall is a stone table, which belonged to the earlier Fairfaxes. Portions of the moat and walls remain, and the original gateway to the chapel. On the east window of the chapel were emblazoned the arms of the "Percy and Lucy, Beaumont, Neville, Hastings, Scrope, Ryther, Manners, Aske, Fitzwilliam, Hungate, and Fairfax."* Underneath these arms was the figure of Sir Nicholas Fairfax, the peerless knight, attired in complete armour, with a long black gown descending from his shoulders to the ground and embroidered with the cross of his order, in his right hand a spear, his left rests on a shield. The writer was told that several skeletons have been found near the house: probably the chapel had a graveyard attached, or otherwise the place must have been the scene of some skirmish. The house was enlarged in 1595, and their coat of arms, carved in stone, was placed over the doorway. When the family removed to Newton Kyme, this stone was brought also, and built into the wall above the hall door; and I think the same stone has been removed to Bilbrough, and until the old hall was demolished at the latter place in 1901 was there to be seen in front of the mansion, the residence of Guy Fairfax, Esq.† It is now situated in the wall of the south front of the new Hall, which so charmingly overlooks the Fairfax country.

Steeton in Domesday:—"In Stivetun one carucate, in this land there may be one plough."

* Sir William Fayrfax writing from Steton to Cromwell, 22nd January, 1537, gives a very doleful account of clerical government in his district. The houses of religion not suppressed make friends and "wag" the poor to stick hard to the old order of things, and the monks who were suppressed inhabit the villages round their houses and daily "wag" the people to put them in again.

† See Clement Markham's *History of the Fairfaxes.*

Colton, half a mile to the east, possesses no distinctive feature. It stands on slightly rising ground above the low-lying Haggs. In the meadows east of the village there is a moated site. At the west end, situated among trees, is a rather picturesque hall. In the reign of Henry VII., Henry Oughtred, of Kexby, in consideration of the right good counsel to him, given by William Fairfax, did, for the pleasure of the said William, grant to him and his heirs free liberty and license to hunt and hawk in the manor and town of Colton, with license to fish and fowl therein, for this privilege rendering one red rose at Midsummer only. Verily these Fairfaxes seem to have had an abundance of good things.

In our path to Bolton Percy, we pass on the last spur of the wolds of the Ainsty Brumber Grange, a farmhouse on a very noticeable site, and Hornington Manor more to the south. Both places are of very ancient foundation. In the terminal "ber" in Brumber Grange and Brumber Field we have the unchanged Norse word, which signifies a farmstead. Hornington is of Anglian foundation, and is mentioned in Domesday. In the heyday of their prosperity it belonged to the Rythers of Ryther.

[*E. Bogg.*

GATEWAY, STEETON HALL.

On the south-west corner of Ainsty, intersected by culvert and dyke, which discharge the waters into Catterton Foss Drain, a stream rising in the land just to the north of Healaugh, thence crosses under the York road at Bow Bridge, passes Hornington, hereabouts shaded by willow garth and osier holt, enters the Wharfe near Bolton Percy.

Bolton Percy is an Anglian foundation, a botl, the word meaning an edifice of superior construction. This place has not only length of days, as

its history, but also great ecclesiastical dignity. It would be known and, no doubt, used by the Romans when they held their camp at High and Low "Ac-ceaster." In the Norman survey, Bodeltun is returned under two entries, both as of the land of William-de-Perci. But there appears to have been much dispute about the division of land hereabouts, for the men of the Ainsty affirm they have known William Malet to have been possessed of much of the land in Ainsty, and the men attached to the land considered themselves as his vassals. For instance, fifteen oxgangs in Horninctum (Hornington) were held by William-de-Percy, but which the men of the Wapentake declare that "Malet" ought to have. This William Malet held the Shrievalty in 1069, at the time York was burnt by the Danes. So even then Bolton was a suitable residence for the Sheriff of Yorkshire. The dispute did not end with the above claim, but seemed to have waxed stronger, for Osbern-de-Arches also affirms that his ancestor, Gilbert d'Aufay, held some portions of this princely domain, to wit, land in Apeltune, Stivetun, Hornington, Oxeton-Coleton, and Torp, &c.

Gilbert d'Aufay was a near relative of the Conqueror, who held him in great favour, bestowing on him princely estates of the conquered people. But his mind seems to have been adverse to this kind of annexation, and he disliked the acceptance of land which by right belonged to another. So strong was his determination on this point, and so unalterable his will, that he returned to Normandy without keeping in his possession a single acre of English soil. But that which Gilbert renounced, Osbern-de-Archis, a younger kinsman, seems to have gladly accepted, choosing for his seat Thorp, which, by the addition of his name, "D'Archis," in due time became known as Thorparch.

The names of some of the owners of land dwelling in this part of the Ainsty in the pre-Conquest era are very interesting. For instance, Ulchil —Archel, son of Ulstan, Godwin, son of Edric, Ulf the Deacon, Ode, Alwin, Goisfred, and Susa. These men became vassals to the conquerors on their own land.

One of the manors in the Bodeltun survey had been in the possession of Norman, who held some six hundred acres of plough land. Ample assurance of long and skilful cultivation, its value in King Edward's time had been 60s. When the Normans took possession, its value had fallen to 15s., the result of the vengeance of an angry invader.

At Bodeltun was a church and priest. Around the precincts of the church, however, there seems to have been comparative peace, and the value of the

land only fell slightly. The record states: value in King Edward's time, 40s., now 30s. At its foundation it was one of the two churches in the Ainsty district. Its authority stretched from Acaster, the water-fort, to Healaugh, the holy district. We need not wonder, then, that to-day Bolton Percy church has almost the dignity of a Cathedral. Such dignity has always been the right of its existence, and may justly claim to be the evidence of its first foundation. Bolton Church was transferred to the Archbishop of York on the 28th of December, 1250; the desirability of the transfer was enhanced by the value of the living, then, as now, of great consideration.

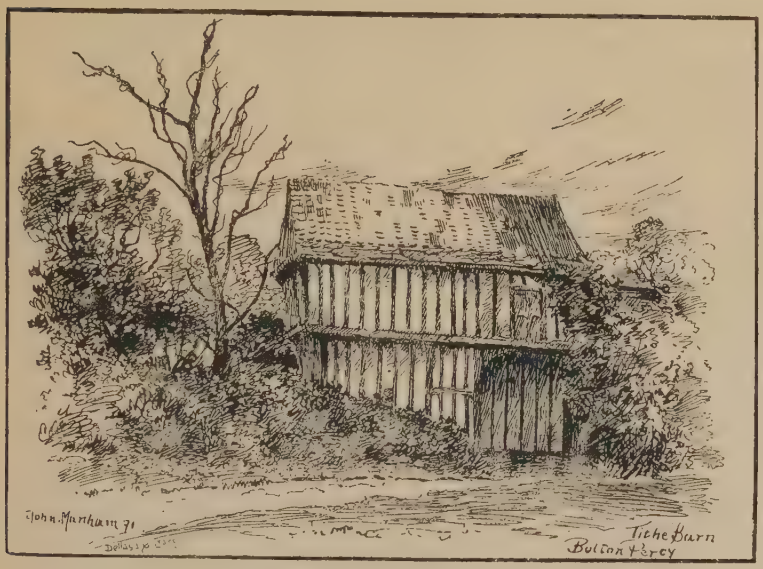
The present structure was erected by Thomas Parker, rector of the parish, from his institution, 26th of June, 1411, to his death in 1423, as stated on a tombstone bearing an inscription to that effect, which stone has since perished:—

"Orate pro Thomas Parker, quondam
Rectore hujus eccl ac ejusdem fabricatore."

Neither skill nor money have been spared in the reconstruction. Unfortunately, the pious builder did not live to see the dedication of his work, which was performed by the Bishop of Dromore, July, 1424. The church is a magnificent perpendicular structure, with massive tower and pinnacled battlements. The exterior of this edifice is rich in architecture, and very interesting, the interior consisting of nave, side aisles, and large chancel. The nave is separated from its aisles on either side by four pointed arches resting on three slender octagonal pillars. The roof is of oak, and though of considerable span without the beams, it is a very good example of wood roofing. The stalls are of oak, and much marked, said to have been caused by Cromwell's soldiers sharpening their swords. On the south side of the chancel is a most perfect specimen of a "Sedilia" and piscina, of beautiful design and finish. The brasses from the sedilia and other parts of the church were removed by the rough hands of despoilers, tradition says during the Civil War, yet it is hardly credible that the Fairfaxes, who were preservers, would have allowed such sacrilege in the burial-place of their ancestors.

The glory of the church is the beautifully restored east window, in which are preserved many fragments of rare old glass, containing the armorial bearings of ancient families. Two windows in the north aisle, facsimiles of ancient glass, and picturesque in treatment, are also worthy of inspection; also the Jacobean pews, pulpit, miserere seats, Norman font and cover, and the noble chancel arch.

Built in the walls of the south aisle by the entrance porch is the holy water basin, a receptacle for holy or hallowed water, a usage of the Romish Church. The holy water basin was not placed at the entrance to the church in early Saxon days, but dates from the period when Rome gained complete ascendency over the Anglo-British Church. Many were the miracles supposed to be performed by the use of holy water, such as the curing of desperate diseases, the driving away of demons, and the changing of human beings into animals, &c.



TITHE BARN, BOLTON PERCY.

A large stone at the west end of the nave is to the memory of Agnes-de-Ridre, a prioress of the Nunnery of Nunappleton. This stone was missing for many years, and when found was being used as a drain cover.*

* "There appears to have been some disagreement or friction between Sir W. Fairfax and James Moyser, in 1597. Sir W. Fairfax, the younger, then living at Nunappleton, came out of the quire (called St. Marie's, or Beckwith's) into the body of the church, and there, in very good and orderly manner, desired on behalf of Mr. James Moyser, the said Mr. Moyser not then and there denying it, that we (the parson, the churchwardens, and others of the chief of the parish) would advise and settle of some convenient place for the said Mr. Moyser and his company, wherein to sit and be in time for divine service and sermons. Whereupon the same afternoon, after evening prayers, it was agreed that the next Sabbath or Sunday, we should talk about it, that such of the parties as would, should there come and help forward the matter the best that they could, which was agreed to by the parson, all the churchwardens, and many other neighbours, nobody then speaking anything at all against it."

Hung in the north wall, writ on parchment and framed, is a record which informs the reader that one James Moyser, of Appleton, left seventy shillings yearly to be paid to the above town, and he wished this act of his should be writ on parchment, framed and hung up in the church to remind his heirs that they should perform it. He died 21st of January, 1694.

The bell chamber contains three very fine bells, known respectively as the Steeton, Colton, and Nunappleton bells. The tenor has an exceedingly beautiful tone, and was brought from St. Andrew's College, Nether Acaster.

[*W. G. Foster.*

A RUSTIC SCENE, BOLTON PERCY.

The eastern extremity of the north aisle was anciently the Brockett's choir, but is generally known as the Steeton Chapel. The Brockett's choir still retains in its name the memory of a family who for generations were members of this church; although the hall at Appleton where they resided has long since disappeared. Members of the famed Vavasour race have also

worshipped at this shrine and rest within its portals. Their arms were formerly to be seen painted on the oak panelling of the pews. At the west end of the north aisle is the north or 'devil's door.' In olden time it was supposed that the evil one always took flight through this door when a child received baptism, hence 'Devil's door.'

The stranger who knows the history of this place cannot but be impressed by the hallowed associations and stirring memories of its venerable sanctuary. It is an interesting study for the artist and antiquary. Here, musing in the twilight, dim figures of the past seem to flit before our inward vision, carrying the mind back to the days of old romance, for the place was frequented by the élite of the chivalry of the north—the Percys, Vavasours and Beaumonts, the Malibisses, Lucys, Nevilles, Scropes, Rythers, Hungates, and Thwaites. To the Fairfaxes it is a hallowed shrine, the breezes sighing through branches are whispering memories of this notable family of warriors and statesmen. Hither they led their happy brides to the altar, and hither they were brought for burial. Tread where you may within the precincts of this church, you stand on or beside the grave of a Fairfax. Some are interred in the Steeton chapel, as the mural tablets testify. In their testamentary instructions, some 'will' their bodies to be laid to rest in St. Nicholas' 'Quere,' some in the body of the church, whilst others are satisfied to sleep in the churchyard, where the sunshine may play awhile on their graves, and the birds carol from the branches of trees overhead. Lord Ferdinand Fairfax, of Denton, wills to

[*E. Bogg.*

BOLTON PERCY CHURCH, NORTH-EAST.

be buried in the body of the church near his wife. Here sleeps Sir Guy, the founder of Steeton; here in St. Nicholas' 'Quere,' rests all that is mortal of Sir William: "He was borne to the tomb by fourteen poore men in black gowns, lighted by fourteen torches." What a memorable and striking scene this would present! He sleeps beside his wife, the beautiful Isabella Thwaites, the heroine of the romantic marriage to be told in the following pages. Here also are buried another Sir William and his wife Mabel. Hither also was borne to the grave 'Frances,' the aged Lady Fairfax, who for 50 years had lived 'Mistress of Steeton,' surviving her

[*Gilbert Foster.*

FROM THE WILLOW HOLT, SOUTH-WEST.

gallant husband (Sir William) for forty-eight years. He fell in the siege of Montgomery Castle. His troops were wavering. To retrieve the disaster, he dashed single-handed into the thick of the enemy, his good sword, flashing like Excalibur right and left, carving a path through the rank of hostile pikes. 'It was a deed,' says one, 'worthy of Arthur's fabled knights.' Spurred to desperation by the heroic conduct of their gallant chief, the men of Craven swept forward like an avalanche to victory. Never chieftain died more gloriously in battle than he. He fell literally pierced with mortal wounds. It was his lady who returned such a noble answer to the messages

of condolence from his companions in arms: 'She grieved not that he died in the cause, but that he died so soon that he could not do more for it.' William, who died in 1694, was the last of the Fairfaxes of Steeton. He is also buried at Bolton.

The church is situated amidst beautiful pastoral; magnificent trees wave benediction of branches over half the churchyard. In the west retaining wall are several fine blocks of Huddleston stone, on which are good specimens of masons' marks. There were signatures clearly cut on the face of the hewn stone by which each craftsman's work could be identified. This practice of each mason marking his work was at its height in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and gradually fell into disuse during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

A RUSTIC CORNER.

In this and other walls adjoining are fragments of an earlier church. The rectory grounds are very picturesque with fine foliage, ivy and creepers trained over timbered corridors having all the charm of the loggia of Italian convents, and, with the quaint so-called tithe barn adjacent, forms a *tout ensemble* of unique beauty.

The tithe barn is where a tenth of the produce of the land was stored for the benefit of the church. Even in the early days of the church,

objections were raised to the paying of tithes. The laws of Ina, king of the West Saxons, which are the earliest known, were made for the assessment upon lands and houses for a provision of the church. Money being scarce, the payments were generally made in kind, grain, seed, cattle, poultry, hence the use of tithe barns. Defaulters were fined forty shillings and made to pay the tithes twelve-fold.*

THE OLD FOOT-BRIDGE.

In the churchyard by the side of the south wall is a noticeable tombstone, inscribed with a long array of family names, beginning with William Houseman in the sixteenth century and continuing with his descendants down to the present century. Built in the east wall of the churchyard is a large boulder of Shap granite, no doubt transported hither by the tremendous natural agencies of the Glacial period.

There are a few vestiges of a fortified hall remaining at Bolton, although such a house did at one time—the name Hall Garth is sufficient evidence—exist. The most likely site is at the north-east end of the church, a situation encompassed by a moat without difficulty.

* The returns for the *Nona* taxation, made about 1332, complete the evidence of retrogression. The church of Bolton Percy is taxed at £40; the jurors say this is too much, as the nona or ninth of garbs, fleeces and lamb of the whole parish in that year is not worth more than £30, the greatest murrain lasting that year among two-year-old sheep; the tithe of hay is worth seven marks; oblations and lenten tithes eight marks. Rithre is taxed at £20 and the jurors declare that, including a fifteenth of the 'goods of the trades,' the taxation is just. It appears from the above valuation there was not residing in Bolton Percy a single inhabitant, save those living by agriculture.

The village still retains a few thatched and other primitive dwellings. A little stream flowing from the middle land of Ainsty ripples its way through orchards, willow beds, and gardens to the bosom of mother Wharfe. On spring days, when the orchards are in blossom, this village is a bower of beauty. Gentle swells and hollows, green lanes, fertile meadows, and old paths wind by quaint homesteads, garths, and enclosures, across a rustic bridge, up to the church and magnificent fan-armed elm (seen in our picture), with a quaint conventionality suggestive of the set Valentine of the early Victorian era.

CHAPTER XIII.

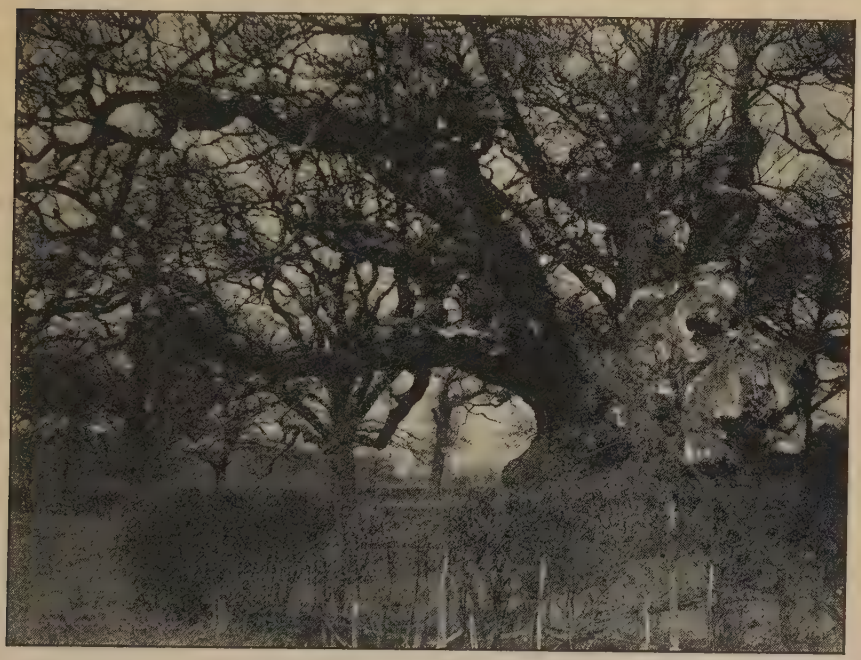
Nun Appleton.

THE walk from Bolton to Nun Appleton is delightful meadow and woodland glade on either hand, the road leading through a fine avenue of oaks, a remainder of the Appleton Forest of old time belonging to the Percys. Here are some magnificent examples. In a recess by the road-side is Lady Milner oak, a noble tree in its infancy before Angle, Dane, or Norman trod the Ainsty, in their invasion of the Celtic kingdom. The tree is hollow and upwards of forty feet in girth at the base, and it was for years used as a post office for Nun Appleton. The crook to which the letter bags were affixed still remains in the hollow of the tree. Another fine oak is in Sicklepit wood, its bole thirty feet round.

Continuing our journey we enter the park and cross the Fleet, a stream better known as the Foss (the Roman Fossa); taking its rise in the vicinity of Knavesmire, it runs a fairly direct eight miles course south and enters the Wharfe a few yards west of Nun Appleton Hall. The land lying between the Foss and Ouse, bordered on the south by the Wharfe, was the Roman Valcester, the garden of the Imperial City, when the Emperors dwelt there; this subject to be dealt with later. A stone built in the bridge which spans the Fleet bears the initials of Guido Fairfax.

The foundation of Nun Appleton, 1150-4, is due to a pious spirit which became manifest soon after the Conquest by the Normans. The piety and grandeur of soul displayed by Gilbert d'Aufay when he refused to accept the lands wrested from a conquered and enslaved people, seem to have been inherited by his race, for Agnes de Archis, daughter of Osbern, of the above name, a kinsman of Gilbert, founded the nunnery of Keelynge. She was successively the wife of three husbands, one of whom was Herbert St. Quintin; their daughter Adeliza, or Alise St. Quintin, married Robert, son of Fulk Fitz-Reimfrid, a knight of the Percy Fee. Actuated by the inherited

spirit of piety, Adeliza founded the nunnery of Appleton in the lifetime of her mother. Next to the honour and glory of bearing arms in the Crusades was the strong desire of the Norman to build churches and endow monasteries. The priory for Cistercian nuns was dedicated to St. Mary and St. James the Apostle. The site was not the most alluring that could have been selected. The land about it, on both sides of the river, was partly essarted, that is,



[*E. Bogg.*

LETTER-BOX OAK AT APPLETON.

ridded of trees, and partly not; but within boundaries then set out by Adeliza herself, three tenants, Hugh, Siward, and William (notable names), were displaced to make way for the nuns. It was undoubtedly a wet and forlorn station, though subject to only limited inundation; but when that very high-born lady and her knightly son marked out the limits, naturally moated, as it were, by swamp, river, and foss, she gave her foundation all the prestige of her own high position and handed over an estate which should house her nuns in admitted power of place.

From the birth to the dissolution of this Prioressory the nuns of Appleton were women of the most exalted rank and distinguished families; still their social status, religious life and high estate do not appear to have made them armour-proof against the many sins to which flesh is heir, and there certainly appears to have been serious laxity in their morals to have called down upon

NUN APPLETON FROM THE RIVER.

them such severe reproof from their Archbishop as they received; it, however, was largely ineffectual. Some of the nuns, the edict says, were apt to take more of strong drink than was good, so all were forbidden to frequent ale-houses! Some were apt to loiter about the ferry, so they were all forbidden to frequent the waterside, 'where the course of strangers daily resorte.'* Still further, no sister shall bring any man, religious or secular, into their chambers, or any

* A visitor to Nun Appleton will probably marvel at this edict of the Archbishop, forbidding the nuns to frequent the waterside, 'where the course of strangers daily resorte,' which evidently means a spot where there was a continual coming and going of people. To-day, the aspect suggests quite the contrary—we find no throng of people passing to and fro; here peace reigns supreme; one may linger by the river for hours without sight of a human figure. A few hundred paces higher up is the ferry at Ryther, and even here we should imagine the boat does not average more than two passengers daily. But during the Middle Ages and even down into the eighteenth century the ferry at Appleton was in great request. Traces of the road running through the fens to the ferry and so direct to York, are still in evidence; and standing by this wayside for the refreshment of travellers were the ale-houses referred to in the edict. For a distance of twelve miles between Tadcaster and Selby there was not a single bridge over the rivers; and to-day there is only one, that at Cawood. So one can easily understand how greatly the central ferry would be used "by the daily course of strangers." The making of good turnpike roads during the eighteenth century and the building of the N.E. Railway through the fens in the nineteenth century has diverted the stream of traffic and completely changed the aspect of the old fen road, removing with it the stream of strangers by way of Appleton for ever.

secret place, day or night. That the Prioress license none of the sisters 'to go pilgrimage or visit frende without great cause,' and then 'for to have with her one of the most sad and well disposed' sisters, till she come home again. Monasticism appears to have wandered a trifle astray to cause the Archbishop to issue such stringent orders. Their endowment at the foundation was good, but as they grew lax in spiritual fervour their fortunes also waned; perhaps the nuns had become weary of the monotony of their existence and the continuous outlook over the dull river and the far reaches of the dismal fenland beyond. Possibly the nuns were not nearly so sinful as the old chronicler would have us believe. Anyway let charity be our watchword, remembering the words of Christ: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone."

"A Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy,
Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Loy; . . . . .
Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was;
Hire nose tretis,[1] hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful smale and therto soft and red
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed. . . . . .
Ful fetise[2] was hire cloke, as it was ware.
Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
A peise[3] of bedes, gauded all with grene;
And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywriten a crouned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*."[4]

—*From Geoffrey Chaucer's Prologue to "Canterbury Tales,"* Lines 118-120, 151-154, 157-162 (*Tyrwhitt's Text*).

NOTE: 1.—Long and well proportioned. 2.—Neat and tasteful. 3.—Peise, a weight of (Old French). 4.—Love conquers all.

Anxiously watching their progress during her lifetime, at her death Alise gave them, with her body, that carucate of land, which Richard of Newton, Roger Cote, Asegar, and Godefrid, son of Hugh, held of her. Sybul de Percy, her daughter, largely increased the endowment, and when she died was tenderly laid to rest in their church beside her mother.*

* THE LEGEND OF SISTER HYLDA.—On the eve of St. Mark, 1281, the Lady Prioress of Appleton assembled the nuns and the monks from St. Mary's Abbey, at York, those from Acaster Selby, and the Archbishop from his castle at Cawood, to hold High Mass, the cause being to lay the haunting spirit of Sister Hylda to rest. For years a ghastly vision had hovered around the nunnery at Appleton, causing great alarm and terror to the people. On this night an awful storm swept over the place, the tempest howled, the lightnings glared, the thunders crashed, and rattled their levin bolts. In the midst of this whirling tempest, when "the holy Archbishop, in sacred stole, was before the altar, the veiled sisters of the Virgin Mary stood by the choir, and the monks were arranged beyond the fretted pillars of the chapel," there came a loud knocking at the convent gate. The porters admitted the Grey Palmer, whose coming had been foretold by the ghost of Sister Hylda. He told how he had wandered through terrible dangers by land and sea, how he had fought in the Holy

Of other distinguished patrons they had Robert de Percy and William Ryther, who gave them the church of Ryther; William Percy, of Otteringham; and lastly King John, who exempted the Prioress and convent from attendance at the County and Wapentake Courts, from the aids or payments of the High Sheriff and their servants; and that they should not be impleaded for any of their demesnes except before the king or his chief justice. A prioress and thirteen or fourteen nuns were supported in this house, of which the revenues in 1534 amounted to £73 9s. 10d. The priory was surrendered December 5th, 1540, and in 1542 the King granted the site to Robert Darknal, to hold with the lands belonging by military service, at the annual rent of twenty-one shillings. After this the estate passed to the Fairfax family, and was merged in their more stirring history.

Our first visit, about twelve years ago, to Nun Appleton, was by river from Cawood. Entering the mouth of the Wharfe and rowing up the river some distance, then mooring our boat, we passed through the woods to the mansion. Spring was in her first flush of freshness. Cowslip, primrose, and bluebell nestled under grass and broken branch; old and gaunt trees (remnants of the old forest of the Percys), spread out their great arms across the path, the branches of one large elm reaching upwards of eighteen yards; hundreds of rabbits, old and young, scudded away to their burrows at the sound of our footsteps; nailed to the 'keepers'' trees, as a warning to their kin, were scores of animals and birds of the flesh-eating race; through the branches glimpses of the Wharfe, rolling slowly onward as if weary with its long journey from its birth among the hills and mountains; across the meadows, nestling among trees, peeped forth the modest tower of Ryther's ancient church.

War against the Saracens, how he had crossed the burning sands and met the wild lords of the deserts in shocks of steel, but never was his soul so appalled as by the rage of the elements that weary night, "and how in the forests, where the pelting hail blasts, the red flashes of lightning, and the rolling torrent of the Wharfe opposed his course, the spectre of Sister Hylda shrieked in his ear, 'Grey Palmer, thy bed of dark, chill, deep earth, and thy pillow of worms are prepared; thy fleshless bride awaits to embrace thee.'" When the Palmer entered the sanctuary the seven candles which burned with perpetual blaze before the altar expired in blue hissing flashes. A gloomy light circled along the vaulted roof, and Sister Hylda, with her veil thrown back by her skeleton hand, stood pale, grim, and ghastly by the Palmer, who was recognised as Friar John. The holy sisters shrieked. The Archbishop, in horror, commanded the spectre to tell why she thus brake in upon them. Unearthly groans issued from her colourless lips as, with fearful agitation, she thus spoke:—"In me behold Sister Hylda, dishonoured, ruined, murdered by Friar John. He stands by my side and bends his head lower and lower in confession of his guilt. I died unconfessed, and for seven long years has my troubled and suffering spirit walked the earth, when all were hushed in peaceful sleep but such as the lost Hylda. Your masses have earned grace and pardon for me. I now go to my long rest." The roar of the elements suddenly ceased, soft strains of delicious music swelled in the air, and floated along the surface of the Wharfe, as though an angel sang; to the astonishment of the startled nuns a bright flame rekindled the holy tapers; but Sister Hylda and the Palmer had vanished and were never seen more.

Passing in front of the hall, which comprises a sample of three centuries, the east end being the oldest and most interesting, we admired the beautiful gardens and terrace ; the air is perfumed with the delicious fragrance of choice flowers, and many noble specimens of grand trees abound—the aged yew, slender poplar, spreading cedar, dark fir, Dutch elm, and graceful birch ; in the midst lies a silent little lake, like some gem, its waters reflecting in the sunlight the glorious tints which here abound.

[*Vivian.*

NUN APPLETON, FROM THE PARK.

Around its shores stand old arches and mullions, statues and columns and other relics, about which clings the ivy in close embrace, telling that here the nuns spent their time in communion and prayer. In imagination, the Nunnery stands before us, as of old ; through the interlaced windows we obtain uncertain glimpses of the sisters, and hear for certain—or is it a dream ?—the most delicious melody, as the various notes rise and swell into one universal chorus. Fancy, the fairy, flies !—the music is that of the woodland birds rejoicing in their paradise. The late master of this mansion

loved wild birds and protected them by every possible means, so having found it a hospital, they now make the spot resound with songs of gratitude and praise.

Apart from the associations of the convent, Nun Appleton is interesting from having been the home of Thomas Fairfax, the brave soldier and Parliamentary general, still called by the peasantry, 'Black Tom.' Here, at Nun Appleton, the happiest time of his life was spent. To this spot he brought his charming bride, a daughter of the house of Vere; and here, unconscious of the great future before him, the brave general, the gallant knight, the soul of chivalry, spent his time attending to the estates, beautifying park and garden. A profound scholar, much time was spent in study; this was no doubt the happiest portion of his life, and we can easily fancy in after years, when war's tempest and sorrow had to some extent obscured the light, his mind would revert to the happy days spent at Appleton, in the society of his wife and dear daughter Moll.

In 1639, the storm burst, war being proclaimed by Charles against the Scotch, on their refusal to renounce the Covenant. Bishop Burnett, in the history of his own time, quaintly adds, "The Scots marched with a very sorry equipage, every soldier carried a week's provision of oatmeal, and they had a drove of cattle with them for food. They had also an invention of guns of white iron, and done about with leather, and chorded so that they would serve for two or three discharges. They were light and carried on horses, and when they came to Newbury, the English army that defended the ford were surprised with a discharge of artillery. Some thought it magic, and all were put in such disorder that the whole army did run with so great precipitation that Sir Thomas Fairfax, who had a command in it, did not stick to own that till he had crossed the Tees his legs trembled under him."

Old Fairfax, of Denton, in a letter to young Tom while in the north, says, "Avoid private quarrels as much as you can, and show your valour. The first will but show your pride and bring you hatred. The second will give you honour and reputation." Sound advice, no doubt put into practice by the future general.

For the part he took in this inglorious campaign, the honour of knighthood was bestowed upon him.

In May, 1642, the ominous clouds of civil strife, which had long been visible on the horizon, began to gather overhead. The King, in his headstrong folly, still continued to violate the law, and gradually drew around him the net whose meshes were only severed by the axe of the headsman.

On June 3rd, Charles held a great meeting on Heworth Moor, York. In the middle of the day, attended by a large body of cavaliers, two regiments of horse, and eight hundred foot, he delivered a speech, which few could hear amid the confused and discontented murmurs of the crowd. On this occasion, Sir Thomas Fairfax presented the petition drawn up by his party, anxious that the King should reconsider his actions and reconcile himself to the people. The cavaliers who divined Fairfax's intentions, tried to keep him at a distance, but not to be beaten, he managed to reach the King, and placed the petition so that he was obliged to receive it. It is said Charles rudely pressed his horse forward and Fairfax narrowly escaped being thrown down.

When the storm burst in 1642, Sir Thomas Fairfax was chosen commander of the Yorkshire forces. Knowing every inch of the country and being quick to take advantage of opportunities, he many times surprised the enemy. His great courage and kindness to his troops, his generosity to friend and foe alike, well fitted him to be the leader in the great struggle for the preservation of the liberties of the land. From the Ainsty and the banks of the Wharfe the fighting men flocked to his standard, and from Craven and the manufacturing centres came large numbers to join the cause of freedom and justice. Some reverses in the first campaign only made him more resolute and confident; he rose superior to all obstacles and went on to final victory.

In 1650 Fairfax, having resigned his commission as commander-in-chief, settled at Nun Appleton. Here, surrounded by relations and friends, the victorious general spent most of his remaining years. Many a story can be recounted of his widespread fame, great generosity and hospitality.

What an array of great men, in different spheres of life, visited Nun Appleton at this time! Grizzly warriors, who had fought by Fairfax's side at Marston Moor, and saved his life when, unhorsed and wounded, he was in the greatest danger. Some there would be who were with him in the famous charge through the streets of Selby, which scattered the cavaliers like chaff. Some who had heard that great shout raised by the chivalry of England at the fight of Naseby, when the legions of the King and Prince Rupert were scattered and broken before the Commonwealth of England. Others there would be who fought on the fatal field of Chalgrove, when the great patriot Hampden received his mortal wound. Comrades also who, perhaps, saw the king so ungraciously receive his petition at York; but five years after how changed was the scene, when the victorious general rode, with the king a prisoner at his side, into the old town of Nottingham!

We can easily imagine them recounting many a gallant fight, amongst others that in which the peerless knight, Sir William Fairfax, a worthy representative of Fra Nicholas, the valiant knight of Rhodes, who, after his troops were several times beaten back at Montgomery Castle, spurred his charger into the middle of the enemy, his sword flashing amidst a sea of foes; and how, when the men of Wharfedale saw the danger of their gallant leader, with one great shout of rescue they threw themselves on the enemy, with a determination which meant victory or death.

"Such ranks as those the knight of Steeton led,
And with them fought, and with them bled,
On many a desperate field."

Andrew Marvell, the man 'above price,' who, in after years, when member of Parliament for his native town of Hull, was proof against the bribery of the king's ministers, spent two years at Nun Appleton engaged as tutor to the general's daughter; and here in 1657 came George Villiers, the handsome and accomplished courtier and gay cavalier.

Connected with Nun Appleton, during the early days of bluff King Hal, is a most romantic story of love and marriage. The hero and heroine of this drama were Sir William Fairfax, of Steeton, and beautiful Isabel Thwaites, orphan daughter of Thomas Thwaites, of Denton. On the death of her father she was placed under the care of the Abbess of Nun Appleton, whose sole ambition was to make her a sister of the nuns, and by so doing add her rich dower to the institution. She was allowed the freedom of riding out and visiting her friends in the vicinity. In one of the excursions she met Sir William, who was struck with her remarkable beauty and charm of conversation. Steeton being only some three and a half miles away the pair were often in each other's society, and Sir William soon loved the maiden, and the maiden smiled to know that she was loved, but the eloquent soul of passion soon betrayed the secret of their attachment to the Abbess, who was very wroth, and confined within the nunnery the sweet girl, whose lover was forbidden to approach its walls. But Sir William, coming of a race of men famous, even at that distant date, for their prowess in love as well as war, was not easily daunted. By persistent efforts he obtained an order for her release, but the abbess still clung to the fair novice, disregarding the order, until Fairfax, rendered desperate, entered the nunnery by force, and released Isabel. Amid great rejoicing they were united at the church of Bolton Percy in 1518. A most happy marriage it was, and fortunate for the orphan heiress that she met the gallant knight, who was worthy of her love. With her came great wealth into the Fairfax family, the estates of Askwith and

Denton and much property in the city of York. It was from this union sprang those Fairfaxes, so great and terrible on the field of battle. Pure as King Arthur's knights, they have left behind an undying record for truth, honour and integrity.

It was a remarkable sequel that the nunnery, where the fair Isabel had been so ill-used by the abbess, should, at the Reformation, have been granted to the Fairfaxes; but so it came to pass that on a cold December

day, in 1540, with a bitterness of spirit we can easily imagine, did the same abbess, with the weeping nuns about her, deliver up the keys of the nunnery to Thomas and Guy Fairfax, two sons of the same Isabel she had once so cruelly immured.

From the wreck of the nunnery they erected the old hall, the predecessor of the one built by Sir Thomas in the seventeenth century. Sixty years later when Thoresby visited Alderman Milner at Appleton, he says there was not a vestige of the nunnery left, save a few gravestones.*

What was the meaning of the brilliant assemblage, gathered together at Nun Appleton on a lovely autumn morn of 1657? The sun shines brightly, songbirds carol and rejoice, the branches of the old yews quiver before the western wind. In the distance can be heard the joyous notes of the ring-dove; wafted on the breeze is the sound of a merry peal of bells. That polished and stately courtier is the handsome George Villiers, the gay cavalier, who had long been an exile in foreign lands, but returning, has for some time been a guest at Nun Appleton, and has wooed and won Moll, the general's only daughter. Glancing back down the vista of time, we can see a bridal procession passing down the avenue of noble oaks to the stately church of Bolton Percy.

It is the time of harvest, and in the adjacent fields the reapers are busy cutting and binding the golden grain; intermingled with the greens of the wayside are gay wild flowers. Mary Fairfax is to be seen smiling in gladness, for she loves the silver-tongued courtier and dashing cavalier at her side wtih all the depth of a first love. Merrily peal the Bolton bells, and sweet is the welcome of voices chanting the marriage song as the bridal party passes the portal of the sacred edifice; but why do aged men shake their heads with ominous forebodings? Happy indeed would have been Mary Fairfax's life if the gay duke had proved as true a knight as the good Sir William, who led the fair Isabel to the same altar a century and a half before. Sad would be the reflection of Fairfax when Buckingham, in after years, threw himself into every kind of folly and debauchery, a boon companion of the merry monarch. Indulgence in every kind of vice was their chief study, even to the dishonour of their country.

* William Milner, a merchant of Leeds, bought Nun Appleton for a very small sum and took possession in 1711. Some six years later he gave up possession to his son, Sir William Milner, created a baronet in 1717, and from that date until a few years ago it descended to a Sir William regularly through six generations. It is now in possession of the Holdens, successful merchants of Bradford and Keighley.

Pope says:—"This lord is more famous for his vices than his misfortunes. Having been possessed of about £50,000 a year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom. He died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery." The above remarks are overdrawn. He died in the house of one of his tenants, the best that Kirbymoorside could boast of at that time. The house adjoins the King's Head Inn. The simple truth of the matter is that the duke, at that time staying at his castle of Helmsley, and taken ill whilst hunting, was carried to the nearest house of importance, where his illness proved fatal before he could be removed. Pope, in his famous lines,

> "In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
> The floors of plaster and the walls of dung;"

secures an intensely graphic picture entirely at the expense of truth.

The entry in the Bolton Percy parish register is as follows:—"George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Mary, ye daughter of Thomas lord fairfax, Baron of Cameron, of Nun-Apleton, wthin this parish of Bolton Percy were maryed the fifteenth day of September, ano Dm, 1657." The same date is given in the Fairfax Family Bible, now at Leeds Castle, Kent.

Mary, his neglected wife, lived many years after his death faithful to his memory. Her body rests by her husband's, in the tomb of the Villiers, in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster.

It was from Nun Appleton, in the depth of the winter of 1659, that Brian Fairfax* undertook that perilous and adventurous ride into Scotland, to acquaint General Monk of Lord Fairfax's readiness to co-operate with him for the country's welfare, which ended in the restoration of Charles II.

Lord Fairfax died 12th November, 1671. Great was the sorrow and bitter the grief for old "Black Tom," as he was lovingly called by the tenantry. He had been a good landlord and kind master, and as the funeral *cortege* passed on to Bilbrough, with its long line of mourners, many who in early manhood had fought like heroes beneath his standard, were now weeping, as they silently followed the corpse of the chivalrous warrior to its last resting-place. He sleeps by the side of his wife, beneath a marble tomb in Bilbrough Church.

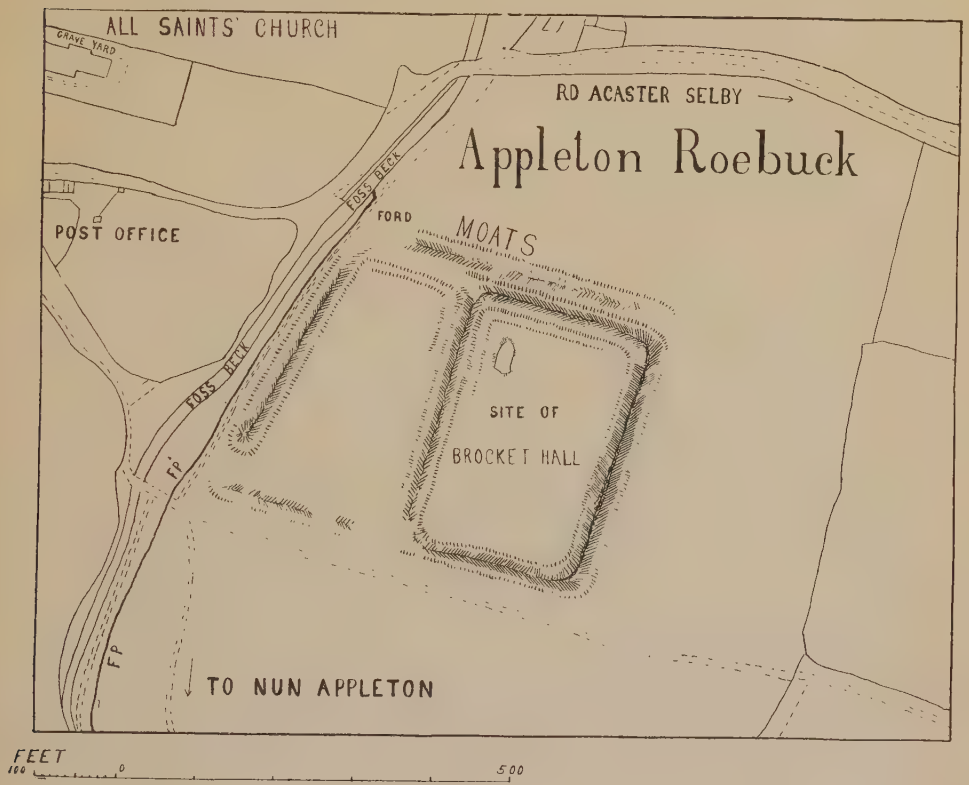
* At Castleton, just beyond the border, Brian engaged for a guide one Tony Elliot, a notorious moss-trooping thief. After they had proceeded a few miles Elliot suddenly turned and laid hold of Brian, but the latter was too strong and alert for the robber, who was flung violently to the ground, and Brian at length reached Coldstream. This notorious moss-trooper ended his days on the gallows at Carlisle.

Here and at other places by the banks of the Wharfe a vast change of seigniory has come over the scene. The old historical families, whose names and deeds will be handed down centuries of time, have vanished from their old associations; but the spirit of the past and echoes of old time seem to still linger. Enterprising business men, who have rapidly risen to wealth, now dwell in the homes of the old aristocracy.

Before journeying to Appleton-Roebuck, a mile and a half away, let us rest awhile on the bridge which spans the Fleet. This bridge contains the stone upon which are carved the initials of Guido Fairfax, son of Sir William and Isabel. The meadow vale through which the Fleet lazily meanders to the Wharfe is most luxuriant in vegetation. Between this beck which rises on the south fringe of Knavesmire, and runs in its eight miles course parallel with the Ouse (the Wharfe forming its southern limit), is a tract of richly cultivable land, averaging nine miles in length by two in breadth. This stream, as the one which drains the eastern lands of the Ainsty, is sometimes called the Foss—Latin, *Fossa*, a ditch—and is by its name an artery of drainage, as well as a natural waterway. The tract of land above indicated, bounded by water on all sides, was named by the Romans Val-Caester—*Val*, a wall; *Castrum*, a camp: the Vale-Camp—within which were situated at least two of their outposts, High and Low Acaster. Easy of access by water, this tract has been highly cultivated, and formed the garden of produce when York was an Imperial city of Rome. The several moated sites within this area also prove it to have been jealously guarded in the Anglo-Danish and early Norman days. There is a moated site in the wood just to the west of Nun Appleton Hall, and a most important one at Appleton village; another at Woolas Grange, and again at Acaster Malbis, within which stood the old hall of the Malibisses. To fully understand the origin of these sites and the nationality of the people who dwelt there, would be to bring back life and history through all the centuries which have intervened. We might in imagination glide along the waterway of the Fleet and Ouse in the skin boat of the Celt; or sail up the broad riverway with the fleet of Cæsar; or tread the rude decks under the folds of the raven's plume, with sea kings and their half-wild followers from the Fjords of Norway, and join with them in plundering the good things of Bretland, and hear their story of adventure by the huge log fire during the long black nights of winter. We have not the least doubt that in olden times when the Fleet was in its natural state, a tidal stream, flooding the ings and in appearance like a small river, the Vikings steered their prames into this estuary

and followed its course as far as Appleton village—which we reach through a beautiful domain of park and woodland.

Just on the outskirts is the hamlet of Holme-green, the name bespeaking its Saxon origin; *holm* being flat land, or level, low-lying ground at the confluence of waters. The prefix Apple in Appleton is of Celtic origin, as in Appledore and Applethwaite, etc. Wherever this word is applied it



carries with it the association of a Celtic founding. The terminal Roebuck has been added in later centuries, perhaps from the presence of those animals so numerous formerly in the forest of Appleton. The surroundings are full of charm, yet present startling contrasts in architecture. The fifteenth century cottage standing by the side of the smart new brick structure of

to-day; hoary thatched dwellings, where generations of men have successively dwelt; opposite is the recent church, its newness jarring on the antique rurality of the village.

The subdivisions of lands in the township of Appleton and the field-names are curiously instructive; those on the east of the Fleet have personal names, those to the west bear witness to Danish occupation. There is one name which is kept alive in this district, but the history of the persons who bore it seems to be entirely lost, namely, 'The Brocketts.'

Brockett Hall is a goodly moated site at the head of Daw Lane—of rectangular form, and divided in the centre by a deep trench and rampart, each space measuring within the inner bank about one hundred and twelve yards by sixty. Who were the Brocketts, who have left their name so strongly in evidence here, and also in the choir of the north aisle in Bolton Church (in later centuries known as the Steeton choir)? A Brocket was a buck or hart of two years; a young colt was also called a brock; in some parts of Europe, a person who is continually on horseback, is called a brockman, and the French *Brocarte* is a personal name. In the 'Records of Knaresborough Castle' this name is mentioned, and the holders appear to have been foresters.*

Who were the builders of the castle which has been guarded by such strong entrenchments? The moat is in a nearly perfect state, and the best preserved type in the valley of the Wharfe. The antiquity of the place may even reach beyond Norman times. Amongst the relics discovered in the vallum was the greater part of a beautifully shaped cinerary urn, found by Mr. Simpson, postmaster, at Bolton.

In the squabble for the possession of the land in the Ainsty, some member of the Percy Fee has probably established himself strongly here, perhaps a Brockett. A branch of the Scrope family were also in evidence in this district.

The field in which the entrenchment is situated is called by local children the 'Daffy Field'; inquiring the reason for this name, one lad quickly replied, "Sike lots a' daffies grow there." Seen from a distance, the vallum

* One Robert Brocket, a draper, dwelt in York during the fourteenth century. He had a son also named Robert. There was also a Robert Brocket living at Appleton in the sixteenth century. Drake mentions a gravestone in Bolton Percy churchyard to the memory of Thomas Brockett and Dionisea, his wife, who died—one in 1435, and the other in 1437. A son, probably of the above, also named Thomas Brockett, is mentioned in Sir John Stapilton's will, proved June, 1455.

has all the appearance of a raised bank on a lowland river. It is quite possible this may veritably be the 'val caster,' or lower river camp, hitherto assigned to Acaster Selby, a mile and a quarter nearer the Ouse, but of which, at that place, it is suspicious that no signs of such a camp are to be found. Here, however, tiles and fragments of Roman pottery, evidences of military occupation, have been unearthed by the writer and others.

Just to the north of the moat, and on the high bank of the Fleet, dwells a local celebrity of some eighty-seven years, still hale and hearty, and still, in 1902, working in the fields eight or nine hours daily. This worthy is a type

A RELIC OF OLD APPLETON.

of many persons in the Ainsty, who hold rather perverted ideas concerning the character and prowess of 'auld Black Tom Fairfax.' The following is a portrayal of this great man, from the lips of the veteran:—"He was a swarthy, dark giant sort of a man, wi' lang beany aims (bony arms); he could clap t'ball of his hand on te 'is knee-cap without bending down" (and here the old man demonstrated the impossibility of this feat being done by

ordinary mortals by attempting it himself, but even the tips of his fingers fell several inches short of the desired spot). According to his statement Fairfax was a sort of giant ogre, "headestrang, maisterful, and a terrible blood-thosty (thirsty) fellow to boot." "His sword," he said, "was that lang and heavy ne yan but him could wield it, and wi' ya dat (one stroke) he could cut a man in twa like nowt." The old man evidently thought that whatever the unfortunate circumstances which had attended the Fairfaxes, it was all due to the misdeeds of 'Black Tom': "His kith and kin were all decent, respectable sort a' folks eneaf (enough) and even 'Black Tom,'" he admitted, "was nean sike a bad sort o' fellow at the bottom, when oot a' war." Such was the old veteran's graphic and humorous, though erroneous, story, to which we listened without in anyway attempting to qualify his curious statements.

Here, and on the higher ground to the east of the Fleet, in the Roman Val-caster, stood the old Appleton of mediæval times. The more swampy region, to the west of the stream, was known as Appleton Forest. From the beautiful village green, where the cotters' cattle graze, and children romp, an avenue of fine trees leads to the North Hall, late sixteenth century, with three oak-panelled rooms, forming, with its antique gabled roof and chimney stack, and the deep rich colour of tiles, in strong contrast to a fine setting of trees, a choice picture.

Less than a mile north, following the line of the Fleet, is the moated site of Woolas, or Wollus Hall, the 'hus' or house which gave significance to the place, whatever the 'woll' may signify—wool, wold, or Wealha. Woolley Edge, in south Yorkshire, meant *wold edge*; but here, perhaps, it indicated the roof under which the sheep-farmer's fleeces were stored for selling to the clothing district staplers who regularly made their rounds of the farmsteads up to quite recently.

CHAPTER XIV.

Acaster Selby, or Nether Acaster.

THIS village is under two miles from Appleton ; its name bespeaks a Roman foundation, but the exact site of the camp, as we have before observed, is not visible here. The only other likely spot is the one occupied of old by the college of St. Andrew, situated in the parish of Stillingfleet, in the county of the city of York. St. Andrew, the patron saint of this college, had great Scandinavian popularity. It was evidently a very superior educational seminary, and was founded by Robert Stillington for 'a provoste and three priests, a schoolmaister, and to pray for the soules of Edward IV., the queen (his wife), the prince (his sonne), the founder, and all christen soules.' The opening of this college was one of the great events of the time, monks attending from Selby, York, Cartmel, Hexham, Fountains, and Bolton, and from abbeys and monasteries further afield.

Nether Acaster came into the possession of Osbern de Arches soon after the Conquest, and he exercised no great spirit of piety or self-denial in presenting to the abbey of Selby a thousand acres of moorish swamp and water-logged land, lying in the angle between the Wharfe and Ouse, reaching from the confluence of the two rivers up to the site of the college. The last provost was William Alcock, and at the dissolution its clear yearly value was £33 8s. 11½d., not a very fabulous amount for the support of three priests and a schoolmaster. Here the rule must have been 'high thinking and plain living,' for, doubtless, here were trained the men whose intellectual attainments and culture are still a marvel in our days, when knowledge is more easily attained. Youths of the house of Fairfax, the Palmes, the Vavasours, the Rythers, a Malbis and Trussbut, etc., doubtless, received their training at this college. The outlines of the site are still visible, but, with this exception, hardly a vestige remains above ground.

About fifty years ago, the grandfather of the present Sir Frederick Milner built a very pretty little church, in the Early English style, at Acaster, in which the donor himself and several members of his family are buried. This church is also the burial-place of the late William Beckett, M.P., of Leeds, 'who was there laid to rest amid such peaceful surroundings,' 30th Nov., 1890. Mr. Beckett was at that time tenant of Nunappleton Hall, although the leading member of the great banking firm at Leeds, whose headquarters are still established there. It was a simple, unostentatious funeral, but another mark of the currency of trade enriching the owners of the land. Lady Milner, wife of the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Milner, and daughter of the above William Beckett, who spent many happy years of her married life at Nunappleton, was also laid to rest in this quiet spot, July, 1902. During Mr. Beckett's residence at the historic mansion the ill-fated Duke of Clarence and Avondale was a frequent visitor.

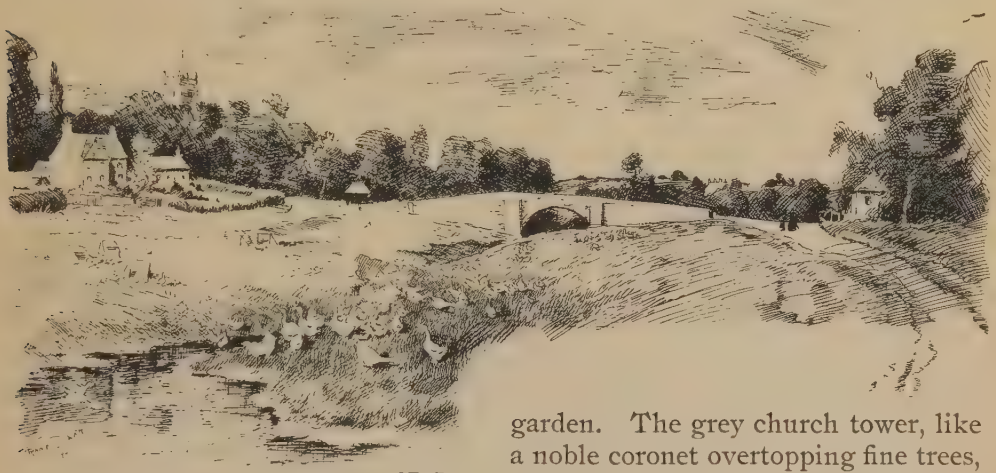
Here the fine curve of the Ouse, with the early Jacobean homestead on the high bank, and the ferry are items of scenic interest in passing. Acaster being situated in Stillingfleet parish, it would be well to give a short description of the latter place. In crossing the Ouse by the ferry be careful of the treacherous mud bank on the further shore, otherwise you may possibly be engulfed up to the middle, as a medical friend of the writer found, much to his disgust.

Stillingfleet.

This village lies on the outer curves of a beautiful hollow. Of old this district was in the forest between the Ouse and Derwent, and physically not pertaining to Ainsty, yet a considerable part of the Ainsty history has been shaped in Stillingfleet: early in the Norman era it was in the possession of the powerful family of Trussbut, whose influence was strongly marked in the Ainsty.

We were told by a native that Stillingfleet derived its name from the staying of a Danish fleet in the Ouse opposite: hence, Stillingfleet—the staying of the fleet; though not quite correct, the tradition is worth preserving. Originally, Stivelingflet (the 'Stiveling' being a personal name, but also to this day in the north meaning staggering or stumbling), the terminal 'flet' indicates a shallow harbour, and at the mouth of the little river Fleet traces of such can still be seen; and the settlement owes its origin to the Norsemen, who conceivably ran aground and stuck fast in the silt of the backwater.

Seen from any point it is indeed a beautiful village with its spreading green of nearly twenty acres, through the centre of which flows the Fleet, a small stream; near its margin the cottagers' cattle graze, flocks of geese gabble, and the children romp and play at pleasure. Around the skirts of the green red-tiled and rustic thatched-cots nestle in orchard and garden. The grey church tower, like a noble coronet overtopping fine trees, puts the crown on this charming scene—truly a model English village.



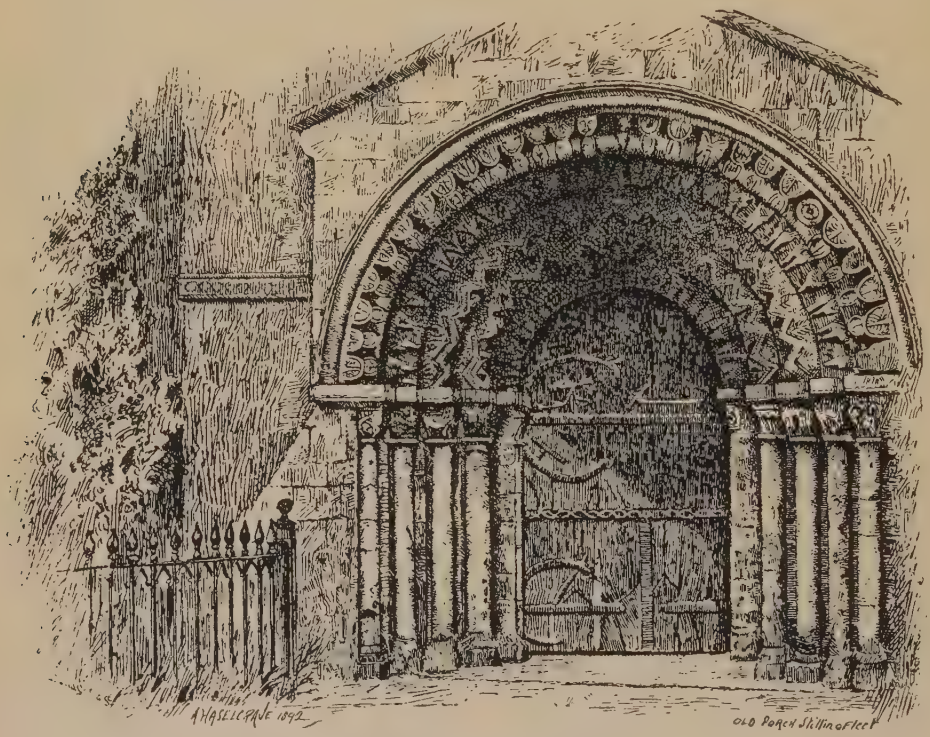
[*F. Dean.*

THE GREEN, STILLINGFLEET.

The church of St. Helena of Stillingfleet, a reminiscence of the Empress Helena, is also in every respect a memorial of the ancient dignity of the place. Its splendid Norman doorway is evident proof of its high ecclesiastical status. How eloquently the glory of the past is here writ in concrete form! Its ancient monuments and effigies, curiously carved capitals, incised slabs judiciously inserted in the outer walls to ensure preservation, its magnificent north and south entrances, the latter with rich and varied character of mouldings and the sculpture of the intertwining dragon on the capitals, are probably Norse emblems of the war between Christianity and heathendom. The grand oaken door, with its symbolic wrought iron work representing Adam and Eve, the Ark, the Trinity, is an object of supreme interest. "Mony an owd Dene's (Dane) skin has been nailed on this door,"—so we were told by a villager. Traditions like this still linger about the place, the native never thinking he may be a descendant of the 'owd Dene' he wishes to vilify. How many generations have passed through this doorway it would be difficult to tell, but we may allot its construction to a Trussbut,

of the early twelfth century, when Selby was erecting doorways of the same grand Norman type to which this belongs.

In the Moreby Chapel lies the effigy of Sir William Acclom, knight, and also a marble monument to the memory of two sons and two daughters of a sixteenth-century Sir William Acclom, a lineal descendant of the above, the founder of the family here.



OLD PORCH, STILLINGFLEET.

On the south side are the remaining parts of a leper's window, blocked up by a stone on which a rude outline of the Virgin is cameoed, through which the priest gave spiritual advice, the leper not being allowed to enter the church, and through this oblique aperture the leper might, to some extent, participate in the service and receive the Blessed Sacrament passed to him through the niche on a long forked stick. Others, excommunicate for any reason, and to be kept outside, might also use the 'leper's squint'

or Lychnoscope, for viewing, on the slant, the 'Elevation of the Host." There seems sufficient evidence to state that where a leper's window is found in a parish church that parish has sent a contingent of men to the Holy Land, the survivors of whom have had the ill-luck to introduce this loathsome disease into their native homes.

The vestry contains some rare old oak, and a massive oak chest, girded strongly with iron: although the wood still defies the ravages of time, the iron work is fast wasting away.

When this church was restored some time ago, portions of Saxon work were laid bare. The churchyard and its environs are beautified with masses of richly-hued frondage, and sweetly scented with blossom and fine growths of the cedar of Lebanon and *Robinia* acacia tree.*

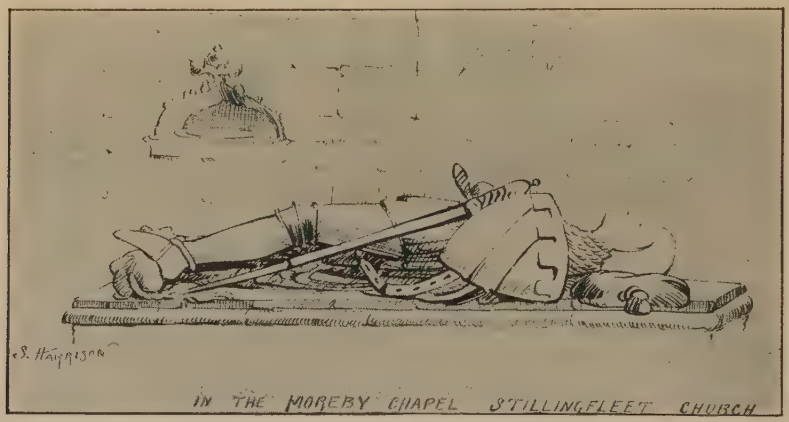
On the east side will be noticed a stone in memory of Matthew Johnson, of Kelfield, who died in 1865, aged ninety-eight, leaving a sum of money for a sermon to be preached to children on Holy Thursdays.

On the west side, and palisaded round, are two large stones to the memory of eleven singers, who were drowned whilst crossing the Ouse on the morning of December 26th, 1833. It reads:—"Those whose names are here recorded were accidentally drowned in the river Ouse when returning from singing the praises of their Saviour in the neighbouring townships, December 26th, 1833. As a tribute of respect to the memory of the sufferers and of deep compassion for their sorrowing families, their common landlord, Beilby Thompson, of Escrick Park, has erected this monument."

What a heartrending scene would this be to the friends and families of those who left their homes only a few hours before to carol the Birth of their Redeemer! An aged ferryman, who rowed the writer across the place where the greedy waters of the Ouse closed over them, well remembers,

* On the 15th August, 1340, the church was appropriated to the hospital of St. Mary. "At Styveling flete, 8th November, 1336, Nicholas de Moreby, rector of the moiety of the church of Lynton, founded and gave in to Master Robert de N. Dalton, chaplain, and his successors, every day celebrating in the chapel situate against the mother church of Styveling flete southwards for the souls of the said Nicholas, William Moreby, his father, and Agnes, his mother, on toft and croft and half an oxgang of land in Styveling flete and six marks annual sent to her yearly received out of his manor of Kellefield." Another chantry in this church was ordained by Henry Acclom at the altar of St. Anne for a perpetual chaplain. In 1402 Richard, Archbishop of York, united and consolidated the chantry of St. Nicholas in Naburn, "unto this of Acclom's in Stilling Fleet, the profits to go to the sustenance of one priest celebrating in this church of Stilling flete, one double and great festival, etc., and he shall celebrate mass in the chapel of St. Nicholas of Naburn on every Tuesday in the week."

although nearly seventy winters have passed away, the heartrending sorrow of the bereaved ones. But we imagine even the day of death, however sudden, light in comparison to the time when the beloved ones were borne to the tomb. This village, we should think, never witnessed a more solemn and impressive scene, than when that mournful procession passed slowly through the portals of the old lych gate, where the casketed remains on the biers rested for the last time on earth before being consigned to the tomb.



IN THE MOREBY CHAPEL, STILLINGFLEET CHURCH.

The two prominent members of Stillingfleet, Naburn and Moreby, we can only mention briefly. The latter has been the creation of a Viking, which the terminal 'by' assuredly indicates, whilst Naburn seems to be due to an Angle origin; both places have continued to be the homes of prominent county families.

About 1230, Archbishop Walter de Gray bought the estate of the Lady Agnes de Manefend, and it remained in the family of Gray for several generations. In the early fourteenth century it was in the possession of Sir William Acclom, knight, of Acclom, in Cleveland, by marriage with Mary, daughter and heiress of Sir Robert Moreby, at least so the pedigree makers say. However that may be, we find them well settled hereabouts. In 1398 Dame Mariota de Acclom, late wife of Sir William de Acclom, wills to be buried at Stillingfleet. Then we have William Acklam, of Moreby, Esquire, marrying Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Ralph Rither, of Rither; Sir William's sister, Elizabeth, marrying Brian Palmes. The

direct line of the Acklams came to an end at Moreby in the death of John Acklam, whose only daughter and heiress married Mark Milbank, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The Palmes were settled in Naburn during the twelfth century. In the reign of Henry III., William de Palms held in Hardington and Naburn three-quarters of a knight's fee, and the family continued to be described as of Naburn down to the eighteenth century. The Palms of Lindley were a branch, of whom William Palms, Esquire, the noted member of Parliament, was the representative in 1702. Those of Naburn bore, as blazon, 'Gules, three *fleur-de-lys* argent, a chief vair.' St. George's in Fishergate was an ancient rectory in the patronage of the Palms of Naburn, and later the Malbises of Acaster, several members of the family, including Brian Palmes, being buried in the church of St. George.* (A further notice of this family will be found in our description of Otley and Lindley, Vol. II.)

The hall stands on slightly elevated ground above the Ouse, the village, with its brick dwellings, being typical of the level districts where stone is far to bring. Here we cross the river by the ferry to Acaster Malbis, just off the opposite bank. The Romans had a camp here, the water fort (of which the place-name Acaster is evidence), for the defence of York, riverwards. Very slight indications of the site remain, probably the Malbises built their hall within the line of the camp, and even the last stone of their ancient hall has lately disappeared into the adjacent farm building, but the ditch showing the exact boundary, and still intact in one plot, and the name "Hall Garth," doubtless mark both the Roman camp and also the fortified abode of the Malbises. *Malbis*, a Norman personal name, had some reference to the dark complexion; in French the word means very

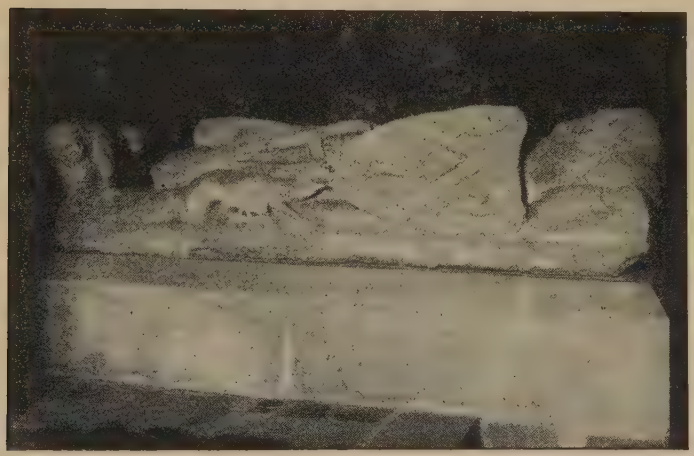
* In the list of non-communicants in Yorkshire, 1604, are those of the Palms of Naburn. "John Palmes, Esquier, non-communicant for one yeare last. Johan Palmes, wife of the said John Palmes, Esquier, recusant. Recusant reteined Sir George Palmes, knight, Katheren, his wife, Leonard Gower, servant to the said Sir George Palmes, knight, Dionis Wilden, Dorothie Pearsone, Margaret Archer, wife of Thomas Archer, recusants for one whole yeare last."

"Recusant reteined Francis Tinckler, servant to the saide John Palmes, Esquier, recusant for one yeare last."

"Thomas Babthorpe, gentleman, Marie Aske, and Ellis Archer, straungers, and do often resorte to the house of the said John Palmes, Esquier, recusants."

"Secrete mariage: The said George Palmes, knighte, and Ladie Katherin, his wife, have bene called by waie of Sitacons into the consistorie courte at Yorke to prove there mariage, vehemently suspected to have bene married by some popishe priest, but how it is, it is not knowen, and they are presented to have bene secretlie married."

swarthy. This family, whose name is found in the roll of Battle Abbey, came into possession by the marriage of Richard de Malbysse with Maud, daughter of one Robert de Acaster. Agnes de Percy, contemporary with the foundation of the nunnery at Appleton, had a sister married to William Malbis, who held Acaster in 1166. His son Richard, who is named among King John's courtiers, succeeded, followed by his brother Hugh, whose grandson Richard had to answer for many territorial misdeeds. Among other privileges he claimed the gallows in Acaster, which it appears he and his ancestors had used since the Conquest. Acaster passed to the Fairfaxes by marriage with a sister and heiress of the Malbises. Over the gateway at Steeton Hall there was formerly a stone slab bearing the arms of Fairfax, having a white rose on the lion's shoulder, quarterly, with the arms of the Malbis; above which was a stone helmet and the crest of Malbis; these relics, we presume, are still preserved at Bilburgh. Early in the fourteenth century William Fairfax, of Walton, married Elizabeth, a sister of Walter de Malbis. The latter having a strong desire to visit the Holy Land made Fairfax (in the event of not returning) his heir. Falling a victim to plague whilst in the East, Acaster knew him no more, and thus the Fairfaxes came into possession of the hall and land of the Malbises, which they held until the middle of the eighteenth century; Hall Lane, locally Hauling Lane, preserves the memory of their abode.



THE EFFIGY OF A MALBIS, WITHIN THE CHURCH, ACASTER.

John of Acaster, a native of this place and a stirring man of business, found his way to York city, and there prospered greatly. A chantry was founded "at ye altar of St. Thomas ye marytr," in the church of All Saints'

Pavement, for the soul of John de Acaster, which belonged to the patronage of the family of ye Acasters and their heirs.*

The lowly church of the Holy Trinity stands some little distance from the village, and possesses a few antique features and a mutilated effigy of a warrior of the Malbises. The present church replaced one of more humble pretensions about the year 1360, probably built by the Fairfax as a memorial of his wife's brother, whose effigy lies within. It was to this church that Archbishop Sharp was wont to come to meditate and pray.†

From Acaster to Bishopthorpe the Ouse winds through fat wheat lands and meadows backed in the distance by the woods, and ahead bulk the towers of the minster rising above the grey city. The following is Leland's

* Markham says: "During the siege of York by the Parliamentarians, the Scots were quartered at Acaster Malbis, where they wasted all the corn and ate up all the sheep, kine, and swine to the value of two thousand pounds, and the landlord, Viscount Fairfax, of Gilling, was obliged to forgive his Acaster tenants a whole year's rent, so ravenous were these Scots."

† The monuments in the church have been imposing, and are reminiscent of people of social worth, including some of the family of Malebisse.

In the south cross Quire lyes a flat white stone marked with fine escutcheons at the corners and on the verge *orate pro animabus Domini Nicholai north folk de . . . . . qui obiit mennse Novembre, Anno Domini MCCC . . . . . St. Elene uxoris sue . . . . . quorum animabus p'p'tur deur. Amen.*

In the chancel under the south wall lyes a stone whereon is raised the solid portraiture of one of the Malbys in armour, cross legged, bearing a shield of his arms as follows: *a chevron between three hinds head, erased.*

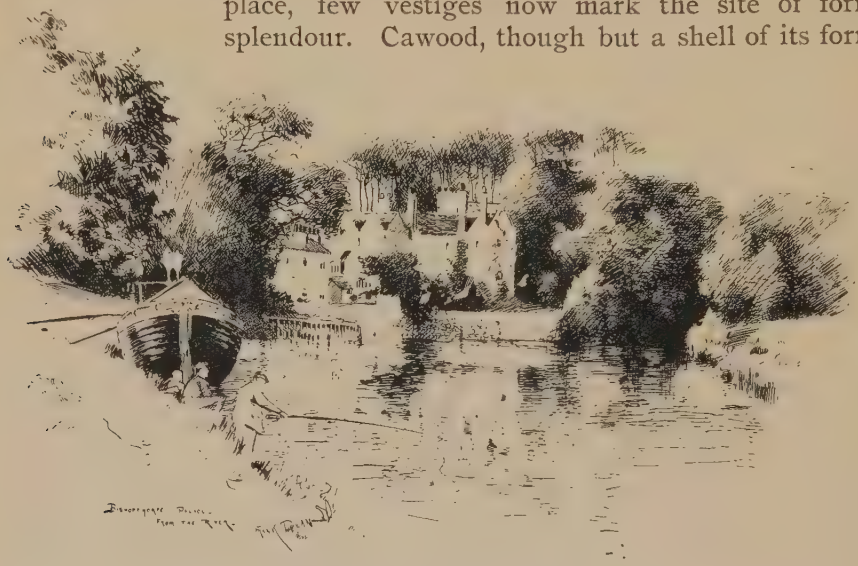
On the north side of the above lies a narrow white stone marked with a Calvary Cross. We may gather more of the above from the foundation of the Norfolk or Mandell Chantry at the altar of St. Thomas the Martyr in St. Mary's Church, Castlegate, York.

As we have already mentioned, and according to the Testamentary Burials and the presentations as above recorded, the Fairfaxes had a branch of the family settled at Acaster:—

3rd May, 1444, John Fairfax, late of Acaster, gent., to be buried in the church.
16th Nov., 1448, Thomas Letter, of Naburn, to be buried in the church.
28th Jan., 1460, William Carter, of Acaster, to be buried in the church.
22nd Sept., 1463 (date of will), John Hurtley, of Acaster, to be buried in the Quire of St. Mary in this church.
5th Aug., 1499, Roger Radclyff, to be buried in the Quire.
21st Jan., 1492, John Bowmer, of Acaster, to be buried in the kirk, before our Lady St. Mary.
13th Jan., 1502, Guy Grene, of Naburn, gent., to be buried in this church before the image of St. Mary of Piety, in the south side of the church.
24th Apl, 1519, Sir Symon Feryman, priest and vicar, to be buried in the church.
14th Aug., 1519, Robert Metham, of Naburn, gent., to be buried in this church.
23rd Sept., 1528, Robert Fairfax, of Acaster, gent., to be buried in the high quere afore the stall where he used to sit.

description: "From Yorke toward by the length of a iii mile mervelus good corne grounde, but no plenty of wood y^a neere sight. In the middle way I saw hard on the right a veri fair large manor of the Bishops of Yorke, caullid Bishop Thorpe." And so through this pleasant country, fair of pasture, corne, and wood, Leland passed on to Cawood "with its fair castel and prettie village."

The other palaces which mark the residence of the Archbishops since the days of Athelstan, are those of Cawood and Sherburn. At the latter place, few vestiges now mark the site of former splendour. Cawood, though but a shell of its former



BISHOPTHORPE FROM THE OUSE.

self, has just enough remains to attest its pristine magnificence. Bishopthorpe, still the home of the Archbishop as it has been six hundred years, stands fair and stately by the turbid waters of the Yorkshire 'Tiber.' The building of the house commenced under Archbishop Walter de Gray, additions being made by nearly every incoming prelate. Pictorially, it is best seen from the river. Historically, this spot is interesting, apart from its associations with the prelates. Kings and queens have resided under its hospitable roof; Isabella, the she-wolf of France, has flirted in its halls; Philippa, the good queen of Edward III., sojourned here; and scions from nearly all the great baronial families at one time or another have passed beneath its portals.

Here, within the great hall, Archbishop Scrope was tried, King Henry IV. being present, fully resolved on the prelate's death. Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne, however, refused to pass the sentence, pleading that he had no jurisdiction over the life of a Bishop: "Neither you, my lord, nor any of your subjects can legally, according to the law of the realm, sentence any bishop to death"; and Maidstone adds, for Gascoigne's refusal, "may his memory be blessed for ever and ever!" This upright judge was one of the most illustrious members of that most illustrious family of Gascoignes. The king found a more pliant tool in Sir Thomas Fulthorpe, who pronounced judgment, and in a field near by at Clementhorpe, within sight of the city walls, at the fifth stroke of the sword the Archbishop's head was severed from his body, the five strokes being the last request of the prelate to the executioner to imitate the five wounds and for the love he bore his Saviour.

An old custom, now fallen into disuse, was, on vessels passing the walls of the palace to give a salute, on which a can of ale was lowered on to the deck to refresh the voyagers.*

We now pass forward to the historic city on the sombre waters of the Ouse (the Tiber of Humbria), over which the stately barges of ancient Italy glided (the Swan Road of the sea kings), who stained this second Rome with carnage, polluted its sanctuaries, and strewed its fair and stately architecture with ashes. Delightful and sweet are the meadows around Middlethorpe to our left, to the right the position of the quaint old church at Fulford on the high bank, with its frondulous surroundings, being very charming; further east rises the finely tapering spire of Heslington. Siward's Hill, near by, is a memorial, if not the grave, of some famed Norse chieftain; hereabouts, in the meadows of Fulford, the battle between the Vikings and Saxons on that September day, 1066—the precursor of other great battles—took place.

In the approach from Heslington a wonderful view across the grey city can be obtained. To look over the ancient capital from hence, just after sunset, is well worth a journey. The sombre shades of evening half

* Here at Bishopthorpe in 1385 a quarrel broke out between the retainers of Sir John Holland, the king's half-brother, and those of Sir Ralph Stafford. In the affray one of Sir John's retainers was slain by an arrow. On hearing the news Holland rushed impetuously forth, bent on retaliation. Sir Ralph, who seems to have been entirely innocent of the affair, unfortunately came in his path and was slain. Sir John afterwards fled to Beverley for sanctuary. He was deprived of his land and banished the kingdom. Holland's mother, known in history as the "Fair Maid of Kent," was so upset by the tragic affair that she took to her bed and died.

shrouding in a mantle of grey the city and its numerous churches, the noble cathedral towers silhouetted against the dying splendour in the west, also suffusing the lantern tower of All Hallows' Pavement with the fading splendour, appearing to us like some antique diadem crowning the magnificent picture.

Reverting to the riverway, here without the walls is the New Walk, a promenade for city folk. Its name 'new' seems a misnomer, for the walk has been in existence these two hundred years. To the west, a

A REACH OF THE OUSE. [*Harrison.*

few hundred yards without the barrier from Skeldergate Postern, formerly stood the Benedictine Nunnery of Clementhorpe, dedicated to St. Clement,* and founded by Archbishop Thurstan, 1130, the first nunnery established in the north after the Conquest. Its chief claim for mention in these pages is that now it is only a memory. Tradition clings around this spot, although the nunnery has long since disappeared. It was most pleasantly

* Agnes, the prioress and the convent of St. Clement's at York, granted to the monks of Roche Abbey a certain piece of ground leading from their orchard to the river Ouse; for which the said monks gave them £3 0s. 0d. sterling.

[*W. G. Foster.*

THE CITY OF YORK, FROM THE HESLINGTON ROAD.

situated and well provided, but its affairs as recorded have a secular tinge of life and the reputation of the nuns not the most saintly; probably they were more human than spiritual, for the sisters seem to have mixed with the world rather freely. Their hospitality was widely known, and the privilege seems to have been abused. On the 24th of March, 1312, the abbot and monks of Selby were prohibited from visiting Clementhorpe or spending the night there, the social attractions evidently having been strongly in evidence to call forth this censure of the archbishop. Still we have no right to judge the sisters harshly, rather let us leave the task to those who are without blemish.*

Now we are at the bulwarks, of old the key to the city riverwards, being the highway from the ocean. The two large mounds, both of artificial construction, Baile Hill on one hand, and the earthwork on which Clifford Tower stands on the other, defended this entrance in olden times from the sea. The Swan Road, by which the wild Northmen came from the shores of the Baltic to storm the capital, was doubtless the scene of many a desperate encounter, assault, and repulse, until the defenders, overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers, failed to keep the gates of their city inviolate. Bursting the boom thrown over the river, the uncouth savage men from Scandinavia went hacking and slaying, pillaging and burning, until the splendid civilisation of this second Rome *(altera Roma)*—the city of victory—became, for the time being, a chaos. Out of the dust and ashes the city again arose to its former importance. One ancient chronicler says of it, previous to 1070, that York, from the beauty and splendour of its buildings, "seemed as fair as the city of Rome," but after the vengeance of the wrathful conqueror had been satisfied, the city was only a heap of ruins, mournful in sackcloth and ashes. Afterwards, its walls became extended, as we find them now, and the city of mediæval ages arose to somewhat of its former splendour, the corroboration of which is still to be seen in the architecture of the glorious minster, churches, fortified walls, and the ruined monastery of St. Mary's.

Aberach, or Eborwyc, the original name of this city, bears the same meaning as the Welsh "Aber"—a confluence of two streams, or a river

* Tanner gives a valuation of Clementhorpe at £68 11s. 8d. The house and site of the priory were granted by Henry VIII., 1541-2, to Edward Skipwith. In the following year both were in possession of Sir Arthur Darcy, Knight, who, with Mary his wife, in 1543-4 had license to alienate them to Richard Goldthorpe. The seal of Clementhorpe is of an oval form; the figure of a person in pontificals with the right hand uplifted, giving benediction, is represented in the area, and with this inscription round: *S. Conventus Sancti Clementis Pape in Eboraco.*

joining the sea—in the name of places, the prefix 'aber' is still plentifully distributed over the United Kingdom. The site of the Celtic stronghold, in the angle above the confluence of the Ouse and the Foss, sufficiently explains this etymology. It also indicates that two thousand years ago it was a capital of the British people; yet of this city scarcely a relic or memorial of its Celtic founders, except the etymology of its name, remains.

A century and a half later, under the dominion of the Roman, Eboracum (at the point of confluence of the Ouse and Foss) became the metropolis of northern Britain, the abode of the victorious Sixth Legion, who had spread the terror of the Latin prowess throughout the known world, and the home of emperors, renowned generals, to which merchandise and the arts and luxuries of different climes were brought, until the crash came and the mighty empire of Rome tottered and fell before the inrushing wave of Angle and Scandinavian adventurers.

Mingling with the dust beneath the city is nearly all the vanished pomp, luxury, and glory appertaining to the mightiest nation the earth has known; we cannot say all, for the multangular tower in the abbey grounds at the north-west angle of the original Roman wall still stands, a hoary and silent witness of Rome's imperial dominance. Other testimonies confirming the facts which history asserts, even more eloquently, are to be seen in the *Hospitium*, now the museum, containing antiques, altars, votive tablets, vestiges of temples, fragments of urns and Samian ware, lamps, tesselated pavement, pottery, stone coffins and tombs of various design, domestic utensils and ornamental articles of dress and coinage, and even the children's toys are here. Out of the British Caer-Aberach and the luxury and refinement of the Roman Eburacum grew the Eber or Eforwic of the rude Engle folk, who came from the Angeln, the district now called Sleswick and Lower Hanover.

Three centuries later, the city became the capital of the Danish kingdom of Northumbria, the Jorvic or Yoric of the sea kings, until by gradual processes of change and abbreviation, the city attained its present name of York. Thus the dust and ashes of not fewer than three cities, imperial grandeur and refinement, and the barbaric splendour of the Teutons, rest beneath the pavement, each layer of earth marking an epoch of centuries in the history of the city. And so complete has been the destruction that the pilgrim finds few relics outside the museum to link the memory with those far-off days. Time, the destroyer, is not alone responsible for all the demolition. Had time been the only effacer, Roman temples, baths, sculpture, and the rude, though strong, architecture of the Anglo-Dane would still be seen standing

by the banks of the Ouse. No! this utter ruin has been wrought by the hand of man, the despoiler of the architectural art of a bygone people.

In the turbulence and passion of warfare, the Goths and Vandals shrieked out havoc and ruin, and, in their wild frenzy, blood ran riot; and thus, during the first thousand years of its life, did the old city suffer from repeated sieges, harryings, burnings and plunderings, until the habitations, thrice renewed, of bygone people have crumbled into dust. Nevertheless, if those destroying vandals and wild northmen cast down the monuments of the Roman and Saxon, they built on the ruins of Pagan shrines a magnificent Temple far beyond the dreams of the Roman: a work lasting over three centuries, and representing the gradual change in architecture from Norman Gothic to Early English, decorated and perpendicular.

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WEST FRONT, YORK MINSTER.

In its entirety it is the most spacious church in the kingdom. Who can stand before the west front of this beautiful cathedral and not feel the majesty and sublimity of its influence, so fraught with lovelinesses of human creation, unrivalled in its almost bewildering richness—a perfect Parthenon of pointed design?

It must have been a strange and wonderful scene which took place at York in the April of 627: the baptism of Edwin, and the destruction of the heathen temple at Goodmanham by the high priest Coifi, which has already been told in preceding pages. Bede records that no place in the

city was found suitable for initiating so great a king into the mysteries of our holy religion; so a little oratory of wood was thrown up, and soon after his baptism Edwin began to build a noble basilica of stone; but although the work progressed rapidly the king was slain in battle before its completion, the fabric being finished by Oswald, his successor. Yet scarcely was it brought to perfection when Oswald was also slain by Cadwallon.

This first church, doubtless a rude structure, built partly of stone and partly of logs brought from the forest of Galtres, and, peradventure, roofed with thatch, was nearly destroyed in the sack and occupation of York by Cadwallon, following the death of Oswald. It appears to have remained in this ruinous condition until the advent of Archbishop Wilfrid, 669. Bede says he found it so desolate as to be fit only for birds to build their nests in, and he at once restored it, repaired the walls, fixed on the roof, and took care to cover all with lead, and 'glazed the windows,' to preserve the fabric from the effects of the weather, and prevent the birds from defiling the interior.

This church, built under the fostering care of St. Wilfrid, doubtless suffered in the havoc and ruin of the Danish wars. It was again rebuilt, and in 1069, during the attempt of the Anglo-Danish population to throw off the Norman yoke, the cathedral was accidentally burnt to the ground. In the year 1137 it was yet again destroyed by fire.

THE CHAPEL OF OUR LADYE.

The magnificent monument of architecture, as it now stands, is a work which has lasted over two centuries: from the early thirteenth to the middle of the fifteenth. It is so stupendous, wondrous, and beautiful, as to be beyond the feeble efforts of mortal pen to properly describe—a place of dreams

and impressions, symbolizing the inspired effort and impulse of king, baron, and ecclesiastic, and the pathos of human toil and sorrow for centuries; perhaps at no other place in the north do we find such palpable evidence, and so eloquent a witness, breathing of spiritual aspiration, history, story, tradition, and the associations of bygone centuries than here, within this far-famed temple of York. As one stands amid the worshippers, under the great tower, listening to the anthems on this church festival, there rises before our mental gaze a great chapter in the history of this North-Humberland. In the mingled refrain of the organ tones and the sweet voices of choristers we hear sounds swelling up through the dim aisles of the far past; in the faintly-dying whisper of angelic strains, echoes and glimpses of that Easter morn worship, near thirteen centuries ago. Adversity only increasing its solidity, and sinking deeper the foundations and lifting higher the roof of the glorious fabric, as successive burnings and pillagings took place.

The personal history hidden away with the ashes of numerous prelates, warrior-priests, and renowned citizens, will never be fully told. In those wailing tones of anguish, imagination hears the prayers of the besieged burghers supplicating the Almighty to deliver their city from an invading army without the walls, thirsting for human prey; mingling with the wail of anguish, sounds of battle, and the murmur of a multitude, are voices of long-dead monks and churchmen—the outburst of the thankful *Amen* swelling upwards from this 'Gate of Heaven,' bespeaking deliverance, the shout of triumph, and the grand finale of victory.

It would be presumptuous on our part to attempt to describe such a monument of pointed architecture as York Minster, testifying as the fabric does to the taste and the skill of its builders, and the chivalry and mediæval glory of the old city. The vast height of the lantern and the lofty clustered piers, seeming rather to spring from, than rest upon earth, must assuredly claim the homage of the least cultured and disinterested. The dim perspective of the interior, looking from the great west door into the choir, only thrown open in the past for the reception of a king, or the installation of an Archbishop, reminds one of some old forest grove in the long sweep of its nave and aisles, the extending wings of the transept, the magnificence of its choir, the vast height of its clustered columns, the grand proportions of the groined and vaulted roof, and the varied elements of grandeur, beauty, simplicity, and richness are unparalleled.

In such places man is humiliated by his own insignificance, and yet he is exalted, for the work of centuries rises in magnificence before him, and, as one

writer says: "Feels rather than thinks, dreams rather than speaks." Divinely beautiful are the soft flushes of golden light enhancing the grandeur of the interior, flickering on clustered column in dim aisles, or, anon, gleaming fantastically on the time-worn pavement, brightening the tattered flags and banners decorating the nave—emblems of the sacrifice of human blood spilt—suggesting, worn and ragged though they are, not the poverty but the glory of a nation's arms—upheld in every clime.

Valentine & Sons.

THE CHOIR.

The minster is embellished with old and famous glass of every period; unfortunately, in several instances, there has been injudicious restoration by inexperienced craftsmen. The east window—the largest and most beautiful in existence—is transitional, or between the flowing and perpendicular. It was painted and glaired by Thornton, of Coventry, the most talented craftsman on glass of that period. He began in 1405; the artist

was to receive for his own work four shillings per week, and the contract was to be finished under three years.* Here the old Bible stories have an exquisite setting, and glow with radiance.

The great west window, which the setting sun illumes so divinely, is a fine example of flowing tracery with gabled canopy and later decorated glass, rich and harmonious in colour, and exquisite in detail and finish.

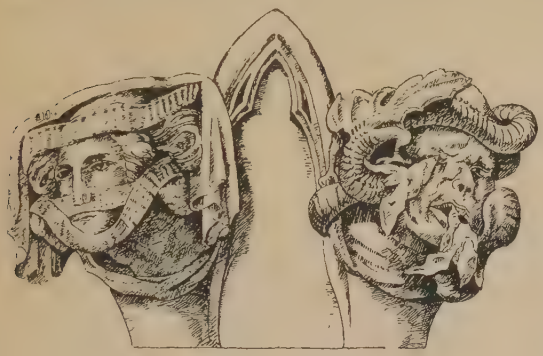
The north transept contains the wondrous window of five lights (known as the 'five sisters'), geometric, early thirteenth century, fifty-three feet in height, five feet in width. There is a tradition that five maiden sisters (nuns) bore the expense of raising this window. The lights are of a rich silvery-green hue, the even balance of tone and combination of tints being most remarkable, representing tapestry: whence the tradition of five sisters having designed and worked out the pattern. In olden times it was also known as the Jewish window, but for what reason we cannot ascertain.

Briefly, in the aisles of the choir, we note the fine St. William and St. Cuthbert windows, also the St. Chad and clerestory windows, all perpendicular. The choir and Ladye Chapel are very fine fifteenth-century windows. The *Te Deum* window, west side of south transept, illustrating the chant, is a remarkable fragmentary relic of this art. The circular St. Catherine's wheel, marigold, or rose window, in the south transept—its coloured glass representing the white rose of York and red rose of Lancaster—is, perhaps, unique in its design and colour, as is, also, the peculiar 'bell window,' inserted in the nave in memory of Ald. Tunnach, the ancient bell-founder of York.

The south transept furnishes specimens of Peckett's work, a famed glass painter of York, who died in 1795. This artist sleeps in St. Martin's churchyard, Micklegate, and in this church is another example of his skill, in memory of his beloved daughter.

* "Indenture between the Dean and Chapter of York and John Thornton, of Coventry, glazier, for the glazing of the great window in the east gable of the choir of the Cathedral Church of York, which he shall complete the work of within three years from the beginning of the said work, and he shall portray the said window with his own hand, and the histories, images, and other things to be painted on the same; and he shall also paint the same as necessary, according to the ordinance of the Dean and Chapter. And the aforesaid John shall also provide glass and lead, and the workmen, at the expense of the Chapter, for the convenience of the Dean and Chapter, in the same manner as he would work if the like had to be done at his own cost and charges, whereunto he shall take his bodily oath. And the said John shall receive of the Dean and Chapter, for every week wherein he shall work in his art during the said three years, four shillings, and each year of the same three years, five pounds sterling, and after the work is completed ten pounds for his reward. Dated at York, the 10th day of December, A.D. 1405."—*Harleian MS.*

"At every hour of the day the lights streaming from one or other of these windows would be illuminating the altar. On every side there was beautiful colouring in beautiful glass of every possible variety and execution, almost entirely, I believe, of English workmanship, and the greater part of it, most probably, wrought in York itself, and, happily, the bulk of it is still there in spite of fire and lapse of time. Shattered although it is, the general effect is the same. These windows fixed an Inspiration of old, and it is still there; and we bow as it were before the illuminated pages of a sacred book which had held our ancestors in thrall."



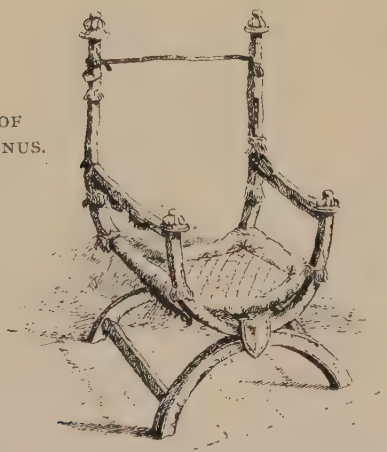
FROM THE CHAPTER HOUSE.

The richly carved rood screen at the entrance to the choir, with niches, each containing a king in his royal robes, commencing with William I. and ending with Henry VI., is a rare piece of work; its one fault being, that it is too heavy for its position.* It is impossible to describe the complex variety and condensed magnificence of the choir; it is a scene which baffles description, a place too exquisite to set down in words; 'tis indeed beautiful enough to be the very gate of heaven, as thought the writer while he watched the almost dramatic action of the aged Dean, the central figure in the scene, bending low before the high altar to receive from the hands of the choristers the offerings of

* Leland says:—"Before the Quere Doore standes all the Kinges of England in great Pictures amonge whom was the Picture of Lolye King Edward, which was pulled down in Dispytte of his great fame, that he was mayd at St. The stone that the Picture did fall upon in Sole of the Church turned read as Blood, to the great Disgrace of him that pulled downe the same; and the stone is read until this day as may be seene, as of auntient Men is credibly reported."

worshippers. The kindly grace and action of the Dean and the benign expression on his features still dwell in my memory: in keeping with the ornate beauty of the tabernacle work of the choir, and prebendary stalls, the reredos representing the Crucifixion, by Timworth, the glowing hues of glass, the shafts of stone soaring to the vaulted roof of wood, whose beams and network of rib-like shoots ramify over the concave, with the beautiful splendour of the glorious east window shedding a radiance over the whole, combined to form a picture, probably never surpassed in magnificence by the interiors of Granada or those of Rome.

The numerous antique treasures, intrinsically amounting to fabulous value, disappeared at the Reformation, with other historical mementoes of the past. Raine says: "The great altar on festival days must have been ablaze with beautiful vestures and jewels." The only survival of these relics is the horn of Ulph or Ulphas, and the chair of St. Paulinus. The horn, part of an elephant's tusk, is elaborately carved with figures of the unicorn, gryphon, lion, and other beasts, and by the appearance of the carving it has evidently been brought from the Orient; formerly the horn was richly ornamented with gold. It is still to be seen in the vestry. Ulph, son of Thorald and son-in-law of Canute, previous to the Conquest owned large estates in the old kingdom of Deira, that is, the land lying east of York between the Derwent and the sea; and, singularly enough, the little village of Godmundham was in his possession, where the site of the famous Pagan temple stood which preceded the building of the church of St. Peter.

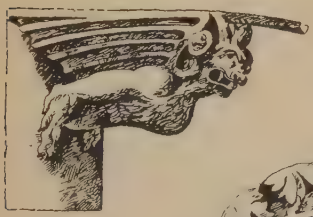


CHAIR OF ST. PAULINUS.

THE HORN OF ULPHAS.

Camden gives the following quotation from a book which was ancient, he says, in his time: "Ulphus, the son of Toraldus, governed in the west parts of Deira, and by reason of a difference like to happen betwixt his eldest son and his youngest, about his lordships when he was dead, presently took this course to make them equal. Without delay he went to York, and taking the horn, wherein he was wont to drink, with him, he filled it with wine, and kneeling upon his knees before the altar drank and thereby bestowed upon God and the blessed St. Peter all his lands, tenements, etc." In ancient times there were several instances of estates that were 'passed' without any writings, by the lord's delivery of such pledges as these—a sword, a helmet, a horn, a cup, a bow or arrow.

According to the above, it would appear that the two sons of Ulph were totally disinherited, but it was not so; apart from the large gifts to the church of St. Peter, ample provision remained for his sons, Archil and Norman, who are mentioned among the king's thanes in the Domesday Book. Archil fought with the Saxons in their attempt to oust the Normans from York, 1070.



NORTH AISLE OF CHOIR.

NORTH AISLE OF NAVE.

FROM VESTIBULE OF CHAPTER HOUSE.

The antique chair, historically known as the chair of St. Paulinus, and the coronation chair of the Saxon kings, in which Richard III. and James I. are said to have been crowned, still remains. The chair, rudely constructed of oak without any carving, and now greatly decayed, is stayed and clamped with iron to hold it together.

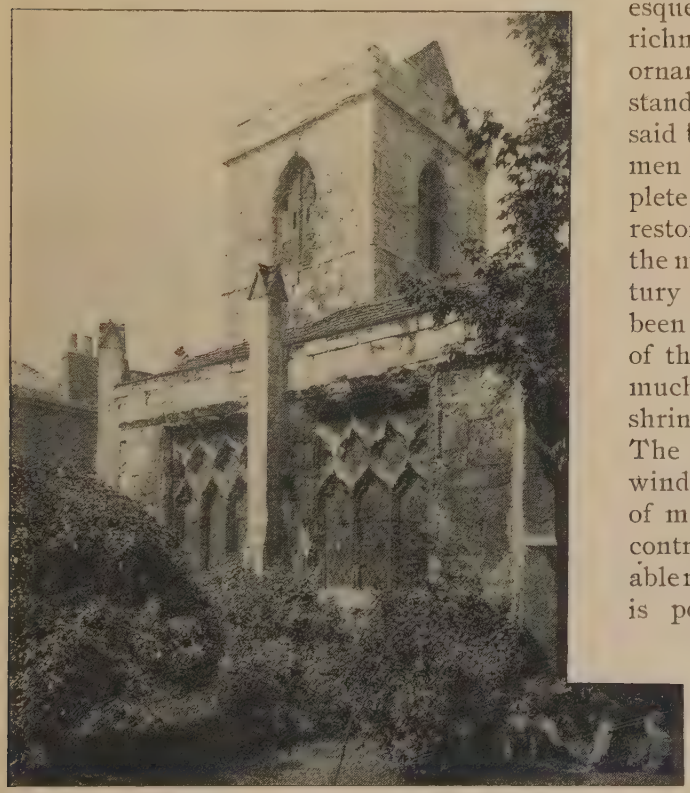
Fragments of the earlier churches, Saxon and Norman, are to be found in the crypt. The fragments of King Edwin's, or more probably the church built by St. Wilfrid forty years later, are a portion of a stone stairway and a wall of the Saxon rubble or herringbone style; relics of the Norman church are four clustered columns, ornamented with dog-tooth, spiral,

lozenge, and diaper mouldings, etc. For the counterpart of this church we must look at the nave of Durham Cathedral, or Selby Abbey.

There is no great display of tombs or descriptive statuary in the minster; more would have relieved that almost awe-inspiring severity which characterises the nave and aisles. But this feeling of relief is more than counterbalanced by the beautiful hues of richly-decorated glass and the grand display of heraldry, commemorative of the Edwardian and Tudor period, for which the minster probably has no rival.

The chapter house is entered from the northern transept through a doubly-arched opening, separated by a pier, and thence through a lofty vestibule of decorated architecture. The building is octagonal, and contains no clustered central pillar, the vaulted roof being secured by one knot in mid vault. How charmingly this room symbolises its purpose — the convocation of churchmen into one brotherhood! The circle of ribs springing from their capitals to the knot in the summit of the vault are typical of the varied thoughts springing from the individual mind into one bond of good motive, and the stability of collective wisdom. In this room there is condensed

all the ingenious simplicity, grotesqueness and grandeur of decoration imaginable, and our guide would fain have us believe that some of our great artists in painting and sculpture have received the inspiration for their subjects in this room. All the windows save one, that of the east, are considered amongst the most beautiful in Europe. In the ingenuity of its construction, its picturesqueness, lightness, its richness and variety of ornament, it probably stands unequalled. So said the satisfied churchmen when it stood complete before them. The restoration made about the middle of the last century has unfortunately been carried out devoid of the skill and taste so much needed in such a shrine of ancient art. The glass of the east window is a bad example of modern craft, and in contrast with the remarkable richness of the others, is poor indeed; so is the floor of the room, now paved with commonplace tiles. It was here in this chapter house of York, on the 8th of September, 1483, that Richard III. received his second coronation at the hands of Archbishop Rotheram. It was a great time of festivity. There were three who wore crowns in York on that occasion: King Richard, his Queen, Anne Neville, and his son, who was created Prince of Wales, and the old city was in a state of hilarity with tilts, tournaments, revels, and masques.



[*G. F. Jones.*

HOLY TRINITY, GOODRAMGATE.

The Minster Close formerly occupied all the triangle of land between Monk Bar and Bootham. A boundary wall separated the Close from the city; within it stood the church of St. Michael-le-Belfry (adjoining the south side of the minster), one of the most beautiful in the city, and in which are some fine tombs and ancient glass in the east window, and also heraldic work.

In this church Guy Fawkes* was baptised, April 16th, 1570; and here lieth the body of John White, printer to the city of York and five northern counties, who, in 1680, had his printing office opposite the 'Star,' in Stonegate. He was appointed by William and Mary their Majesties' Printer, for having had the good fortune to publish the 'Manifesto of the Prince of Orange,' after the timorous London printers had refused the work. Died 1715, aged eighty. And here also sleeps Thomas Gent, poet, printer, and author, who, for some time, was an assistant to the above-mentioned John White, and afterwards succeeded to his business. Gent died in 1778, aged eighty-seven.

INTERIOR OF HOLY TRINITY, GOODRAMGATE.

The church of St. John del Pyke, now demolished, stood within the Close. The Bedern, or

* Guy's father, whose name was Edward, and his grandfather, William Fawkes, the latter by profession a notary, and also Registrar of the Exchequer Court of York, dwelt in this parish. The births and deaths of this branch of the Fawkes are several times mentioned after 1565, when the earliest register of St. Michael-le-Belfry commences.

College of Vicars, extended, with its grounds, from Goodramgate to Aldwark and St. Andrew's Gate. The Bedern Chapel, founded in 1348, is still standing. Goodram or Guthram is supposed to be derived from the Norse chief of this name. Aldwark or 'old-work'—the original Roman work, was so designated by the Saxon invader.

Hereabouts by the wall stood the church of St. Helena, and the palace of the emperors; in this church, tradition says, was found the sepulchre of Constantine Chlorus. Running nearly parallel with the present wall for some little distance south, and still to be plainly observed, is a portion of the original Roman wall.

ST. WILLIAM'S COLLEGE.

Holy Trinity Church, a quaint, antique structure of very early foundation, is in Goodramgate. The tower has a pack-saddle roof and is very peculiar seen from the north side. The charm and sanctity pervading this ancient fabric is simply indescribable. The east window is a good example of perpendicular, as are the several fragments of heraldic work, on which are the arms of the Vere, Mowbray, Percy, Roos, etc.

Under an antique arch we pass into College Street and to St. William's College, a relic of Tudor and early Jacobean architecture. There is a record stating that Henry VI. granted Letters Patent for erecting a college to the honour of St. William in the Close of York, for the parsons and chantry priests of the cathedral to reside in; before that period the record explains that they had lived promiscuously in the houses of laymen and women, contrary to the honour and decency of the said church. The grant was not carried out until the reign of Edward IV., 1460, when it was founded by the Nevilles 'for the parsons and chantry priests to dwell in.' The niche over the doorway contains the crumbling figure of St. William. Here the royal printing press was set up by Charles, 1642.

Uggleforth and Chapter House Street form an angle east of St. William's College. In the former stands a picturesque, antique rectory house. Chapter House Street and Grey's Court are indeed charming; with clustering roofs, old gables, and pinnacles and battlements of the minster walls, give fine contrast of colour, patches of bright sunlight and sombre shadow.

[*S. Harrison.*

THE TREASURER'S HOUSE.

The Treasurer's House, lately restored, illustrates the period between the Tudor and the mansions of Queen Anne's reign; it contains a fine hall with timbered roof, a minstrel gallery, and the unique suite of rooms is furnished in the best possible taste and in strict keeping with the age of the house, with rare pieces of Gobelin tapestry (found behind the old wainscotting, at the restoration), and curious inlaid cabinets.

The Queen's bedchamber, and the King's, when (as Prince of Wales) he was the guest of Lycett Green, are features of interest.

All about the Minster Court, east, are charming bits of roof, antique dormer windows reminding one of bygone centuries; over all there rests a solemn stillness and repose as of the Sabbath.

Across the glade by the minster we leisurely tread, inspecting this romance in stone: wondrous windows, so fraught with story and tradition, niches, buttresses, battlements, and pinnacles, all of antique hue, green and grey pervading!

The City Palace of the Archbishops stood between the residentiary and the minster, adjoining the latter; and opposite to the north door there was a stately chapel dedicated to St. Mary and the Holy Angels. A few fragments of arches and windows remain in the 'close,' in their rich hues of silver-grey appearing like jewels amid the surrounding green.

[*S. Harrison.*

BOOTHAM BAR.

Turning from the precincts of the minster and along High Petergate, we reach Bootham Bar, which occupies the site of one of the great gates of the Roman camp. The Temple of Bellona also stood near this gate. It was to this temple that the Emperor Severus was led on returning seriously ill from his last expedition against the Caledonians. This bar contains both Norman and early Tudor work; through it passes 'the Great North Road.'

Immediately beyond runs the eastern wall of St. Mary's Abbey, and here is St. Margaret's Arch, through which Margaret of Scotland, daughter of Henry VII., passed during her journey north. The abbot built the gateway at the time, purposely to admit his royal guest. The chronicler of the event says: "It was a fair sight for to see the company so rychly apoynted and grett melodie for to here the bells rynge through the citie." On her journey south during her widowhood she was again the guest of the abbot and lodged at St. Mary's. Doubtless the name of the arch originated with her visit. Within the arch is the York Exhibition of Fine Arts, from the portico of which a noble picture unfolds, embracing St. Margaret's Arch and postern on the left, and a picturesque mass of old roofs and gables on the right; in the centre the walls and heavy bulwark of Bootham, over which rise, solemn and stately, the great towers of the cathedral etched out strongly against patches of blue and dark rolling clouds: as of old in history, so it is to-day, an abiding manifesto of glory and power, alike in the spiritual and the temporal.

Leaving the city for Clifton, we notice along Bootham portions of the abbey wall as far as Marygate, which the line of wall follows west to the river. Lady Ingram's Hospital has an antique doorway, and St. Peter's College, a fine Tudor building of ancient foundation, is delightfully situated. By the street stands the Burton stone, having somewhat the appearance of a weeping cross. We were told that it is known as the plague stone. Further along is Clifton old manor-house, called also Nell Gwynne's House, a double-roofed structure, with deep red pantiles and crumbling Tudor gables. Picturesque mansions are delightfully situated around Clifton Green, and rural cots, whose yellow walls are sweetly intertwined with ivy and creepers, over which soar the stately poplars. In autumn, the scene is a mass of golden hue: through such environments we pass to the river, and turn along its banks citywards. Hard by, a narrow path runs from the river to Clifton; it is a veritable lovers' Eden, rightly named Love Lane; but we have no space to enlarge on the billing and cooing of human doves, it is the magnificent picture of the city, seen from a gap in the hedgerow, which arrests our attention. A meadow, the tall grass flecked with wild flowers waving in graceful undulations, is ready for the reaper; the swaying hemlock, and tall weeds, higher than the grass, the branches and contour of hedgerows all help to form the artistic features; beyond, the grouping of walls and roofs rising tier upon tier, the towers of St. Olave and St. Wilfrid, and the beautiful silvery mass of the cathedral, standing so divinely against the light blue vault of heaven, appears like a rare jewel in an exquisite setting.

Turning into Marygate we reach the church of St. Olave, standing within the precincts of the abbey grounds. The east window is perpendicular, painted about 1350. There is a three-light memorial window, in the same style as the ancient glass, to the memory of Professor Phillips, the historian and geologist, whose graphic pen has left an undying memorial in classic

[*W. G. Foster.*

THE BANKS OF THE OUSE.

works on the county of York. His house stood near the church. Within this churchyard sleeps W. Etty, R.A., who, after wandering in varied fields of Art at home and on the Continent, wished to rest in his native city amid the scenes he loved so well. Two sister elms embrace his tomb, against which the pearly tints of storied arch and rich tracery of abbey ruin form a

background and sweet contrast. In this hallowed ground also sleeps Joseph Halfpenny, one of York's artistic children.

St. Mary's Abbey.

These monastic ruins, and the memorials and associations of two thousand years of city life which lie around it, mark this spot as one of the most deeply interesting to the antiquary in England. Those who love to muse on history, tradition, pictured story and romance, will find here a rich and abundant store of material. A vast treasure of history lies hidden in these grounds and the visible stamp of sanctity still lingers around. The first religious house was built by Siward, the most famed of all Northumbrian jarls. The place was named Galmanho, and was dedicated to 'St. Olaf,' Norway's popular saint. The sound of this name awakens memories of renowned Berserkers, steering their fleets across the seas in quest of adventure; the fluttering of the Norsemen's standard, the Black Raven, the clash of steel and the exultant shouts and wild chants of Vikings.

[*A. Sutton.*

ST. MARY'S ABBEY.

Siward, the jarl, was a man of gigantic stature, which, added to his prowess in war, earned him the name of 'Dyera,' or the strong one. It is said of him that when he felt his end approaching he bade his retainers gird on his armour and so, fully equipped with shield, sword, and battleaxe, as he was wont to be in battle,

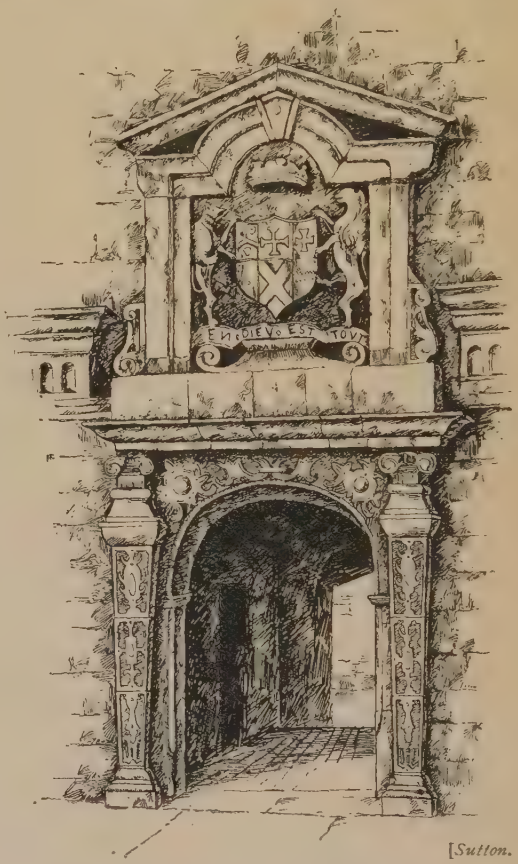
he met his last enemy, Death. Siward was buried in the church of St. Olave, which he had founded near to or on the site of the present abbey ruins.*

This beautiful monastic temple of St. Mary's arose in all the substantial grandeur and elegance of decorative Gothic during the thirteenth century. There still remain the range of exquisitely wrought windows in the north aisle of the nave, and the panelled arcading, with pointed arches beneath, and at the eastern end of the nave are the noble group of clustered columns; other fragments of pillars and foundations of walls are to be seen strewn around. Had time and the effect of weather been the destroyer of this wondrous work of human art in stone, the abbey, only more beautified by mellow age, would still have been standing. But here, in the past, vandalism has run riot, and we can only be thankful that enough remains of this abbey to attest its former elegance and splendour. It is a beautiful spot, situated on the brow of a gentle, grassy slope, over which trees fling their broad shadow. At the foot of the slope rolls onward Ouse—never old, ever new, type of the immortal 'Water of Life.' Near the river stands the *hospitium*, the great hall of the monastery—an interesting fabric; kings and queens and knights famed in old romance have oft passed beneath its portal.

A FRAGMENT OF ST. MARY'S ABBEY.

* Siward's daughter Sibylla married Duncan, king of Scotland. This king was murdered by Macbeth. Siward avenged the death of Duncan in battle with the Usurper, 1054, whom he totally defeated. Siward died in 1055. His son, Waltheof, was in active opposition to the Normans during the four years following the Conquest; but he afterwards made peace with William and became a kinsman by marrying his niece Judith. Afterwards he became slightly implicated in some conspiracy against the king. His wife seems to have been a second Delilah, she being his main accuser. Waltheof was beheaded at Winchester, May, 1075. Judith, it is said, was smitten with remorse, and according to her request the king allowed the body to be removed to the monastery of Croyland, where he was buried by Abbot Wulketul in the chapter-house of that Lincolnshire fenland.

It is now used as the Museum of Antiquities and belongs to the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, where are to be seen the wonderful treasures of ancient York and relics from the adjacent districts. All objects here are significant and, in their various ways, beautiful; dancing lights and shadows alternately play upon the old ruin, and in spring-time the air is perfumed with the blossom of hawthorn, and in the trees, bursting into frondage of various hue, the song-birds are singing blithely. The rare silvery tone of arcading, traceried window, broken arch and mullion stand forth in exquisite relief against the green turf and the back-ground of stately elms, stencilling their story of monkish times. We may easily picture a procession of sandalled monks treading the cloisters with noiseless step, and hear the solemn chant of the Gregorian song. Music is not wanting to-day, but it is from feathered choristers, who make the grounds echo with their song of joy, and even the wind, whis-pering and sighing amongst the ivy-covered fragments, lends aid to our muse.



[*Sutton.*

DOORWAY IN THE KING'S MANOR.

By way of contrast we turn from the argent hue of monastic time to the Tudor architecture of the King's Manor, adjoining the abbey grounds east. How marked is the change! The old purple and madder-brown roofs, quaint gables and chimneys, leaded casements and oriels, charmingly framed with ivy, and the tall elms waving delightfully in the breeze before the windows; and to the right, in the large quadrangular courtyard of rich grey stonework, one might expect to see courtiers pacing in the costume of the

Tudor or Stuart period; and over and above all still looms the majestic minster tower.*

The classic building of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, founded in 1822, is in the grounds of St. Mary, and reared as it is by the ruins of that famed Gothic temple (so fraught with the spirit of the beautiful), the taste of the builders has not been happily exercised in its erection.

Near the entrance to the grounds from Lendal stands the multangular tower of the Romans, showing the position of the north-west angle of the first wall, guarding Eboracum. From thence the barrier ran along the eastern side of Coney Street, the Ouse being to the west of the wall, adding a strong natural defence.

Coney or Conyng, the King street, is the finest thoroughfare in York; in it is the Guild Hall, a goodly structure with timbered roof, supported by two rows of oaken pillars, each cut out of a single tree and brought from the Forest of Galtres. The stained glass, chiefly historical in its subjects, illustrating the history of York from the Roman period through the Middle Ages, to the window over the entrance representing the banquet given in honour of the late Prince Consort, is all modern, representing the work of Edmund Giles and William Peckett, natives of York, both skilled in the art of glass-painting.†

In olden times, three of the very best inns in the city were situated in Coney Street—the George, Black Swan, and the Three Crowns. In the fifteenth century, according to a record of that date, the 'Bull' must have been the principal inn, for by a minute made Council Chamber, Ouse Bridge, Wednesday, April 27, 37 (Henry VI., 1459)—"It is ordained that, from this day forward, no aliens coming from foreign parts shall be lodged within the said city, liberties, or suburbs thereof, but only in the Inn of the Mayor and commonalty, at the sign of the 'Bull' in Conyng-street, except otherways licensed by the Mayor for the time being, upon the penalty of forty shillings to be forfeited for the use of the community, by him or them who shall hold any inn, or do contrary to this order for the future."

* Previous to the dissolution of monasteries the manor-house stood within the grounds of St. Mary. Some doubt exists as to whether it was the abbot's house or the infirmary of the monastery. At the Reformation it was considerably enlarged and became the official residence of the President of the Council of the North, and here kings and queens and many of the greatest in the land have dwelt.

† The old council chamber, now disused, contains heraldic work by Giles and Peckett.

One Reginald Fawkes, a descendant of John Fawks, of Farnley (steward of Knaresborough Forest latter part of the fifteenth century), was an innkeeper in the parish of St. Martin's, Coney Street, 1562. His name appears in a list of persons, who were specially authorised by the city magistrates "to brewe ale and beer to sell and typple." By his will dated 25th of April, 1591, he is named Ragnald Fawkes, of the city of York, innholder. According to his desire, he was buried in his Parish Church, St. Martin's, Coney Street, and in such a place as his wife should choose. Other members of the Fawks family, descendants of this Reginald, were born in this parish, baptized, married and buried in the church of St. Martin's. The above Reginald was the progenitor of Guy Fawks the conspirator.

A PEEP OF THE CITY FROM THE OUSE.

St. Martin's, Coney Street, is externally a very elegant and commanding structure, a pure specimen of late perpendicular, with a fine tower, open battlement and crocketed pinnacles and buttresses grotesquely adorned, and contains examples of choice stained glass. The west window, given by Robert Semer, vicar in 1443, illustrates the legend of St. Martin. The

clerestory windows contain large figures of the four doctors of the church, etc. The east window, illustrating the life of St. Athanasius, was removed from this church to the minster in 1722.

Domesday returns say:—

"Erneis de Burun has four houses of Grim, Alwin, Gospatrec, and the Church of St. Martin, two of these mansions pay fourteen shillings."

At the junction of Spurriergate and Low Ousegate stands the Church of St. Michael, possessing a very ancient foundation. It was given to the Abbey of St. Mary soon after the Conquest. The curfew is still tolled here at eight o'clock, and at six a.m., except Sundays: money for this purpose being left by a traveller who was lost in the Forest of Galtres, and only found his bearings by hearing the bell of this church strike six.* The interior is of a mixed character, the classic reredos being out of keeping with the Gothic nave; its chief feature, the rare perpendicular glass, is now in a very fragmentary condition.

Turning into Low Ousegate we cross the bridge† into Micklegate. In olden times this was the only passage on foot over the river. On the bridge built in the days of Queen Bess, with its fine bows and high quaint central-pointed arch, stood (resembling the Rialto, Venice) the chapel of St. William and the Council Chamber of the city, and beneath the latter was a prison

* In 1336, Robert-de-Sally built several houses between this church and the Ouse, and out of the rents thereof a chaplain was paid to celebrate at the Altar of St. Mary's in this church, for the souls of John-de-Reckall, Robert-de-Sally and Maud, his wife, and the said chaplain shall honestly keep the chalice, books, priests, vestments and the ornaments of the chantry, and perpetually find one lamp to burn before the altar, day and night.

† Camden remarks:—It is a noble one indeed, consisting of fine arches; the middlemost of which is eighty-one feet, or twenty-seven yards wide from the first spring of the arch, and seventeen high, and was esteemed formerly one of the largest in Europe. The reason this arch was carried on to this extraordinary dimension was to prevent the like accident from happening, which chanced to overturn the old bridge in 1564; when, by a sharp frost, great snow, and a sudden thaw, the water rose to a vast height, and the prodigious weight of the ice and flood drove down two arches of the bridge, by which twelve houses were overthrown, and twelve persons drowned. In 1154, when William, Archbishop of York, made his first entrance into the city, this bridge being crowded with the multitudes which came to meet him, the timber gave way and all fell into the river, but by the prayers of the Archbishop, not one of the company perished. In 1268, there is an account of the origin of a chapel on Ouse Bridge, in the Collectanea, when there was a peace and agreement made with John Comyn, a Scotch nobleman, and the citizens of York *(mediantilius regilius Angliæ et Scotiæ)* for a fray which had happened upon the bridge, and wherein several of John Comyn's servants had been slain. The said lord was to receive £300, and the citizens were obliged to build a chapel on the place where the slaughter was made, and to find two priests and celebrate mass for the souls of the slain for ever.

called Kidcote—from *Kid*, a besom of ling or other wiry twig, and *Cote*, a lodging. Here, probably, juvenile offenders were birched. On the west of the bridge at the corner of North Street is situated the church of St. John, with half-timbered tower and deep red pantiles; the steeple was thrown down in a furious storm in 1551; it, too, contains fragments of decorated glass, etc.

North Street, running north parallel with the river, is in rather a low situation, and was formerly occupied by the warehouses and staithes of the city merchants. Several ancient and quaint types of architecture are to be found in the street; the most interesting feature being the church of All Saints. It has a tall, commanding spire, one hundred and twenty feet in height, its three-gabled chancel roof, the antique style of the grey crumbled stone-work, and the adjoining yellow-walled overhanging eaves of the Tudor houses, with other old-world features, presenting a striking picture of mediæval style. The interior contains the most perfect specimens of perpendicular glass in England. In the east window are the following subjects: St. John the Baptist, St. Anne instructing the Virgin, St. Christopher crossing the brook, and in the centre light the Blessed Trinity. Perhaps the Bede window in the north aisle is the most celebrated, the fifteen panel lights of the last fifteen days of the world, with a mutilated description in rhyme from a poem, "The Pryk of Conscience," by Rolle, the hermit of Hampole, who died in 1349. Stones containing marks of Roman sculpture have been found in the wall of this church.* Hereabouts in North Street and Tanner Row are other antique types of architecture and a small hospital founded in 1700 by the Lady Hewley.

* The north aisle and north choir windows formerly contained the portraits of Nicholas Blackburn (Lord Mayor in 1413 and 1429), in armour, and the choir window Blackburn and his lady; in the next light, same window, are the portraits of Nicholas Blackburn, junior,

Tanner Row was formerly the site of numerous tanneries. From here ran a lane to the north side of Micklegate, called Gregory Lane. In it formerly stood the parish church of Saint Gregory, an ancient rectory belonging to the patronage of the prior and convent of Holy Trinity.

Returning into Micklegate we note artistic examples of decorative metal work in door-knockers and the water-spouts. On the south side of the street is the hoary-looking church of St. Martin's-cum-Gregory, its walls crumbling away from exposure and time. What strange contrasts we find to-day, side by side, in these old city churches! Here, by its aged walls, there rolls all the bustle and activity of up-to-date city life, whilst around

MICKLEGATE AND HOLY TRINITY CHURCH.

the hallowed fabric, standing in sombre shadow, a strange loneliness and silence, almost of death, reigns; peradventure broken only by the chirp of sparrows that nest in its walls. This continual stream of hurrying, laughing life, surging against the crumbling vestiges of antiquity containing the tombs of centuries, impresses the mind forcibly. The foundations

and his wife kneeling. Leland says:—"The causeway, by Skypbridge towards Yorke, hath nineteen small bridges in it, for avoiding and over-passing carres cumming out of the mores, thereby one Blackburn, who was twys mair of Yorke, made this causeway and another without the suburb of Yorke. He was buried in Saint Mary's Quire in the church of All Saints, where he was wont to sit against the sepulchre of his parents." The Blackburns were a family of flourishing merchants, whose period of activity was the first half of the fifteenth century.

are partly of Roman material, in which there are signs of a former crypt; the steeple having become ruinous was taken down in 1677, and replaced by a tower. There are fragments of Roman sculpture in the walls, one slab in the west end being very apparent. The south side with late Norman work, huge gargoyles, buttresses, and range of windows, presents a fine picture when the morning sun brings into relief its details, and typifies the solidity with delicacy of Gothic architecture. The interior contains fragments of stained glass and a window by Peckitt (who is interred in this church) to the memory of his daughter. An epitaph in this churchyard to the memory of Alicia Ineson, who died in 1729, aged twenty-three, says:

"Wit joined to beauty and with virtue crowned,
Makes women lovely—all in her were found."

Away up Micklegate is part of the Priory Church of Holy Trinity, in a rather mutilated and ruinous condition, but with the row of quaint Tudor houses near it presents a fine hallowed relic of antiquity. Here lieth all that is mortal of John Burton, author of *Monasticon Eboraceuse*; and underneath the trees in the church-enclosure the stocks appertaining to Micklegate ward are yet remaining. The Benedictine Priory of the Holy Trinity* only now exists in memory, its foundation dating back to the eighth century. The Saxon church was ruined during the siege of York by the Normans, and was rebuilt by Ralph Pagnel, a baron in great favour with the Conqueror. It occupied a large space of land, bounded by Micklegate on the north, the city walls to the west, the bounds of Old Baile on the south, and Trinity Lane on the east.

Between the Trinity grounds and Skeldergate the Fairfaxes had a goodly mansion, to which Fairfax's son-in-law, the gay Duke of Buckingham, made addition until it reached the dignity of a palace.† With the exception of Skeldergate and Micklegate, whose names reach back beyond the Norman period, there were no streets between the river and the western wall of the city previous to the fourteenth century; nearly all the land being occupied for monastic purposes.

* Formerly there were ghosts or phantoms hovering about the precincts of Holy Trinity consisting of three figures representing (so the story runs) mother, nurse and child. These figures were often to be seen flitting across the east window. Everything possible was done, such as cutting down trees—thought to be the cause of illusive shadows—to remove the unearthly visitants, but to no purpose, until the chancel was restored and the spectral window removed. From that time the figures have not been seen.

† The estate on Bishop Hill came to the Fairfaxes by the marriage of William to Isabella Thwaites, heiress of Denton, etc., etc.

A little to the south, on Bishop Hill, stand the churches of St. Mary the Younger and St. Mary the Elder, on the ground formerly belonging to the Priory. Immediately beyond is the old Baile, occupying the angle between the walls and the river. St. Mary the Younger has a foundation of undoubted antiquity, and the large square tower, which is supposed to have been rebuilt in the late twelfth or early thirteenth century, has an admixture of Saxon and Norman sculpture, which possibly indicates that in the rebuilding the old material has again been used. The upper windows have every appearance of Saxon design. The interior contains Norman work, the nave being separated from the north aisle and tower by semicircular arches, and from the south aisle by sharply-pointed arches rising from slender circular pillars. The east window of elegant decorated tracery contains fragments of old glass.

STONEGATE.

A little further south, at the junction of Bishop Hill and Kirk Lane, we reach St. Mary the Elder. The fabric contains late Norman and Early English decorated and perpendicular work. In 1659, its tower having

become ruinous, it suffered the indignity of being replaced by an ugly tower of brick. The wall contains ancient wrought stones, and one having the appearance of Saxon work, doubtless proving this church to be of very ancient foundation.* The Fairfaxes worshipped here, when residing at their mansion on Bishop Hill, and here the Duke of Buckingham and Mary, his wife, attended divine service; and here, three at least of the members of the Fairfaxes are buried. John Flaxman, R.A., the famous sculptor, was baptized in this church.

THE PLUMBERS' ARMS, SKELDERGATE.

In Trinity Lane, connecting Bishop Hill and Micklegate, "John Strange Winter" (Mrs. Stannard) was born. Trinity House, part of which is now used as an inn, is a relic of this old-time district, and further along on the west side, another ancient tavern bears the Biblical sign, "The Jacob's Well," its half timbered exterior—an interesting feature—being early seventeenth century. Skeldergate, running parallel with the bank of the Ouse to Micklegate, shows

* A church in York dedicated to St. Mary is mentioned in the Domesday Survey, but to which it refers we cannot say. There were six churches dedicated to this saint in York, in pre-Reformation times. The two St. Marys on Bishop Hill are certainly as ancient as any, if not the most ancient actually existing in York.

quaint types of architecture. Wilkie Collins has a fine description of this street in his novel of "No Name."

The Plumbers' Arms, formerly a portion of the Duke of Buckingham's palace which reached down to the Ouse, is a relic on which the eye lingers, its odd gables and irregular string-courses giving it quite a Flemish aspect. The numerous alleys leading down to the wharves all retain some special feature for study, and on the opposite bank of the river a few grey relics of the Friars walls can still be traced.*

* Edward Bowling, father of "Tom Bowling" immortalized by that popular song sung the wide world over, was some time previous to 1790 owner of Skeldergate Ferry.

CHAPTER XV.

The Walls of York.

THE girdle of stone which nearly encircles the city, as we find it to-day, is chiefly the work of the Edwardian period, with slight alterations and repairs at a later date. The original walls, reared by the Romans to protect this military centre, enclosed a much smaller area than those of the mediæval period. There is no map which gives the exact line of the Roman wall, and on that question archæologists do not fully agree. A little south of the Merchant Taylors' Hall—the centre of Jewbury (of old the burying-place of the Jews), probably marks the south-east angle of the original fortifications; and from thence the Edwardian wall runs nearly on the course of the former to the north-east angle: and so, from thence to the north-west corner, where the multangular tower of the Romans still stands; and on both these sides fragments of the original wall still exist. From the multangular tower the mural girdle continued south, along the east side of Coney Street (to the south-east angle, where was doubtless a counterpart of the mult-angular), probably running east near the line of Ousegate, and over the north end of Fossgate, and along St. Saviour's Gate to its junction with the southern wall at the south-east angle already mentioned.

Some time between the eighth and tenth centuries the Anglo-Danish people extended the zone of wall over the west bank of the Ouse, on the same lines as the present barrier, except that they left outside that portion known as Old Baile; but to the east of the river it may not have included more space south than the original wall. The rude fort on which Clifford's Tower was in after centuries built, like the Old Baile, was outside the Saxon wall. Mr. T. P. Cooper, who, for years, has made the walls a special study, pointed out to the writer a ridge of earth which he considered to be a section of the Anglo-Danish barrier running from the west wall down to the Ouse; this would leave outside the two earthen forts we have mentioned.

There are other indications of the former existence of this old line of wall: the depression of the ground on what has been the site of the ditch running parallel with the vallum, and even the houses built on this line show slight signs of twist and subsidence.

That Baile Hill and the other corresponding rampart between the Ouse and the Foss were in existence (dominating this entrance from the sea) during the Anglo-Danish period, we can find no sufficient reason to doubt. These two strategical positions were selected by William the Conqueror on which to raise strongholds, and it was around the two places that all the fury of the after-fights took place. William first built a strong castle, doubtless of wood, commanding the Ouse and Foss; it was built upon the mound, where had formerly stood a Danish fortress, dismantled by Athelstan during the Danish wars so that the Norsemen would not have a stronghold whereunto to retreat. In after centuries it received the name of Clifford's Tower, from the round tower built by one of the Cliffords of that ancient family who were long wardens of the fortress; and their name it still retains. It was the scene of the fearful massacre of the Jews in 1190.

In his newly-reared castle the Norman king placed five hundred picked soldiers commanded by William Malet, just appointed sheriff; doubtless presuming this garrison sufficient to keep in check the turbulent spirit of the disaffected Saxons; if so, William was greatly mistaken—storm clouds were brewing in the north which upset all the king's previous calculations. Becoming apprised of the rebellion he only just reached the scene of the fighting by a swift march in time to save the garrison from extermination. To hold the city more secure in future, he built another fortress of wood on Baile Hill (a rude fort had already existed for centuries here); it was an exact counterpart of the one on the opposite shore of the Ouse. All the precautions taken by the Conqueror were urgently needed upon that side of the city. The Danes, with a fleet of six hundred sail, were already on the sea, their object being to combine with the Saxons in their struggle for independence.

The castle of wood on Baile Hill only took eight days to build and entrench, and bind in with a high rampart of earth and stockade of timber running from the junction of the Saxon wall to the river. Standing by this old mound, one can easily unfold the story—the fancied security of the Normans in their two strongholds. There was a short calm, a lull before the storm, but the tidings were ominous. To a message from William (then away on the borders of Wales) requesting his soldiers to stand

firm in case of peril, the commanders, William Malet and Gilbert of Ghent, sent him reply that they could hold the forts for a year; so confident were they of their strength and prowess in arms. As the Danish fleet steered up the Humber Northumbria rose as one man! the Normans were pinned in their strongholds! It was a battle of giants, this last stand of the Anglo-Norse for independence and the possession of their old Capital. All the charm, power and prestige of the royal blood, and the old Anglo-Danish nobility were thrown into that fight. Edgar Atheling and Archill (the latter probably son of Ulphas of charter horn fame), Gospatric, the Earl, and Maerlesinesyen (whose memory still lingers at Kirkdeighton), Morkere and Edwin, earls of Mercia, and Waltheof (son of Siward the Strong), who had been chosen governor of the city; and many other noble names of old Saxon nobility. Malcolm of Scotland sent assistance by land; and the Danes sailed up the Ouse in their war prames; down from the hill fastnesses, where they had been in hiding, swooped the disaffected Saxons. From their battlements on either side of the Ouse the Normans could hold conversation, and doubtless urged each other to withstand the furious assaults.

MICKLEGATE BAR.

In the struggle three thousand Normans perished. Tradition relates how Waltheof (of gigantic frame) stood in the breach sweeping his terrible axe, and at every stroke a Norman fell to rise no more. To this day, after a lapse of over eight hundred years, coins, ornaments of attire and implements of

war, belonging to the men who fell in the defence of the two forts, are found. Such are the fortunes of war—the issue of contests where numbers are concerned can never be calculated with certainty.

There was the usual plundering by the Danish contingent. The city caught fire, many of the buildings being of wood easily became ignited. The wind wafted the flames slantwise, and the minster was totally destroyed in the conflagration. After the fight the two Norman fortresses were dismantled, but when the lust of war had been satiated, reaction came. The Normans in great force approached the city, breathing vengeance. So the Danes sailed away with their booty; or, more to their shame, as some writers assert, were bought off by the Normans. Then King William "swore, by the splendour of God," to enact a terrible retribution nor did he belie his word. The like of his desolating scourge stands without a parallel in history, after which there was a strange silence, solitude and darkness; over this a veil is drawn. Had there been a born leader of men at this juncture of affairs, the Norman standard would probably never again have fluttered in the breeze from the battlements of York.

In the Edwardian walls, 1230 to 1350, are four mediæval bars, in which are some slight evidences of late Norman work; each bar or gate being formerly closed at night, and held by massive bolts and a strong iron chain, portcullis and double doors. Around Micklegate Bar crowd historic scenes, memorials, and the pomp and pageantry of royal processions entering the city; this gate being the principal entrance from the south. Old chroniclers tell of scenes of dazzling brilliance witnessed here. The pomp and magnificence of royalty, the fluttering of banners, the gorgeous costumes of knight and squire and city magnate. The neigh and champing of steeds, the blare of trumpets, the jostling rush of the merry crowd eager to catch a sight of royalty. Over this gate have been impaled the heads of some of England's noblest sons; alluded to by Shakespeare in the words, "Off with his head and set it on York Gate, so that York may overlook the town of York." The reference is to the head of Richard, Duke of York, slain at the battle of Wakefield; and, in bitter mockery of his assumption to the crown, the Lancastrians placed a crown of plaited grass upon his brow, and affixed his head to the battlements of this bar. Twelve months later several heads from the shoulders of notable Lancastrians replaced those of the house of York: such was the whirligig of 'Dame Bellona' in the Wars of the Roses!

To the antiquary and the lover of the picturesque, a day's placid enjoyment can be obtained on the battlements, the irregularities of outline adding a greater charm and variety to its pictorial features than the parallelogram of its original founders.

Suppose we start from the west side of the river at Lendal Bridge. Here a charming picture reveals itself: one may watch and listen to the brown water lapping against the foundation of the old water towers, formerly guarding the riverway, and view the minster standing forth so divinely above the street architecture; the green sward and tree-clad grounds of St. Mary's showing the contour of its walls girded for its separate defence yet abutting on to the city walls as though for additional security; antique bits of neutral-

YORK STATION.

toned grey ruins peep forth here and there amidst clustering green; below and near the river's brink is the *hospitium*; beyond, the square tower of St. Olave's; to the right the multangular tower, and cluster of red roofs and quaint gables around the King's Manor. Sometimes, at sunset, the picture is a study in gold, green, purple, and vermilion: shreds of wandering clouds, tipped with amber, o'erspread the scene, the halo of sunset enhancing the rare beauty of the grounds, the minster being transfigured by heavenly radiance.

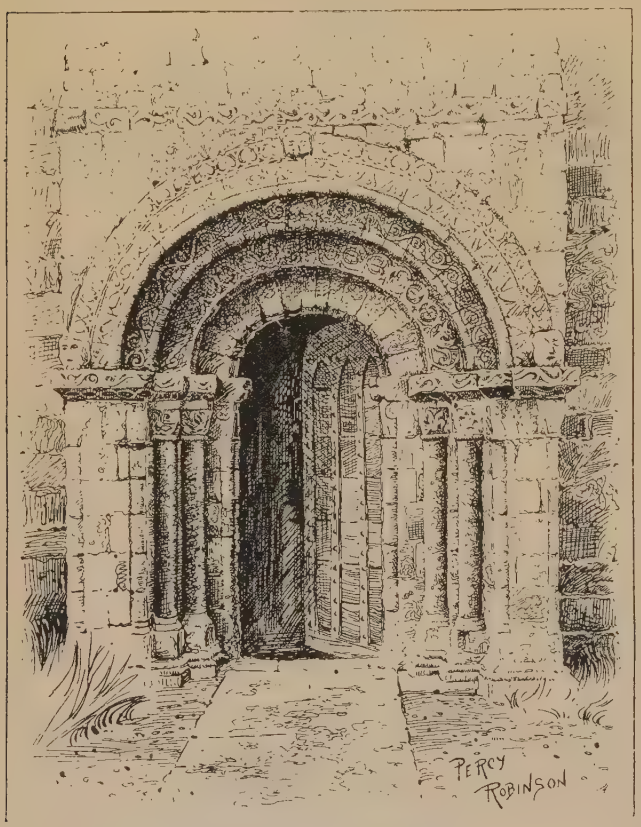
The walls, in days of old bristling with men-at-arms, cannon, and steel-clad warders pacing to and fro, are quiet enough to-day, as we leisurely pace the battlements, looking down on things beautified with the witchery of age. We must not forget the soldiers of Rome, transplanted hither from the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, who, in the silence of night, when keeping watch and ward over the city, were, doubtless, often pining for their own homeland far away, among the vineyards of Italy, just as our own men out on the veldt, straining their eyes into the darkness of an African night, pined for a sight of their kindred and the homeland of Albion.

The famous Sixth Legion, which followed on the withdrawal of the Ninth, garrisoned York for over three centuries—mark the period!—equal to the time which has elapsed since the accession of Elizabeth to the death of Queen Victoria. This Legion has left its mark on York, indelibly engraved in a thousand ways.

Here, opposite the walls by the railway postern, were in pre-Reformation times, the Friars' Gardens. In our walk we note the height, strength and solidity of the walls and various defences. Just without the battlement is the fine railway station and the straight track from hence to Darlington and the north, the outcome of George Stephenson's engineering genius and the commercial skill of Hudson, the railway king. The site of the station was formerly a Roman cemetery. Here is Micklegate, its massive arch a picturesque example of old-worldism, with its ghostly memories of human heads impaled on its turrets. It is partly Norman, with later additions; doubtless the foundations are coeval with the rearing of the Saxon wall. The gateway is flanked by two strong towers, and upon shields in front of the bar are depicted the arms of England and France. There were formerly a barbican and portcullis to this entrance. Most of the original still remains. It was the principal entrance into York, and it has been the scene of many military struggles. Across this portal Harold and his army passed to the battle at Stamford. By this way the Lancastrians entered the city after that memorable fight at Towton, and through this bar the royalists gained admission to the city after their defeat at Marston Moor.

The view down Micklegate from the battlements, now quaint and interesting, was formerly adorned with antique timbered houses, peaked gables and curiously wrought projections. Outside the walls to the south of the bar, we look down on St. Mary's Convent and Nunnery, a new structure. The sombre attire of the sisters we see pacing the grounds with measured step, being the only symbol there which blends with the past. This was the first

nunnery established after the Reformation. It was at Carr Croft (now Scarcroft), which we see from the walls to the west of the nunnery, where Archbishop Richard Scrope was beheaded (or, shall we say, murdered?) A chapel was erected on the spot, but it has long since disappeared. Beyond Victoria Bar, leading into Scarcroft, the wall bends, forming an angle on two sides of the Old Baile; this mound, though partly of Norman construction, had its foundation much further back, and so had its counterpart, the old fort on which stands Clifford's Tower. At Skeldergate postern there is a break in the wall, descending which we cross the Ouse and Foss and again ascend the rampart at Fishergate postern. Here, just without the walls, in olden times stood the Monastic Church of All Saints, Fishergate, belonging to the Abbey of Whitby, having all the privileges and immunities appertaining to the churches of St. Peter and St. Cuthbert in this city. Not a trace of this church remains above ground. Beyond the angle where the walls turn east, formerly stood the postern of the 'gate' above named.



NORMAN PORCH OF ST. LAWRENCE.

St. George's Churchyard, within the city barrier, tradition points to as the burial-place of the notorious Dick Turpin. The Church of St. George, in Fishergate, York, was an ancient rectory in the patronage of the Palmes of Naburn and the Malbises of Acaster, till *temp.* Richard II., when it was

appropriated to the Nunnery of Monkton, and a vicarage ordained therein. In 1307 William Palmes held the right of presentation and exercised it until 1340, when Sir William Malbys presented. In 1353 John Dayvill presented; Sir William Malbys in 1355; Isabella Malbys, widow, in 1361, and William Palmes in 1372 and 1380, after which the Prioress and Convent present. Many members of the family of Palmes are buried in the church, but none of the family of Malbys are recorded. On 27th January, 1586, the Church of St. George in Fishergate, with the parish thereof, was united to the Church of St. Dyoin's, Walmgate, according to the special statute 1, Edward VI.*

We are now at Walmgate Bar, which, compared with the antiquity of the Roman walls, is a modern construction. The city walls did not extend south of the Foss previous to the last decade of the thirteenth century. The bar still retains the barbican and portcullis, and to the inner side there is tacked an Elizabethan domestic structure, a peculiar incongruity in architecture.

Looking from the walls southwards, the medley of clustering roofs is very artistic. The church of St. Lawrence (without Walmgate Bar) suffered considerable damage during the Civil War; the tower and a fine specimen of a Norman Gothic portal, four ranges of mouldings adorned with grotesque figures, are all that remain. Sir John Vanburgh, the famous Jacobean architect of Castle Howard, Blenheim, etc., was married at old St. Lawrence. Here was some choice work by Giles, the glass painter, now at Heslington Hall.

On the east side of Walmgate, within the walls, stands the church of St. Margaret, its most interesting feature (and an ornament to the city) being the ornate beauty of the early Norman receding-arched porch. The first or outermost range of moulding represents signs of the zodiac, and on the other five orders are sculptured hieroglyphics, grotesque heads and strange devices. This entrance is supposed to have originally belonged to the hospital of St. Nicholas, formerly standing without Walmgate. The steeple of St. Margaret collapsed in 1672 and broke in the roof of the church; here the Rev. Palmer, father to 'John Strange Winter,' was rector, and here the novelist penned some of her early work.

On the west side of Walmgate stands the church of St. Dennis, with a finely ornamented embrayed Norman porch. The windows contain good specimens of decorated and perpendicular glass. In the north choir lies the

* See also Naburn and Acaster.

body of Henry, Earl of Northumberland, slain at Towton fight. This church was the worshipping place of the Percys when resident in the city. The windows contain heraldic work and numerous portraits of the family—their city residence stood opposite the church. Walmgate possesses far too many inns, considerably over a score I am told. A common saying on seeing a person tipsy is—"He's been down Walmgate."

[*G. F. Jones.*

PORCH OF ST. MARGARET'S.

Continuing our walk along the battlements from Walmgate, past the Foss islands, bespeaking a watery situation and in olden time a marsh, we reach the old Red Tower and descend from the walls, which we again mount at Layerthorpe. The parish church of St. Mary, Layerthorpe, an ancient foundation, was destroyed 1585, and the parish was then united with that of St. Cuthbert's within the walls. Here without the walls is the ground called Jewbury, formerly a burying-place of the Jews. The land was acquired here for the purpose as early as 1177.

Many items of interest claim our attention hereabouts. The venerable church of St. Cuthbert, antiquated and lowly, with its interesting, though small, tower adorned with pinnacle and gargoyle; St. Anthony's Hall; the old Black Swan on Peasholm Green, formerly the home of the wealthy Bowes family; the Merchant Taylors' Hall on or near the site of the church

of St. Helene on the walls. St. Cuthbert's is of Anglian origin. The Domesday Survey records: "The church of St. Cuthbert, William de Percy claims of Earl Hugo, and seven small houses containing fifty feet in width." The Black Swan, Peasholm Green, is a rare old gabled structure with mullioned and latticed windows, oaken staircase and panelled rooms. William Bowes, a well-to-do merchant, was twice Lord Mayor of this city, 1417-1428. Sir Martin Bowes, a descendant, and opulent goldsmith of London, was Lord Mayor of that city 1545. He gave to the church of St. Cuthbert "bothe bookes, bells, and ornaments," and also to the Mayor and Commonalty of York, £600, part to be spent in distributing bread to the poor of the parish, as well as certain perquisites for seeing that the bequest was properly performed. In compliment to Sir Martin Bowes,* the Lord Mayor and Aldermen used to walk in procession every Martinmas Day to the church of St. Cuthbert to hear a sermon, after which they went to the altar, where the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, the sword and mace bearer did each of them lay down a penny and took up twelve pence, which they gave to the poor.

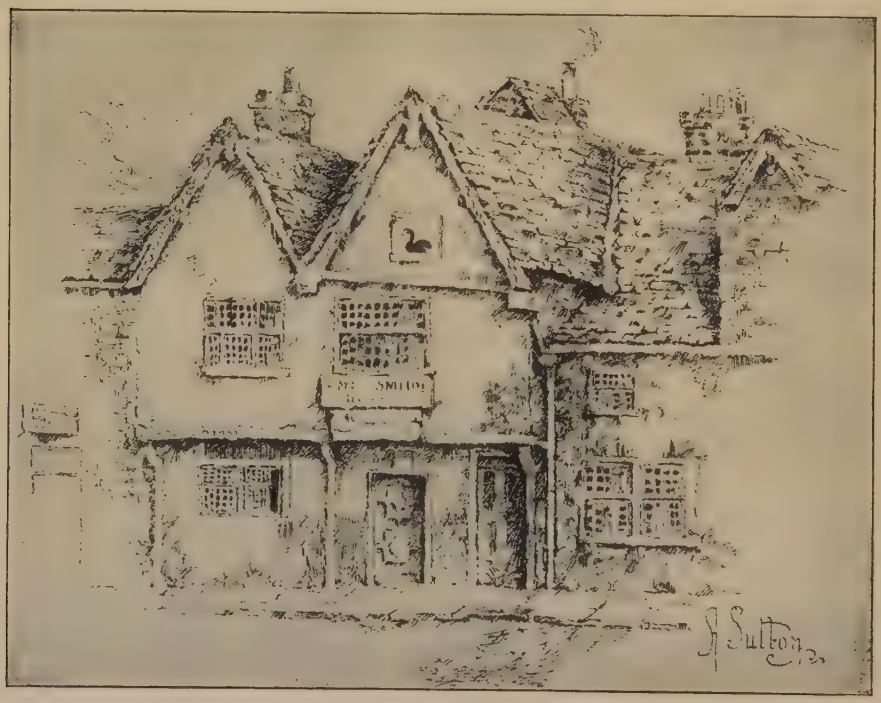
[*G. F. Jones.*

PORCH OF ST. DENNIS.

On the opposite side of the green stands St. Anthony's Hall, concerning which Leland says:—"The Hospital of St. Anthony was founded about two hundred years ago, by a knight of Yorkshire, called John Langton," and he

* Richard Bowes, of Croft Darlington, a descendant of this worthy family, lately presented to the church of St. Cuthbert a replica of the portrait of Sir Martin Bowes painted by Holbein, now in Goldsmiths' Hall, London.

further adds, "Some do say that he was Mayor of York." This remark of Leland is rather singular, for John Langton, the founder, was nine times Lord Mayor of York, from 1353 to 1361. The Langtons must have been among the few who were in those days both rich and popular, for in a previous reign, one Nicholas Langton held the office of Lord Mayor sixteen times, from and including the years 1322 to 1333, without a break, and



THE "BLACK SWAN," PEASHOLM GREEN.

again in 1340-1-2, making in all a record of sixteen years Lord Mayor of York. St. Anthony's Hall is now the York Bluecoat School, a charity founded in 1705 for the maintenance and education of seventy poor boys, its chief feature now being the fine open timbered roof.*

* The legendary glory of St. Anthony of Padua and his pig is represented in the windows of St. Saviour's. The brethren of this house were wont to go a-begging in the city and elsewhere, and used to be well rewarded for St. Anthony's sake; but if they were not relieved every time with a full alms, they grumbled, said their prayers backwards, and told

Hungate, to the west of Peasholm, and leading from St. Saviourgate to the Foss, was in olden times the abode of wealthy merchants. Here the Hungates of Saxton had a seat, and possibly received their name from residing here. Adjoining, the Guild of Shoemakers had their hall. Between Hungate and Peasholm stood the Priory of Carmelite Friars; the spot was for centuries after the dissolution known as "Holy Priests," and a well there was called "Holy Priests' Well," up to the eighteenth century. Between St. Anthony's Hall and Monk Bar, and immediately within the walls and lines of the original fort, is the Merchant Taylors' Hall—'The Guild or Fraternity of the Mystery of Taylors in York.' If the honour of antiquity belongs to the Guild of Merchant Adventurers, the priority of wealth, says Canon Raine, belongs to the Merchant Taylors. It is a red-bricked structure, containing a chapel, and a small hospital for the poor brothers and sisters adjoins it. Without the precincts of the hall is

COLLEGE STREET.

the people that St. Anthony would plague them for it. The disease erysipelas is well known by the name of St. Anthony's fire; this the brethren made the people believe the saint would inflict upon them if they disobliged him, or could cure them of it by his merits. In time they had such an ascendancy here, and the patron of this hospital was held in such esteem, that when any person's sow pigged, one was fed apart, and fed as fast as possible, to be given to St. Anthony's friars, that the owner might not be tormented with the fiery ill. Hence comes the proverb, "As fat as a 't Antony pig."

old St. Andrew's Gate. Here formerly stood St. Andrew's Church, a part of it still in use as a school-house.

The area between St. Andrew's Gate, Aldwark—in olden time Wyrkes-dyke—and the wall shows evidence of great antiquity. We are on the site of the Imperial Palace of Severus and Constantine, and also the dwelling-place of the Sixth and Ninth Legions. Hereabouts, at even an earlier age, the Brigantine chiefs doubtless held their court in rude, barbaric splendour.

[*S. Harrison.*

YORK FROM HEWORTH GREEN.

Here is supposed to have stood the first Christian Church, dedicated to St. Helene, mother of Constantine the Great. Here the Emperor was born, and here he was crowned and became the first Christian Monarch of the world, and from hence he marched to avenge Maxentius, and to his many conquests. Here, too, are fragments of the invaders' work—a portion of the original Roman wall raised eighteen centuries ago. To the antiquary and historian, this spot is hallowed with memories of bygone people; Britons, Romans,

Angles, Danes and Normans, have all left their impress here. Here is Monk Bar, said to be one of the most perfect specimens of mediæval architecture in the kingdom, on the battlements are figures of sentinels in the attitude of hurling missiles at an advancing foe.

From the Lord Mayor's Walk, the section of wall from Monk Bar to Bootham, the range of views over the city is, perhaps, the most interesting and beautiful. The wondrous work in stone and glass of the cathedral, with its antique, green, silvery sheen, and all the historic ravishment and romance of centuries surrounding the fabric, standing forth so nobly in all its startling beauty and majestic splendour, whilst the foreground about Green's Court and the Deanery grounds appeals to one's mind in another way, so sweet and restful with its mosaic of sunlight and shadow: the old madder-brown, saddle-backed roofs and gables, interspersed with lighter red and grey pinnacles, intermingling with trees of various growth and tint, beneath which is a carpet of rich green sward, forming a picture of rare loveliness—an Eden of tranquility in all verity. Here outside the walls the moat is seen to fine advantage. At Bootham the battlements terminate, with the exception of a few shattered fragments. The monks of St. Mary's girt their monastery with strong high walls for their better protection; such defence was often needed, for the monks and citizens had old-standing feuds and hated each other bitterly.

[*S. Harrison.*

"HAND AND HEART," FINKLE STREET.

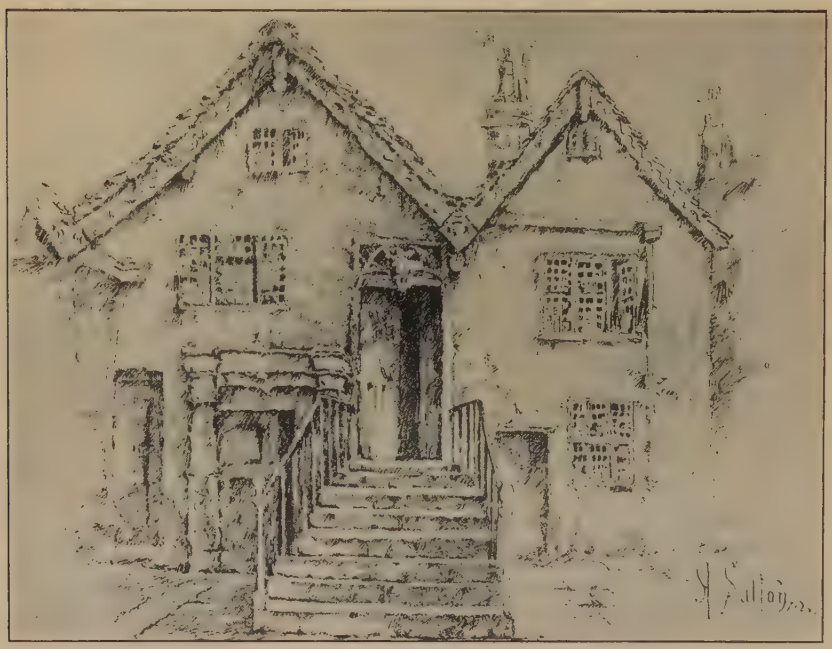
THE CATHEDRAL AND DEANERY GARDENS FROM THE WALLS.

W. G. Foster

What a strange story regarding the abbey of St. Mary is that told by the aged monk of Kirkstall, who saw the incident and told it half a century later when in his hundredth year! We allude to the rebellion of the prior and twelve monks of St. Mary's who had set their minds on higher dreams of holiness and a sterner discipline of monastic life. When the old abbot learnt their story he threatened, and tried by all means to turn them from the error of their way—to no purpose; at length the disappointed monks told their trouble to good Archbishop Thurstan, "one who loved all religion," says a historian, who promised to intercede on their behalf with the abbot. On the morning of Thurstan's visit, he and his attendants were met at the door of the chapter-house, where a great crowd of angry monks from St. Mary's and other monasteries had gathered together expressly to defy the superior authority of the Archbishop. They clamoured and hooted and would have none of his advice and counsel, and the thirteen monks for some time were in great fear of bodily harm. Thurstan, pained and shocked by such an undignified exhibition of God-fearing men, tried his utmost to pacify them, but at length growing impatient said, "Since ye try to strip my office of its authority, I now strip you for the time being of your functions—your church is closed." At this came other shouts and an uproar of voices breathing defiance, and amid the turmoil the dissatisfied brothers who yearned for a holier and nobler life were borne away by the Archbishop. From this incident and the impulse of those thirteen monks of St. Mary's who were transplanted to the valley of the Skell arose the beautiful Cistercian abbey of Fountains', where by day, says an old chronicler, they laboured ceaselessly and by night rose for vigils, 'there were none who ate the bread of idleness, or took rest until wearied out by toil.' Such was the origin of the storied pile of Fountains'.

After this digression follows a brief description of the heart of the city. Fossgate, between Foss Bridge and Colliergate, with its fine half-timbered and yellow-walled houses, is particularly picturesque and suggestive of the past. In many instances these buildings are as strong and substantial as on the day they were erected. Previous to the dissolution there was a chapel on the north side of the Foss Bridge, possessing three chantries of considerable value. Camden says that this bridge was so crowded with houses when he passed that way that he knew not when he was on it. On the west side of Fossgate stands the Hall of the Merchant Adventurers. This ancient guild was identical with the old mercers' company trading with the great manufacturing cities on the Continent. In olden time nearly every trade in York possessed its guild and a hall, and in several instances a chapel was attached. To-day three only remain, the Merchant Taylors, the Butchers' Guild, and

the Merchant Adventurers. The hall of the last bears every sign of venerable antiquity, the chief room being supported by two rows of strong oaken pillars, and it contains pictures of eminent city men, and arms of the Merchants of the Staple; its dark wainscot panelling, old oaken rafters and beams, toned to sombre hue, present a fine interior of olden time. It is also rendered more interesting from being the site of an ancient hospital (founded in 1373 by



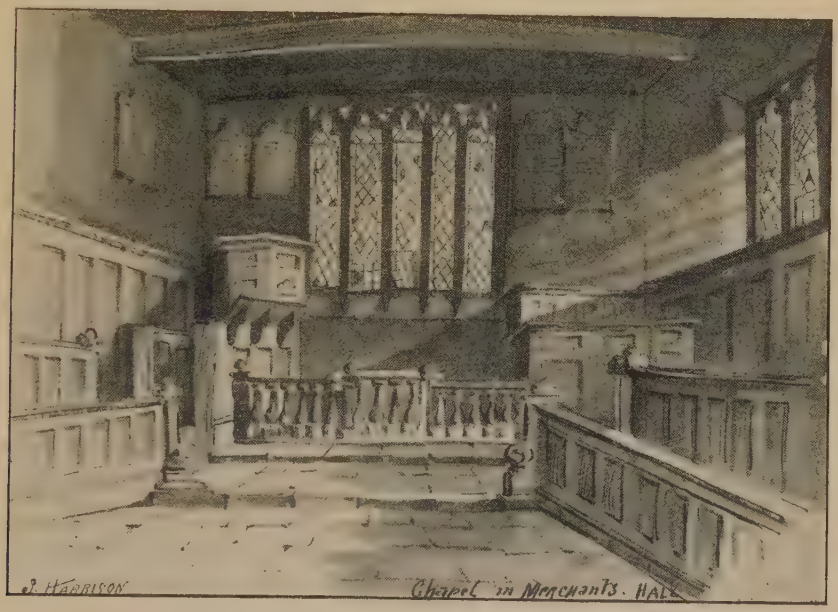
HALL OF THE MERCHANT ADVENTURERS.

John de Rowcliffe) dedicated to Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary. The chapel and hospital are beneath the hall, and the foundations shew signs of Norman work. The hospital was repaired and re-dedicated to the Holy Trinity in 1411. Divine service is still held for the Company of Merchants on the 26th of March (Charter Day). The hospital, we think, has ceased to be a place of residence for the ten poor people maintained by the Guild of Merchant Adventurers.

Colliergate joins on to Fossgate, end of the Pavement, whilst St. Saviourgate on or near the line of the Roman wall runs east to Aldwark.

South of St. Saviourgate was anciently a marsh of the Foss. In ancient documents this St. Saviour's is described as built on the edge of a marsh. The present structure is erected on a very old foundation.*

Stainbow Lane, a narrow wynd leading to Hungate, is of interest to the antiquary, and its name may have been derived from its position by the old city wall.



CHAPEL IN THE HALL OF THE MERCHANT ADVENTURERS.

Low Petersgate, where Thomas Gent lived, runs north towards the minster from Colliergate.

Stonegate passes south-west to St. Helen's Square and Davygate. Stonegate of old, Stean or Staynegate, is still picturesque with old-world architecture. The Star, an old inn, dating back to the days of the Tudor kings, with its antique frontage, staircase and oak-panelled rooms, musty and crumbling, is in this street. Ghostly visitants of the past age linger about these rooms, whence the haunted chamber. In this street, over against 'The Starre,' as early as 1639, one Thomas Broad had set up his printing-press. Here was

* Near to the church is the Unitarian Chapel, where ministered Charles Wellbeloved, the learned antiquary, and John Kenrick, his son-in-law, also equally eminent as a classical scholar.

also John White's printing office, and after his death his widow, Grace White, brought out the first York newspaper. This was in 1719, and here also Thomas Gent courted pretty Alice Guy (the Guys, I believe, still reside in this street), and though his attentions were not at first requited, she did at length marry him, and he succeeded to old John White's printing business; and here also in Stonegate, at the sign of "Ye Golden Bible" dwelt Francis Hildyard, printer and publisher, who died in 1731, and his son John carried on the business at the above place. Canon Raine says that he astonished the world of letters by printing and issuing a sale catalogue of a stock of thirty thousand volumes in various languages all admirably arranged. The remainder of this vast stock was only dispersed some thirty years ago. It was a place very dear to the bibliophilist, and it was in a window near by that the Duke of Roxburgh caught sight of a Caxton, to the eyes of a bibliomaniac more precious than rubies.

[*G. F. Jones.*

JUBBERGATE AND CHRIST CHURCH.

Needless to say, the Duke did not leave without the treasure. Within the minster close at the end of Stonegate was Booksellers' Alley, where in olden times the chapmen exposed their wares for sale outside the jurisdiction of the city magnates.

The hall of the Lardiners, known as Davy Hall, stood in Davygate.* To this hall, which was not under the jurisdiction of the city, were attached several liberties and privileges, which for centuries were detrimental to the cause of justice, and consequently a source of annoyance to the authorities. Standing within the heart of the city, it was a place of sanctuary for those to whom the Lardiners thought fit to extend their sympathy; neither mayor nor sheriff could arrest any person, whatever the crime committed, take fines, or disturb anyone from following his occupation, within its boundaries. In later centuries, the Corporation acquired the hall by purchase, with all its rights and liberties; its boundaries can still be defined. The wealth of the Lardiners came to the Thwaites, from whom it was carried by marriage by Isabel Thwaites, the heiress, to the Fairfaxes.

St. Leonard's Place marks the place on which stood the ancient hospital of St. Leonard, founded by Athelstan. In the first instance the hospital was dedicated to St. Peter, but afterwards King Stephen built a church for the hospital and both were dedicated to St. Leonard, and it then became independent of the minster.

The heart of the city still retains a few of the ancient, narrow streets, scarcely wide enough for a cart to pass through, and the old post-and-pan domestic style of the Tudor architecture, whereof the huge oak beams have become so hardened with age as to be almost proof against fire. With the exception of the outer crust, where a fire occurs, these oak beams remain as sound as before.

The Shambles, in existence during the Anglo-Danish period, is one of the most antique and picturesque parts of the city. The Domesday records that the Earl of Morton has fourteen mansions (holdings), and two stalls in the butchery and the Church of St. Crux (Church of Holy Cross). The latter stood at the south end of the Shambles or Butchers' Row; this fabric was only removed for the widening of the Pavement some twenty years ago. Architecturally it was considered one of the finest city churches. A small mission house is built by the site of the ancient fabric, in which remains from

* The Lardiners held it by grand serjeantry of the king from the time of the Conquest, with right to take a loaf from every baker's window, a gallon of beer from each brewer, meat from each butcher, and a fish from each cartload sold on Foss Bridge on every Saturday. These privileges being obnoxious to the citizens, were compounded for a payment in money.

St. Crux are preserved: the tomb and helmet of the Duke of Northumberland, who was beheaded on the Pavement, August, 1572. There are also mural tablets and fine armorial escutcheons, and on the floor are tombstones with brasses affixed, the chained Bible and other relics. One tombstone recorded that "Here liggs Thomas Wrangwys, and Alison, his wief, and Alison Wrangwys, her daughter, of whose soules, Jesu have mercy."

In the Market Place, formerly Thursday Market, there is still remaining the stone with ring affixed, marking the scene of former bull-baiting. Each of the four streets leading from the square had anciently chains across them, and here toll was taken from people coming to expose goods for sale. These streets were Finkle Street, Silver Street, Feasgate and Davygate. Finkle Street, formerly Mucky Peg Lane, presents a typical picture of the past. In the foreground are two old inns, "Hand and Heart" and the "Black Swan." The mass of twisted roofs, overhanging peaked gables, and walls leaning with age; the narrow wynd seen in the dusk, the low, flickering lighted interior, the deep Rembrandtesque shadows, and a solitary figure, perchance, flitting to and fro in the gloom; the great central tower of the minster, dimly seen beyond, remind one of scenes and stories described in some old romance. On market and fair nights, to an onlooker, the nondescript, motley,

THE SHAMBLES. [*G. F. Jones.*

chaffering, bargaining crowd, presents to us sides of human life that are unique on this side the English Channel.

The churches of St. Helen's, St. Sampson's, Christ Church and All Hallows, should all be inspected. St. Helen's, in the square bearing its name, tradition says, stands on the site of the "Temple of Diana," and contains a few fragments of old glass, a Norman font moulded with an arcade of early Gothic character and an antique ornamental cornice, and the original lantern tower; here is a memorial to two sisters, Barbara and Elizabeth Davyes, who each lived in seven reigns, and each completed her ninety-eighth year. All Hallows' or All Saints' Pavement, with its very beautiful octagonal lantern tower, in which, formerly, a light was placed at nightfall as a beacon to guide wayfarers through the wide Forest of Galtres; and, if we remember correctly, there still remain the hook and chain on which the large lamp was hung. The door handle of this church is a work of art in metal, and represents the Devil in shape of a beast, with the head of a man in its jaws, and is somewhat similar to the one at Adel.

A record of burial says:—"Mary and Margery Trew, loved like Martha and Mary; they were religious and virtuous, mothers of many children, daughters to Andrew Trew, alderman, sometyme mayor of this city; both of them married in one day in this church, and both buried in one summer in this grave, 1600, aged thirty-seven, thirty-six. They are not dead but sleep."

In Whip-ma, Whop-ma-gate, the name of a small street between the Shambles and Stainbow, we have a curious example of street naming. There is a tradition, that once upon a time whilst the priest was celebrating St. Luke's Mass in the Church of St. Crux he accidentally dropped a consecrated crust out of the pyx, whereupon a dog which had strayed into the church seized and swallowed it. The hound was followed and killed, but its death did not atone for the profanation, for St. Luke's Day was long afterwards known as Whip-dog Day from the privileges the lads enjoyed of whipping stray dogs on the October 18th, in which we have the origin of the connected name and place: Whip-ma, Whop-magate.

In the Church of St. Mary's, Castlegate, with Perpendicular tower and spire, there are objects of interest, monumental inscriptions, etc. It was in the patronage of the Percys; between this church and the river stood the monastery of Grey Friars; according to Froissart, kings and queens were frequent guests here.

York, a picture in itself, is also a place of many pictures about which cling visions and crowds of old-world memories of strange historic incidents and scenes of mediæval pageantry. To the lover of quaint and picturesque forms in architecture, the city is, perhaps, without an equal in the kingdom.

[*G. F. Jones.*

A QUAINT CORNER IN YORK.

Although to-day a great railway and mercantile centre, it still retains that wonderful impress, hallowed by romance of days gone by. The pervading features of its ancient streets (each one with a chapter of history and reminiscence of some noted character), and more interesting by their irregularities of outline, overhanging eaves and gables, beautifully carved projections and portals, half-timbered exteriors, picturesque latticed and dormer windows, saddle-backed roofs, and chimneys of fantastic form, devious wynds and side alleys—with here and there a peep of silvery grey-stone ruins—reminding one even to-day of old-time pomps and ceremonies, when the city bells rang merrily, and earls, barons, knights and esquires rode forth in gorgeous array, or of processions of white or grey cowled monks, completing the picture of monastic and mediæval York in the heyday of its historic glory.

"Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms fill my brain,
They who live in history only, seem to walk the earth again."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN passing out of the city by Micklegate and on to the Knavesmire, the high road follows very closely the original Roman way. Here between the city and Dringhouses formerly stood the gallows for the execution of criminals; and here in the past, grim and ghastly, the bodies of those executed rattled in chains, to the terror of benighted travellers. Knavesmire is from the Saxon *knape*, a servant, or a poor householder. The terminal *mire* is fittingly descriptive of the low, watery situation of the common. For many centuries over this waste has been a right of common pasture for the cattle of the poor freemen of the city to stray and graze on; besides the above purpose it is used also as a course for horse-racing. Previous to 1730 the races were run on Clifton Ings, and in the sixteenth century in the Forest of Galtres. The course on Knavesmire was opened in 1731.

To the north of the road is another portion of the stray known as Hob Moor. By the footpath leading to Acomb lies the worn effigy of a Crusader in complete armour. This figure is known by the name of Hob, and is supposed to represent the knight who formerly gave this moor for the benefit of the poor of Micklegate ward. It was probably brought hither after the suppression of monasteries, most likely from St. Mary's. On the pedestal is an almost illegible inscription:

"This statue long Hob's name has bore,
Who was a knight in the days of yore,
And gave this common to the poor."

According to the shield, which bears two water bottles, it doubtless represents a member of the Roos family.

Yonder, over the low-lying meadows just beyond Acomb, Severus' Hill rises forth conspicuously, doubtless the mound is chiefly natural, a pre-historic alluvial drift deposited from water. The most probable origin of these undulations—there are three—is that, ages ago, the Ouse hereabouts formed

two channels, one passing to the west of Acomb and across Knavesmire; which, like Askham Bogs, is doubtless the bed of a large lake, and principally from their overflow during flood seasons the land has been scoured and silted. The ashes of the Emperor Severus rest here, for tradition makes this the scene of his burial. The burning of the body is graphically described by an old historian. The two sons of the dead monarch assisted at the ceremony. His body, clad in martial attire, was laid on a magnificent pyre, and the lighted torch applied by his sons; and as the flames ascended they and his chief officers and soldiers rode round the blazing funeral pyre—a subject worthy the brush of a great master.

[*S. Harrison.*

ALL SAINTS' PAVEMENT.

Acomb—*Ac*, oak; *Comb*, a ridge; the oak ridge, or, perhaps, only *Cwm*, a vale—is a pretty suburb of the city, and about two miles away from it. A pleasant feature in the landscape is its cruciform church, with tower and spire; and doubtless a sacred building has stood on this site since Angle days. Sixty years ago Acomb sand, noted for its fine quality, was cried from door to door through the streets of York—"Sand! fine Yacomb sand, oh!" One odd character, who earned a livelihood by hawking sand in the city, is still remembered by the aged.

Dringhouses, standing by the side of the highway, is a small, pleasant village to the west of Knavesmire. There is a pretty chapel-of-ease. The place is supposed to have received its name from the tenure by which the land was held here in early Norman period—'Drengi,' inhabitants belonging to the land. On either side, the road for two miles or more west of Micklegate has evidently been used for burial in Roman times. Numbers of tombs and stone coffins have been discovered from time to time on this side of the city. It was named the Street of Tombs.

A LENGTH OF THE OUSE NEAR BISHOPTHORPE. [*S. Harrison*

A mile further, and a few hundred yards south of the road, situated amongst meadows, is the quiet little village of Copmanthorpe, a survival of old settlement and sparse population widely scattered. It was formerly known as Temple Copmanthorpe. The Templars had an establishment here, presented to them by Trusbutt, Lord of Stillingfleet; here they also found a powerful friend in Roger de Mowbray and Hugh Malibisse. It afterwards came into the possession of the Malibisses and passed to the Fairfaxes by marriage with the heiress of the Malibisses.

The Vavasours founded in Copmanthorpe a cadet branch of their family which endured for several generations. Sir John Stanhope, writing to Lord Talbot, 1590, says:—"Our new mayd, Mistress Vavasour, flourishethe like the lilly and the rose." She was in great favour with Queen Elizabeth and was a daughter of the Copmanthorpe branch. On the 6th November, 1558, Thomas Vavasour, of Copmanthorpe, wills to be buried in the church of St. Mary, Bishophill (the later), and that his son Henry "do cause one yearly obit or masse and dirige, within that, his parish church, by the space of twenty years next, after his departure, and then to give and bestow upon the curate, parish clerk and poor people, within that church 10s." On the 16th January, 1544, William Vavasour, priest and Doctor of Divinity, wills to be buried in St. Mary's by the altar of St. Peter in the south aisle.

The Middletons also had lands here, of whom Thomas de Middleton was vicar in 1317. Among the burials in the church, Torre noticed some of their tombs. In the south aisle lies a white stone, about three yards long, having three escutcheons in a row, and upon the verge is engraven:—

"Orate pro animabus Briani Middleton armigeri, et Christiane uxoris ajus, qui quidem Brianus obiit viii. die mensis Januarii A.D. MCCC., munagessimo secundo (1392), quorum animabus p.p. teu Deus. Amen."

At the foot of the last lies a blue stone about two and a half yards long, marked for an effigy and a plate.

On the south side, eastward of the last, lies a white stone, whereon is this escutcheon:—Arg. frelty sable, on a canton of the reund a crescent for Middleton impaling Arg. on a fess sable between three *fleur de lys* piles as many besants, for Thwaytes, and in the verge is engraven:—

"Hic jacet corpus Johannis Middleton armigeri, St. Matilde uxoris que qui obiit nono die mensis Novembres, A.D. MCCCLXXX., quorum animabus p.p. teu Deus. Amen."

At that period Copmanthorpe was in reality, as it was long afterwards, regarded as an outlying part of western York.*

* TORRE'S ACCOUNT OF ITS HISTORY:—The Church of St. Mary, Bishophill, the younger, was esteemed one of the great farms belonging to the Dean and Chapter of York, and by them usually demised with the advowson of the vicarage to one of the canons residentiary at the rent of sixty marks yearly, being called farmer of Copmanthorpe. The town of Copmanthorpe belongs to this parish and church of St. Mary, the Dean and Chapter having the tithe, corn and hay thereof, usually let to farm for the rent of £16 yearly. The town of Over Popilton belongs to this parish also. On the 21st of February, 1449, an arbitration was

The church is not a very pretentious structure, but there are several fragments of good Norman work. The village, in its farmsteads, quaint cottages and garths, still retains many interesting features.

In passing to Bilburgh, we follow the high ridge, cutting the Ainsty into two parts, and from which far-reaching scenes can be obtained. The view of the city from this elevation is indeed a wonderful picture, especially when thrown into stronger relief by heavy dark clouds, with their accompanying shadows in the foreground concentrating the golden light on to the middle distance. The pearly grey of the minster towers rising forth in solemn grandeur over this city of churches, gives a Düreresque effect to the picture: purple, blue and opal grey, brilliant patches of light and contrasting shadow, the wold hills standing out definitely in the background. In winter the outlook over the low-lying dank land is certainly not over prepossessing. In spring when orchards, cornland, and meadow carpet the landscape, or in early autumn when the vast sweep of yellowing grain is nearly ready for the reaper, the mind cannot wish to linger on a fairer scene.

To the north-east, in the hollow, spreads the unreclaimed swamp, known as Askham Bogs, the haunt of the long-eared owl, the snake, the fox, and other wild creatures; formerly this marsh was of much larger dimension, part of it being reclaimed during the last century, as it makes excellent tillage and is noted for good crops. The old windmill, minus the sails, perched on the ridge here, is a conspicuous object to the wayfarer; its days of corn grinding are past. Its walls now form a prominent advertisement, blazoning forth the "purity of the celebrated Tadcaster Ales." Down in the valley towards the edge of the moorland, the two Askhams slumber peacefully right out of the track of the busy world; both are beautiful in their old-world pastorality, crofts and meadow strips surrounding tiled granges, and the antiquity and distinctiveness of their churches reaching back to Norman days. Near this spot some of the vanquished in their flight from the battlefield of Marston—grievously wounded and exhausted—fell to rise no more, and were laid to rest in quiet churchyard earth, remote from medley of men and tumult of battle.

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made between the Dean and Chapter and the Abbot and Convent of St. Mary's, York, that the Church of St. Mary's, Bishophill, should receive the tythes of certain faggots and estelwode in the wood called Sulhwode, against Over Popilton. The vicar of this church has for his portion the oblations of the parishioners, mortuaries, and personal tithes; also the tithes of orchards and nurseries and increase of cattle, for which he shall cause the church and chapel to be served, and pay yearly to the farmer of the Chapter of York, twenty shillings. All the residence the canon residentiary has for forty-eight marks.

[*F. Dean.*

A VIEW OF YORK FROM THE AINSTY RIDGE.

Askham Bryan had its name from Brian Fitz-Alan, the man whose line gave the Stuart to the house of Scotland, and also gave his name, Brian, to the Stapletons, Fairfaxes and Palms of Naburn. From this we learn the quality and grit of the man at whose bidding the fabric was erected. Later, the village came into the hands of the Mowbrays, and by marriage with the daughter and heiress of Mowbray to Sir Myles Stapleton. In the reign of Charles I., John Geldart, an alderman of York, owned the manor, and built a goodly house here, the foundations of which can still be traced. Samuel Clarke, haberdasher, twice Lord Mayor of York, also built himself a grand house at this village; and probably this was the hall which afterwards the Prestons (who gave their name to "Mount Preston," Leeds) inhabited. This house, even to its foundations, has lately been completely demolished.

FISH WINDOW, EAST END OF ASKHAM BRYAN CHURCH.

The church is only small, yet it possesses several noteworthy features. Its Norman porch is a fine specimen of that period, and the windows at the east end are noticeable lights. Seen from the lych gate its pictorial and distinctive characters are very striking. There is a sweet restfulness and beauty about the precincts of this little sanctuary. Very pleasant indeed are the sounds peculiar to these sleepy places. The monotone of the cawing rooks, nesting in the lofty trees, the almost ceaseless twitter and trill of warblers, the clucking of fowls, the bleating of lambs, the harsh and dismal skrike of the guinea-fowl, and the gobbling of the old turkey in the stackyard: all these harmonise and make a 'picture for the ear,' as music has been called!

From Askham Bryan, the path leads through clover fields and meadow to Askham Richard. In this walk can be specially noted the abundance and variety of bird life, for which it appears a veritable paradise; the whirr of startled partridge rises from one's feet, the chuckle of a pheasant comes from the undergrowth of the greenwood, the call of the cuckoo from an adjoining

bush, a yellow-hammer singing blithely in the brake; these and more invite to delay, as by meadow and woodland, picturesque and pleasant byway, we reach West Askham, or Askham Richard.

In the Confessor's reign the two Askhams (the terminal 'ham,' heim, denoting their Anglian origin) were, previous to the Conquest, among the estates of Edwin, Earl of Mercia. William de Arches, who gave the church of West Askham to the nuns of Monkton (his own foundation, and for whom he had specially provided), was personally intimate with William of Normandy, who won England on the field of Senlac. It was this knight who dwelt in the hall at Thorparch in succession to the son of Owen. According to the Domesday record, there appears to have been a great amount of dispute and wrangling amongst the Norman knights over the lands won, or more probably pilfered, from the then defenceless Saxon, at that period unable to defend his birthright. Regarding Askham and the adjoining places, the dispute between William Malet and Osbern de Arches appears to have been strongly in evidence. According to the report of men of the Ainsty, the land ought to have been in the possession of William Malet, and the men attached to the soil of the land in dispute evidently considered themselves his vassals.

CHURCH PORCH, ASKHAM BRYAN.

Early in the twelfth century, Askham Richard came into the hands of the Mowbrays, but as at the time Roger de Mowbray was about to go to the

Holy Land, along with the great army of crusading knights, he gave to his friend, William de Tykhill, all the manor and town of Askham, with the advowson of the church. The church is beautifully situated between the new mansion of the Fairburns and the Vicarage, and in summer nearly hidden in encircling greenery. The most notable features of the fabric, which has been rebuilt, are the porch of the south entrance, and a square stone which may have been the base of a Saxon cross. On it is carved a large serpent with open jaws, symbolic of the stealthy spirit of Evil seeking to engulp the Good that keeps it within bounds.

FRAGMENT OF A JACOBEAN HALL, BILBURGH.

The village, with its green, and its large pond, and the huge mansion dominating it on the north, is not lacking in interest. It stands on a gentle ascent, and in the crofts and meadow garths are to be seen traces of great antiquity. Pleasantly the path curves by field, stile, and hedgerow to Bilburgh, situated on the highest elevation of land hereabouts, and the landscape unfolds like a map, for miles, revealing the great plain of York.

Bilbrough, originally Bilburgh, *i.e.*, the burgh on the height, and the highest point of land in the Ainsty. In olden time a hill fort, a fortified camp, doubtless a Celtic settlement, its commanding situation in the old forest region of Ainsty would prove a point of vantage to the victorious invader, following the departure of the Romans. The military way of the latter people between Tadcaster and York passed less than a mile to the south of the

village. Standing about one hundred and fifty feet above the sea level, it is a landmark to the surrounding country. From opposite sides of the village street can be seen the whole breadth of the lower vales of the Wharfe and Nidd, and the vale of the Ouse to the Humber. What a magnificent prospect the eye wanders over, dotted with city and town, village and hamlet, and the silvery streaks of the winding rivers flowing seawards! The village has a remarkably clean appearance. On the south side of the street nearest York Road, is an old house, with mullioned windows, once the residence of Admiral Robert Fairfax. Carved on the stone over the doorway are the initials "R.F." It has evidently been a good type of a Jacobean house, but now shorn of its former proportions.

THE NORTON CHAPEL AND THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE FAIRFAXES.

Although the exterior of the little church at Bilbrough may not impress the visitor with the beauty of its architecture, yet under its sacred roof rests the tomb which contains the ashes of one of England's noblest sons. The church having undergone complete renovation, making it a more worthy resting-place of the great warrior, was opened for worship in February, 1874. It had long been in a dilapidated condition, and, with the

exception of the Fairfax chantry, was entirely pulled down. It originally belonged to the Priory of Holy Trinity, York, in an 'inquisition' concerning which Richard de Bilburg was a juror, about 1280.* The dedication of the church is doubtful. The old edifice had some slight remains of Norman and Early English work. The east window was a three-light with square head; the chapel now has a three-light, four-centred arch at the east end, and side windows of two lights. This portion has been repaired and re-roofed; the two low arches separating it from the church are pointed, of two orders, springing from piers with a centre shaft, although the floor of this chapel has been raised it is still two feet lower than that of the present church. The new church is of greater width and height than the old fabric, but about the same length, with the tower at the north-west corner of the nave forming the porch. The cost of the building was defrayed by — Fairfax, Esq., of Newton Kyme. The interesting Fairfax's, or more properly the Norton's Chapel, in the south wall, bears the stamp of age. "It was built in 1492 by John Norton, Lord of the Manor, and also marks his resting-place. He left six marks towards the maintenance of Sir William Draper's charity, and to his successors for ever: that he and they should sing and occupy the service of God for the souls of the said John Norton and his family. This sum is still paid to the rector."†

Margaret, the widow of John Norton, made her will on April 24th, 1506, and it was proved on May 2nd. She desired to be buried in the tomb of her late husband. She left six silver spoons to her grandson, Christopher Norton, and desired that her son William should find a priest to sing for her for a year. She left twelve pence to Sir Thomas Oglethorpe, the curate of Bilbrough, her primer and books of prayer to her daughter, Joan Nelson;

* The Basys of Bilbrough represented a York family who won wealth in mercantile pursuits; they appear to have possessed the friendship of King Edward I., gained during that monarch's long residence at York and Cawood between his campaigns in Scotland. Roger Basy, the "*delicatus nobis*" (our darling) of the King, gave the Abbot and Convent of Selby a messuage in Skeldergate, York, in 1292. The grateful monks have noted a few descents of these illustrious traders; "from Walter Basy three messuages in the street called Skeldergate, in length from the King's highway near Ouse, up to the way which is near le Baille, and in breadth from my toft which was formerly of Thomas of Nystowe on the north part, up to my toft which was formerly of William of Holteby on the south part." From this Walter descended Roger who gave the messuage; from Roger another Roger and Richard; from the last Roger, Hamund Basy, and from him Richard Basy, who was of Bilburgh in 1365.

† Ingrish formed one of the chain of beacons between Lancashire and the North Sea, where a soldier was stationed in former times ready to light up the signal. In the Bilbrough parish register there is an entry of the birth of a 'daughter of George Teasdale, soldier at the beacon.'

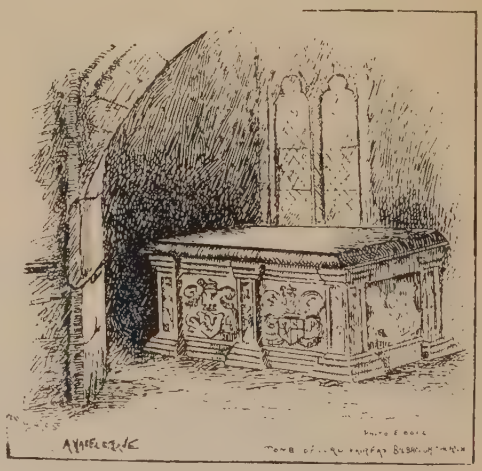
and three shillings and fourpence to each of the children of her son William, to whom she bequeathed the residue of her property. Finally, she left all her bees towards keeping up a light in the chapel of Bilbrough Church, "as long as it shall please God to preserve them."

Fairfax tomb is covered by a black marble slab, seven feet six inches long, and six inches thick, bearing the following inscription :—

HERE LYE THE BODIES OF THE RIGHT HONBLE.
THOMAS, LORD FAIRFAX, OF DENTON,
BARON OF CAMERON,
WHO DYED NOVEMBER YE XII., 1671,
IN THE 60TH YEARE OF HIS AGE,
AND OF ANNE HIS WIFE, DAUGHTER AND CO-HEIR OF
HORATIO, LORD VERE,
BARON OF TILBURY.
THEY HAD ISSUE
MARY, DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM,
AND ELIZABETH.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.

At the west end is the coat-of-arms, Fairfax empaling Vere, and the motto "*Fare Fac.*" On the sides of lighter stone are shields and military trophies, etc. The outside walls of the chapel bear the venerable stamp of age and the beauty of the later Gothic.



FAIRFAX TOMB.

Owing to the complicated extent to which the great Lord Fairfax's estates became involved some time after his death, they were sold to satisfy the claims of creditors. Denton, associated with the earlier Fairfaxes, passed to the Ibbetsons; Nun Appleton to the Milners; whilst Bilburgh, purchased by Admiral Robert Fairfax, was retained in the family, to whom it still belongs. Before leaving the church we might say there is a tradition in this district that the chapel does not contain the remains of 'Fighting Tom,' as the villagers still lovingly call him. Speaking to one

of the farmers about the warrior's tomb, he remarked: "Bless ye, 'Black Tom' isn't buried there." "Then," said I, "where is he buried?" He replied: "That's what we all want to knaw, but no one can tell us." From my conversation with the farmer I learnt that, during the renovation of the church, the tomb was opened, but no remains found within.

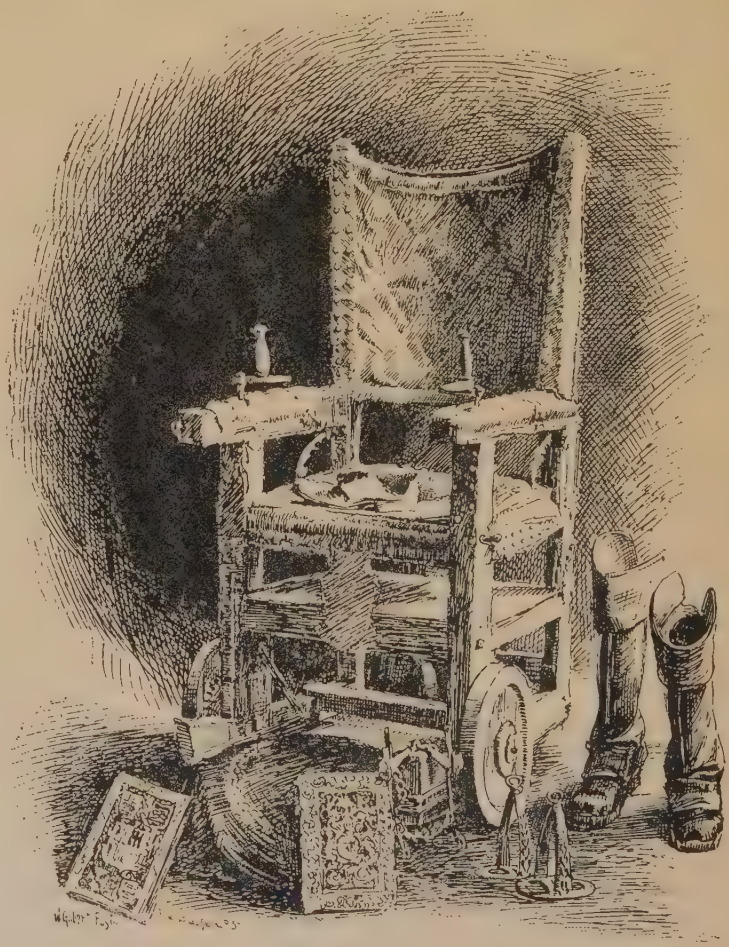
Another story is that the night following the interment his body was removed to Walton and secretly buried. Suspicion might have been lurking in the minds of his friends that the hero's resting-place would not be held sacred, especially when we consider the frequency in those times of devilish works of vengeance, carried beyond the bounds of all decency: when the graves of the most distinguished statesmen and patriots, including Blake, the great admiral, and even the graves of virtuous women, were desecrated. A more vile and despicable sacrilege the world never saw; it reflects the blackest odium on the most disgraceful Court England ever knew. The rage of foul reprisal having passed when Fairfax died, the story of the removal of the body probably rests on mere tradition.

During a chat a native of the district remarked:—"It was a sorry day for the family when 'Black Tom' was born." To my inquiry why, he said: "For fighting against his king and country." I explained, in a few words, that instead of fighting against, he fought *for* his country, and was, with Hampden and others, one of her greatest patriots. He drew his sword to defend the laws and liberties of the people, the great fundamental constitution of the land. It would have been well for England's welfare had she possessed more noblemen of his calibre. He replied: "Ah niver knew 'Black Tom' was a man ah that sort afore."

Just on the edge of the churchyard is a dissenting place of worship, which certainly suggests the idea of tolerance in religious matters.

In the meadow, immediately south of the churchyard, still remain vestiges of the ancient manor-house of the Nortons, afterwards the hall of the Fairfaxes. In this house, in 1560, Thomas, first Lord Fairfax, was born. On the edge of the hill in the adjoining field is a mound, the supposed burying-place of an ancient British chieftain, and the hiding-place, so the peasantry tell us, of fabulous wealth; doubtless this small hill district of the Ainsty is the focus of vast antiquity. The scene which unfolds itself to the eye from here is far-reaching and beautiful. On this fine elevation stands the new hall, lately erected by Guy Thomas Fairfax, Esq., the representative of the junior line of Fairfaxes.

Bilbrough Hall contains many relics of this famous family; amongst others the old chair of 'Fighting Tom,' so constructed that the sitter could move about the room at his convenience; during the last years of his life, when suffering from disease, the result of exposure on the battlefield, most of his time was spent in this chair. After his death it was removed from Nun Appleton to Steeton, thence to Farnley, afterwards to Newton Kyme, and finally to Bilbrough.



FAIRFAX CHAIR.

The library contains a magnificent family Bible and two prayer books, the covers richly embossed with the royal arms. The entry on the first leaf is in the handwriting of Ferdinando, to whom it was presented by Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, about 1630. The first lord usually signed his name in a bold upright signature, "Tho. Fairfax," but in one or two instances, written in his youth, we have his monogram twice over and the family motto, "Fare fac." The great Lord Fairfax, of Marston Moor and Naseby fame, writes his bold, firm

signature, "Thomas Fairfax," on a fly-leaf, with the family motto characteristically changed into "*Fax mea hosti fera.*"

Besides his war boots and armour, the hall contains several fine portraits of this race and relics of the Cromwellian period. The senior line of the family, in the person of the sixth Lord Fairfax, settled in America, about the middle of the eighteenth century, where he became possessed of a goodly tract of land in Virginia. The twelfth Lord Fairfax has only lately, in 1901, paid a visit to the old country.*

Rather over a mile in the direction of Tadcaster, and situated in the low, flat hagg lands, is the village of Catterton. It is pleasantly situated, and possesses, from a rural standpoint, features that are interesting pictorially. It was here that an aged labourer and chronicler of past events gave us quite a new insight into the character and exploits of "Black Tom." Markham says that a tract of unenclosed moor, in the early years of the eighteenth century, lay between the township of Bilbrough and Catterton, and this undefined boundary of common was the occasion of much bickering and frequent disputes, and culminated in a battle between the young men of the two places, which opened with two compact bodies of antagonists who gradually broke up and spread out all over the moor into separate combats lasting until nightfall: it was a drawn contest, darkness putting an end to the fight. Through the influence of Mr. Joseph Brooksbank, lord of the manor of Catterton and Helaugh, and Admiral Robert Fairfax, a meeting of the people of the two townships was arranged to take place on the moor. This meeting ended in another free fight, many of the villagers on this occasion coming from the fray with broken heads and other scars, as trophies of their prowess. In 1723, the feud came to an end by arrangement that a deep ditch should be cut down the centre of the moor, from Thwaites Lane, due south to the close named Escars (East Carrs); the work to be done equally by the people of the two places. This ditch can still be traced. Between Catterton and the Tadcaster and York highway, a good length of the Roman road is yet in evidence. A little beyond, the Foss-dyke passes under Bow Brig and so forward to the Wharfe at Hornington.

* The writer examined the site of the new hall when the foundations were in progress, but there was not sufficient evidence to prove that the position in Roman times was the site of a properly constructed camp. The indications point rather to a British settlement and later to Anglo-Danish occupation. Naturally its prominence and habitable position on the high ground, amidst the forest and swamps of Ainsty, would render it a desirable dwelling-place There was no need for a Roman camp here, seeing York and Tadcaster, both strong places, were only a little over four miles away on either side.

Between Catterton and Helaugh, and about a mile west of Bilbrough, there existed, previous to the Wars of the Roses, the small village of Sandwith; but, in their flight from Towton, a body of the Lancastrians turned at bay here, using the houses for the purpose of defence: consequently the victors razed the settlement to the ground, and now not a relic remains, except the name preserved in one farm, to tell of its former existence. A little to the south of this spot, and not far distant from Helaugh Manor, there is a strongly moated site, named Whitehall. A wide green lane leads from the Catterton road to the spot. The space within the trench is about sixty by fifty paces. From appearances a building has stood here, which, I think, the terminal 'hall' sufficiently explains. The situation is in a slightly sheltered hollow. From the absence of stone on the site, we are led to suppose the hall was of timber and was demolished at the same date as the raid on Sandwith.

Helaugh.

Leland quaintly observes: "From Helaugh Priory, scant a mile to Helaugh village, there I saw great ruins of an ancient manor place of stone, that belonged with the fair wooded park thereby to the Earl of Northumberland. It was, as far as I can perceive, some time the Haget's land." This testimony of Leland is of great importance, because it settles beyond question the existence of a castle at Helaugh, and also that it was a building of stone.

Helaugh—Helagh (Helegh). There is an old-world sound in the name of this place, which the vestiges of antiquity, still visible, fully endorse. It is indeed a charming village, composed of what might be termed one street of substantial cottages, with their garden plots and orchards bordering the street. Standing on a gentle eminence at the head of the village is the Church of St. John, screened by trees of immense growth, whose towering forms and far-spreading limbs add charm, grace and dignity to a picture whose main features present the repose of rural life. Doubtless the place is of Celtic founding.

Here, in 1842, was discovered in the churchyard a broken tombstone, six feet below the surface *(see plate)*. The inscription gives two names disposed like those on one of the Hartlepool tombstones (to be told in the sequel). The name to the left is MADUG, certainly Celtic (whether it be Welsh or Scottish), as conclusively testifying to the antiquity of this monument being as early as the seventh century. At that time the Britons still held a semi-independent rule in Elmet. It was the Celtic monks, followers of St. Patrick, trained in Iona, who during the seventh century propagated the story of the Cross through all Bernicia and Deira, and even extended their

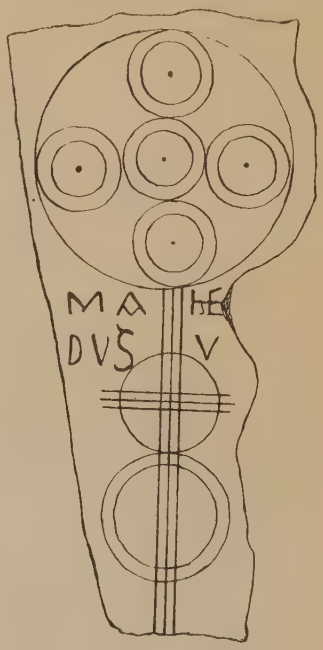
labours as far south as the kingdom of Mercia, the dominions of the famous old Pagan, Penda. The inscription to the right of the stone wants but one letter (to correspond with those on the left) to complete HEIU, and so seeming to confirm this locality as St. Heiu's latest settlement. Similar tombstones to the one mentioned were found at Hartlepool, in 1833, whilst excavating in a field called "Cross Close," where the remains of a cemetery were discovered at a depth of about four feet. Now this ground is supposed to have been the site of the convent at Hartlepool, founded in the seventh century, at which place St. Heiu was the first abbess; and, what is more strikingly significant, the characters on the tombstones, both at Helaugh

A VILLAGE SCENE, HELAUGH, 1889. [*Edmund Bogg.*

and Hartlepool, have a close similarity to those depicted in the Celtic manuscript of St. Columba and his disciples of the sixth century; and crosses of the same type and similarly formed to the one found at Helaugh are still seen in the ancient Irish monasteries. Lately an effort has been made, but rather a feeble one, to cast a doubt on the antiquity of the relic discovered at Helaugh, the knowledge of which is due to the efforts of the late Rev. Daniel Henry Haigh, the well-known Runic scholar. The attempt

to discredit the above gentleman's reading certainly does not show on the surface a very deep knowledge of the subject. There is something very unsatisfactory in the account of the cross, "*said* to have been discovered" in Helaugh churchyard by the Rev. D. H. Haigh. The inscription upon it, perhaps rudely cut and partly obliterated, and which Father Haigh read "Heiv" and "Madug," might, by another person, have been interpreted *Heal—Haug(h)*—which it very probably was. Doubtful ones say there is, or was, in the village of Helaugh, in an open space where two ways meet, what appeared to

CROSS FOUND AT HARTLEPOOL.



ANCIENT CROSS FOUND IN HELAUGH CHURCHYARD.

be the lower part of a cross, and it was said to have been used as a place for the exchange of money and goods at the time when the plague was raging in York. The cross found in the churchyard might have been the head of it. The attempt to upset the authenticity of Father Haigh's relic may bear slightly on his reading of the word Heiv, yet strangely it leaves totally unaccounted for the word Madug on the reverse, which is distinctly Welsh. "Where two ways meet" is not over indicative as to where the cross in evidence stood. There are two such places and each exactly at the

opposite end of the village to the other. The stump of a cross still stands under the trees near the churchyard; in olden time this was the centre of a large village green, and here many a gathering of merry-making rustics has taken place; the ground is now enclosed. The late Rev. R. H. Cooke, who had been vicar of Helaugh for a quarter of a century, and who had interested himself very greatly in the subject, did not entertain the slightest doubt about the antiquity of the tombstone, which, after having been reported on by at least two trustworthy and reliable scholars (who were competent to judge between Celtic or Runic inscription and Old English characters), seems to have mysteriously disappeared. The question arises: "Where is it?—was it stolen, or was it broken up into material for mending the roads?"

[*P. Robinson.*

A PEEP OF HELAUGH CHURCH.

In mediæval times it was considered a meritorious act to steal relics: modern antiquaries are not over scrupulous in this respect. Regarding Father Haigh's derivation of the place-name from St. Heiu—Heiu's territory lega or lowry—we are not quite satisfied, for will his derivation apply to the similar place-names in different parts of Yorkshire? Doubtless, St. Heiu, who took up her abode at or near Tadcaster, would be associated with the religious settlement at Helaugh, for there is no reason to doubt the existence of such a religious settlement dating from the Roman-Celtic period; yet we

should imagine the name more likely to be a duplication of the Anglo-Saxon *hyl* (hill), and the Norse word *haugher* (a high place)—the Northumbrian *haugh*; both the prefix and affix meaning the same. The situation of the pre-Norman settlement on the ridge or high mound here fully bears out this deduction, and I think the same reasoning applies to the other places bearing this name.

The approach to the church by the garden-bordered road, perfumed in summer with the aroma of Old English flowers, is very charming. It was in the spring of 1889 or '90 that the writer photographed a group of healthy-looking village children in this street *(see picture)*, all of whom will now have arrived at the age of manhood. That simple village scene, inserted in the writer's description of Helaugh, is greatly cherished by the parents of the children—now men, and scattered up and down the world: we have heard of it thousands of miles away from Wharfedale, treasured like an heirloom.

[*E. Bogg.*

NORMAN DOORWAY, HELAUGH.

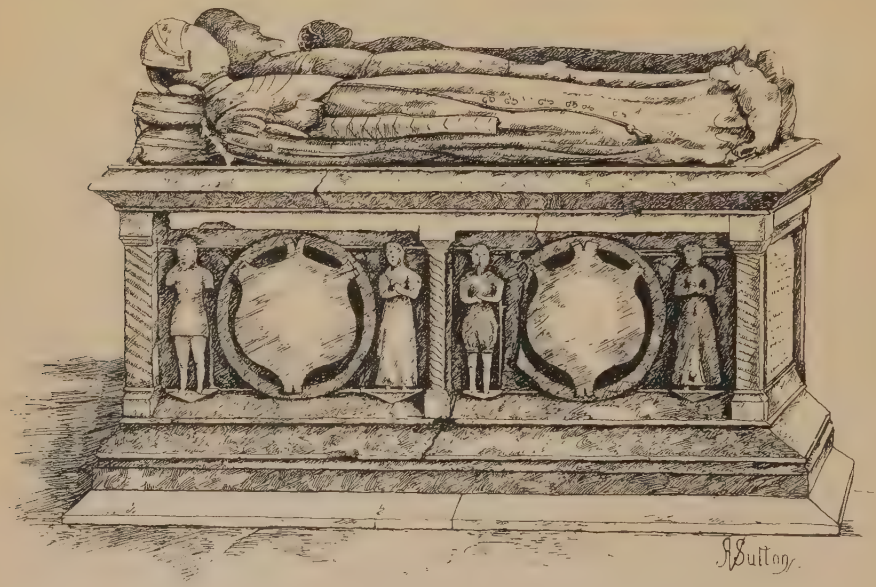
Up the hill, under the trees, we pass into the churchyard: the surroundings delightful in park-like charm and character. The place is several times mentioned in the Domesday Book, in connection with Hagendebi and Wicheles (Wighill). At the Conquest, the land hereabouts was chiefly held by a Scandinavian named Tochis, from whom it passed to the Percys and Hagets, and

from thence to the Waleys and the Depedens.* It is doubtful if this church occupies the site of St. Heiu's nunnery, as reported by Dr. Bright and Father Haigh, because Bede distinctly states that in 649 "the abbas retired to and fixed her abode at 'Kalecacæstir.'" Nevertheless, we have no hesitation in stating that as a heritage of Christianity it reaches beyond even her day. The place and its surroundings are instinct with the sentiment of long religious life; the fabric is deeply interesting. It was originally dedicated to St. Helen, but centuries ago was rededicated to St. John the Baptist. Before the gift of the Church to the priory of Helaugh, the rector was presented by the Waleys, 1308-1337; the Stapletons, 1364-76; and by Sir William Neville, Kt., in 1385. The south doorway is a grand example of Norman work, of four receding arches enriched with chevron, moulding beak heads, and mythological figures of men and animals. Its date of erection is probably about 1140. A record states that the hole in this doorway was caused by a trooper making it a target for his carbine when journeying through the village to Marston Moor fight. The corbel table is exceptionally interesting, with its series of grotesque and ugly heads. The chancel is large, equal to a small church in size. On a fine marble tomb under the chancel arch are the effigies of Lord Wharton and his two wives. Part of the inscription, translated, reads: "My family gave me my name, but my victorious right arm gave me my honours." This was not by any means an empty boast.

The Wharton Hall on the river Eden, in the old Forest of Mallerstang, has belonged to this family from time beyond the date of any record extant. They were neighbours of the Cliffords and De Harclas, and their home was three miles lower down the Eden (the classic Itunia) than Pendragon Castle. The arms of the Whartons carved in stone are still to be seen over the great gate. Edward II. granted the office of bow-bearer of Mallerstang Forest to one Launcelot Wharton. Sir Thomas Wharton, whose tomb is under survey, gained the victory over the Scots at Solway Moss, 1542. There was friction between the kings, Henry and James, the sequel to which is as follows: The Scots, numbering several thousands, made a raid into Cumberland, plundering and burning the farmsteads, and the garrison of Carlisle, small in comparison to the enemy, dare not leave the shelter of the city walls.

* The arms of the Depedens, benefactors to the adjoining priory in the thirteenth century, are to be seen in Helaugh Church, on the Whartons' tomb. Another coat, quartered with those of the Whartons, was also found at Steeton, the old seat of the Fairfaxes; and probably points to the Whartons assuming the arms, on coming into possession of the manor, shortly after the suppression of the monasteries.

Towards evening, however, Sir Thomas Wharton, Lord Dacre, and Sir William Musgrave, having got together a few hundred men, surprised the Scots at nightfall near the border, the outcome of which was the skirmish and defeat of the Scots, known in history as the Battle of Solway Moss. To add to the danger of the retreat, "the tide was flowing in and the main body of the Scots went forward, blindly floundering, until horsemen and footmen became engulfed in treacherous peaty soil, and Wharton had them at his mercy." A few stragglers, the remnant of the Scotch army, in the dead of night, reached Lochmaben Castle. The news of this disaster was the death-blow to King James. He fell into an apathy from which he never rallied, and



LORD WHARTON'S TOMB, HELAUGH CHURCH.

in a few days after the event he "moaned away his life." In 1547, Sir Thomas again defeated the Scots at the battle of Pinkie, for which he received several grants of land and honours: hence the mural reference to his strong right arm. In 1519 he took to wife Eleanor Stapelton, of Wighill, she dying several years before him; for his second wife he married Lady Anne Talbot, daughter of the fifth Earl of Shrewsbury, who survived her lord for many years. In 1585, Lady Anne Wharton wills to be "buried in the quere, where

her late good lord and husband, ye Lord Wharton, doth lye." Her good Lord Wharton died in 1568, and was buried in the Wharton Chapel north of the choir, where his effigy lies on an altar tomb, between those of his two wives, Eleanor and Anne, bearing the following inscription in Latin :—

Gens Twhartona genus, dat honores dextera victrix.
Tres Aquilonares regni finesque guberno.
Bina mihi conjux. Stapelton jubenem Gleonora
Prole beat; fobet Anna senem, stirps Clara Salopum.
Nati equites bini. Thomam Sussexa propago
Anna facit patrem. Sine prole Henricus obibat.
Binae itidem natae, Penletono Joanna Gulielmo
Agnes Musgravo conjux secunda Ricardo.

There is in the Wharton Chapel in Kirkby Stephen Church, a conspicuous altar tomb, a facsimile of the one at Helaugh, on which are three recumbent effigies, namely those of Lord Wharton and his two wives, and bearing a similar inscription to the one above mentioned. In Kirkby Stephen churchyard there is a tombstone on which there formerly was traceable an heraldic shield, showing it to have been a Wharton's tomb. It was known by the parishioners as the "truffstone," and at this stone, time out of memory, the grey-coated farmers of the district assembled every Easter Monday and tendered to the vicar their money "in lieu of tithes of hay." The custom is supposed to date from, if not beyond, the dissolution of monasteries. When Lord Wharton purchased the advowson, the tithes of hay and corn were excepted from the conveyance. This custom of payment at the truffstone was continued here up to the year 1835.

Reverting to Helaugh, Billy McLean, the old parish clerk, who held office here some thirty-five years ago, was a very original character; one of the old school, and a man of consequence in the church. He led the singing and also gave out the hymns in a loud voice, and after the injunction, "Let us sing to the glory of God," Billy instantly burst into song, regardless of time and tune. On one occasion the time did not exactly fit and a few words remained to be said, which brought the singing of the parishioners to a sudden stop: not so with McLean, he wrestled bravely with the words, someone calling out: "Noo, then, thoo mun pucker 'em in somehow, Billy!" Such are the stories the villagers relate of Billy. Immediately behind the churchyard are the foundations of what in mediæval days was a very strong castle—the one referred to by Leland: "There I saw great ruins of an ancient manor

place of stone with a fair wooded park, that 'longed to the Earl of Northumberland." The area enclosed within the moat has been very large, and doubtless included the church and old village green. The foundations are still very distinct, and the position of the two outer Bailey towers can be defined. The position chosen is one of the best in the district, occupying the high tongue of land with all the surroundings well in view. It is supposed to have originally belonged to the Bruces, ancestors of the kings of Scotland, and afterwards to the Percys.

[*E. Bogg.*

LORD WHARTON'S TOMB, KIRKBY STEPHEN CHURCH.

Helaugh stands in a fork of the two feeders of the Fossdyke. The one to the east is known as Catterton drain, formerly a dangerous morass, in which is situated Hell-hole or Hell-dyke. North of the church a path leads over the fields to Long Marston.

Angram lies a little to the east and possesses few features of interest to the casual observer. Chapel Hill denotes the former existence of a church, which stood there previous to its removal to Marston in 1400. The church of All Saints of Marston is an ancient rectory belonging to the patronage of the Wyverthorps, and from them to the Creppings, Middletons, Nessfields, and Inglebys. In 1400 a commission was granted to the parishioners of Marston, because their old church was "far distant from their habitations, and then also ruinous and necessary to be rebuilt," to translate the same, together with the stone thereof, from that place unto another chapel situate in the same parish, and there build a new parish church—provided that they kept up inclosed the cemetery where their old church stood. On the edge of moorland beyond lies the straggling village where perished the cause of the Royalists, July 2nd, 1644.

From Helaugh village towards Tadcaster we pass on our right the bed of an old lake, and just beyond we reach Helaugh Manor, consisting of two farmhouses, distinguished by their names East and West Manor. Here, in pre-Reformation times, stood the Priory of Helaugh, "where monks (canons) their orisons and vespers sung."

The Priory of Helaugh, of the Order of St. Austin, founded in honour of St. John the Evangelist, usually called "De Parco," or "Del Park," owed its establishment to the munificence of the Hagets of Wighill, a family of high feudal and social importance, to whom the neighbourhood was not a little indebted. Bertram Haget, a friend of Roger de Mowbray, married Gundreda, a lady of that family, their daughter being the Gandreda Haget who gave Bilton Church to Sinningthwaite about 1210. Prime scions of the best families of the country these Hagets were, and right generous and pious withal. Galfrid Haget, son of Bertram, was the celebrated Justicer. Fountains, Sinningthwaite and Helaugh, each speak of their Christianity and charity; the ranks of the Templars tell of their zeal, and many a battlefield of their knightly prowess.

Galfrid Haget had four sisters; Lucia married a Turet, and he obtained Wighill and Esedike; another daughter married Alan Fitz-Brian, with whom he obtained the land of Baynton; the third, Alice, married Sir John de Friston, with whom he had Helaugh. From this union of John and Alice came the daughter Alice, who in turn married Jordan de Sancta Maria. The youngest daughter, Gunfrida, had the fourth part of the heirship, to wit, land in Baynton and other places, but died without heir, after having become a nun of Sinningthwaite, her estate being divided between her surviving sisters. The inception of the priory appears to have been due to the efforts of a succession of hermits (and was known as the 'Hermitage in the Wood'), who had taken up their abode here when the district was still redolent of the sacrificial incense of the Druidic priests. Long centuries intervened—still the ground was too holy to be deserted; the long-continued tradition was not to be forgotten. The 'Hermitage in the Wood' was the spark which kept alight the sacred flame, the greater purpose to arrive in due season. The inclination of the times was favourable to the endowment of monasteries, and the building of churches. In the latter half of the twelfth century, probably about 1170, Bertram Haget gave the 'Hermitage in the Wood,' with liberty to clear the ground about it, to Gilbert, a monk in Normandy. The gift was apparently accompanied by the injunction to found a regular religious house, and soon after the priory church was built to the honour of St. John

the Evangelist. The first steps were not marked by energetic efforts towards completion. It was not until about 1218 that a convent of 'Black Canons' was established and endowed by Jordan de St. Maria, and Alice his wife, who gave the Canons all the wood contained between the Canons' foss (towards Wykale) and Sayrbrigg, and ingress and egress from their house up to the gate of Wykale (Whyhill). The gift must have been most ceremoniously made, for it was witnessed by Walter, Archbishop of York; Richard, Bishop of Durham, Martin de Pateshull, William Fitz-Richard and Roger Huscarle, justices itinerant, Hamo, the Dean and Chapter of York, John of Fountains and Richard of Welbeck, abbots, and many local magnates. Though the priory was started with such an air of aristocracy its fortunes were not very progressive; retrogressive, we think, would be a better appellation—for in less than two centuries the establishment was in a sorry plight.

On the 25th January, 1354, an 'Indulgence' of forty days was granted in behalf of the monastery of Helaugh Park, which was in great decay. It seems to have been more or less rebuilt about this time, under the priorate of Richard de Lavington, who was also serving as vicar of Wighill; this Order allowing the canons to act as secular priests, and at least two of his successors held similar offices. Prior Peter Kendale was appointed rector of St. Edward's in Walmgate, York, 14th February, 1504. Richard Roundale, the last prior of Helaugh, was appointed vicar of Leathley by dispensation, 20th March, 1520. He appears to have held the office until 1548. The Church of Helaugh, the patronage of which, as a rectory, had remained with the Hagets, the Waleys and the Depedens, was given to the Prior and Convent by Sir John Depeden and Elizabeth his wife, 24th October, 1397. On the 5th February, 1398, Richard, Archbishop of York, appropriated it to the monastery; ordaining that the prior and convent should supply and keep for the service of this church two of their canons in regular priest's orders, over and above the number of five other priests, canons regular of their house, who should celebrate, daily, divine service at the altar of St. John the Evangelist and St. Anne for the good estate of Sir John Depeden and Elizabeth his wife during their lives; and after their decease, for their souls' weal. They should also celebrate their obits yearly on the days of their deaths, exequies of the dead, commendation and solemn mass in the quire of their conventual church, and in each of these obits distribute to the poor parishioners of the church thirteen-pence sterling. The first canon presented under this appropriation was Frater Peter de Brysdale, 31st January, 1399.

We do not know much of the 'funeral pomp' of this institution, but we may reconstruct from it a solemn image of the monotonous 'lip service'

money could buy in the days of Romanism. Whether the Hagets made it their place of burial is not recorded. Stephen Waleys, by will proved in 1347, ordered his body to be buried in the priory. Sir John Depeden, Lord of Helaugh, by will proved in 1402, ordered his body to be buried in the midst of the quire of the priory church. That old valiant knight, who brought such glory and renown to Stapiltons—Sir Brian—the man who slew the Saracen, died at Wighill, full of years and honour, July, 1394. The last request of Sir Brian commences:

"In the name of God, amen, I, Brian de Stapilton, devise my soul to God and our Lady Saint Mary and all the Saints of Paradise, and my poor (*chauvre*—naked, bald, hairless) body to be buried in the Priory of the Parke (Helaugh) beside by wife, which may God absolve." "And over my body a pall of blue cloth (*un drape de bleusage*), and my wish is by God's help to have a 'herce' with five tapers, each of five pounds weight—thirteen torches. And if the torches are not burnt out, four are to remain at the priory, two are to go to the church at Wighill, two to the church at Helaugh, one to Newton (le Willows near Bedale), one at Thorpe Arch, two to the chapel of St. Catheirne at Tadcaster, and two to Synningthwaite." Then the dying knight, remembering his career in siege and battle, does will and devise, "that I have a man dressed in my armour with my helm upon his head, and that he be well mounted, and a man of good stature, whatever his condition in life may be. All my servants to be dressed in blue at my expense. And all the poor who come to my funeral, to have penny-dole (*chescac un denier en ouvrage de charite*) in aid of my poor soul. And I wish the lords, my companions, allies, and neighbours, who choose to come and pray for me, and do honour to my poor body, to be made well at ease and to have enough to drink (*q'il eient a boire assez*). And for this purpose I devise 101 marks [more than £1,000 nowadays], 13/4 to each of the Orders in York, and to the Friars of Beverley, Scarborough, Doncaster, Pontefract, Richmond, Allerton and Cardell, to chaunt [masses] for me as soon as possible after my death, whether it happen by day or night."

Like Chaucer's model:

He was a verray parfit, gentil knyght,
But for to tellen yow of his array;
His hors weren goode, but he ne was nat gay;
Of fustain he wered a gypon
Al bismotered with his habergeon.
For he was late y-come from his viage,
And went for to door his pilgrymage.

It is unfortunate that we cannot recover more of these monumental evidences of a past that had much grandeur, for the long line of gentility must have been better represented than records shew. Culpable neglect and wanton destruction must have overtaken too many of them.

In 1425, the dean and chapter made declaration, that the vicar shall receive his victuals, clothing, &c., and this the vicar shall receive of the prior, £5 per annum at Pentecost and Martinmas, and shall have for habitation the house in Helaugh, and half the garden on the east side of the town;

and that the priory and convent shall build their own house with six posts for kitchen and stables, and *a well and way to it*, and the vicar shall be content therewith; and not receive fruits, plants, or other emoluments appertaining to the church.

[*E. Bogg.*

REMAINS OF HELAUGH PRIORY, NOW USED AS A BARN.

The *personnel* of the priory was in number very small, its revenues in value according therewith. About the time of the dissolution the home contained fourteen canons, whose yearly revenue amounted to £72 10s. 7d.; according to Dugdale, to £86 5s. 9d. Such an income, even though it might be supplemented by a handsome return in kind from the domain, could only have been that of a poor and mean establishment, incapable of producing any notable result. What became of the canons we do not know. In 1553 annuities to the amount of £1 13s. 6d. were paid out of the estate, which is entirely too insignificant to represent any clerical pensions. The monastery was granted, Henry VIII., 1560, to James Gage, together with the vicarage of Helaugh. If Gage were not a mere huckster of monastic lands, he was the 'factor' of some other person, for in the same year the King grants to the same James Gage, his leave to alienate the said premises to Sir Arthur Darcy and his heirs.

The priory chapel is now entirely destroyed. Fragments, in form of Early English caps and bases, are to be seen in the building of the west farm of the priory, built on some forty years ago. Some sixteen years ago, as

the vicar of Helaugh was looking over the remains of the priory, he discovered, inside a cattle shed, a portion of the west wall of the south aisle of the Early English church of 1218; the remains of the kitchen and bakery departments are to be seen in the building used as a barn. The south-west farm was only built some fifty years ago; yet its appearance gives the idea of far greater age, caused by the use of the old materials from the priory. The door-stone of the last house was once a body stone in the floor of the priory chapel, and on it may still be seen the name of one of the Depedens:

"ORATE PRO ANIMA
ROBERT DEPEDEN."

In pre-Norman days, the Ainsty district was wild forest land, and the site of Bossall was a town (where old Bossall field now is) situate on the eastern border of the forest track, extending for many miles on each side of York, the haunt of outlaws and wild animals, the deer, the wild boar, the wolf, and the wild cat. Tradition says that in the old time, near Tadcaster, there was a hand-to-hand fight between a huge wild cat and an unarmed forester, who after a long struggle with the ferocious beast, succeeded in killing it, but afterwards died of his wounds. An old chapel attests the fact. Query: Where did this cell stand?—was it the Hermitage in the Wood, or the rude structure where afterwards the infirm man dwelt, near to Tadcaster Town? The subject will be continued under Tadcaster (Vol. II.)

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